PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT AMERICANS

Surgeon General's Office
LIBRARY.
Section,
No.

Washington Irving

NATIONAL
Portrait Gallery
OF
EMINENT AMERICANS
FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY
ALONZO CHAPPEL

WITH
Biographies
BY
E. A. DUYCKINCK.

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK.
CLAXTON, FRY & COMPANY.
21 BEEKMAN STREET

NATIONAL

PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

Eminent Americans:

INCLUDING

ORATORS, STATESMEN, NAVAL AND MILITARY HEROES,
JURISTS, AUTHORS, ETC., ETC.,

From Original Full Length Paintings by

ALONZO CHAPPEL.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NARRATIVES,

BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK,
EDITOR OF "CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE," ETC.

LIBRARY
SURG. GEN. OFF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
JOHNSON, FRY & COMPANY,
27 BEEKMAN STREET.

E
176
D988n
1861
v.2

Film No. 5978 no 2

Entered, according to Act of Congress, by

JOHNSON, FRY & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CONTENTS.

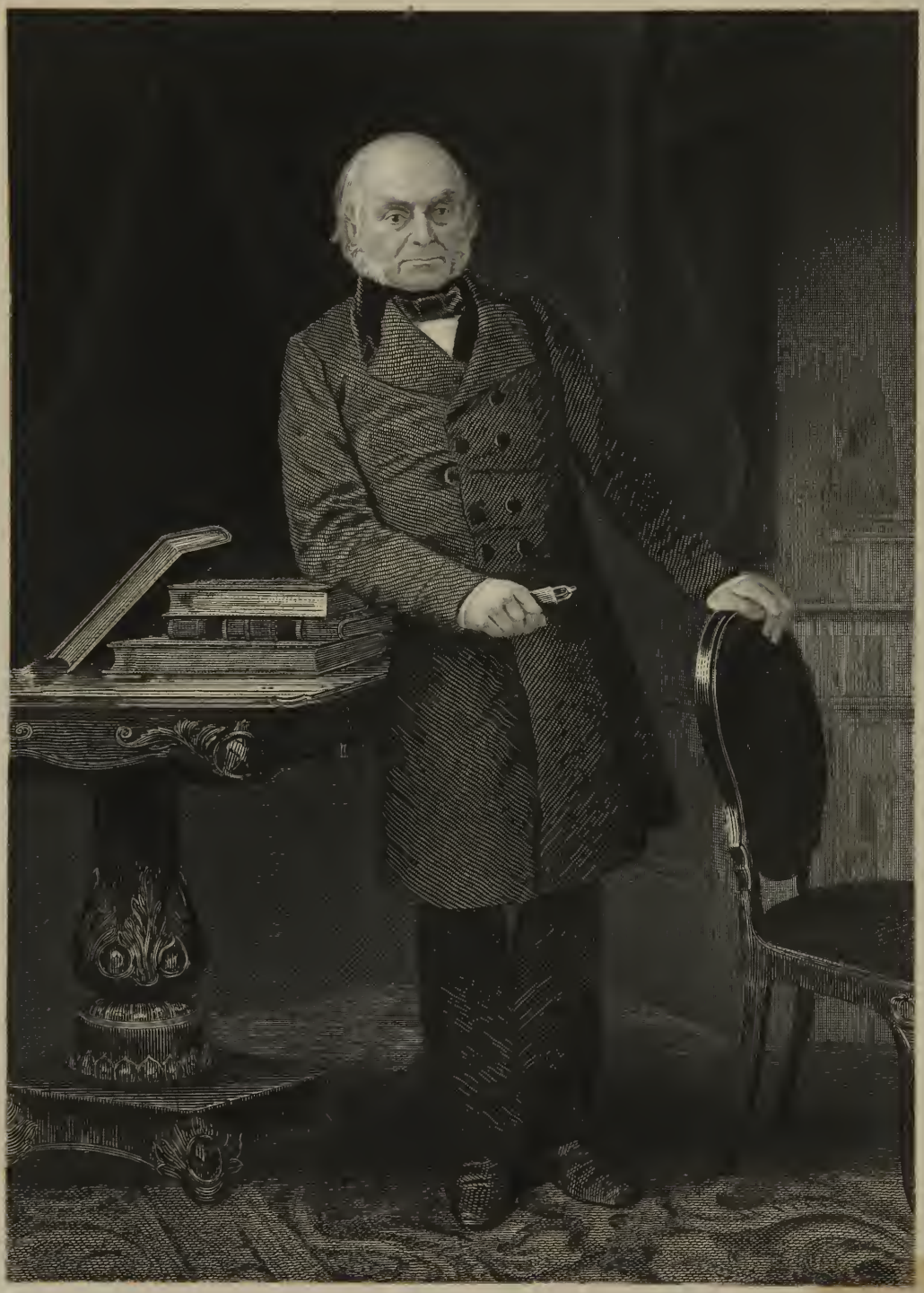
VOLUME TWO.

BIOGRAPHIES.

	PAGE
LVIII.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,	5
LIX.—DAVID PORTER,	16
LX.—JOHN JACOB ASTOR,	30
LXI.—JAMES KENT,	39
LXII.—JOHN JAMES AUDUBON,	47
LXIII.—DEWITT CLINTON,	55
LXIV.—OLIVER HAZARD PERRY,	63
LXV.—JAMES LAWRENCE,	74
LXVI.—THOMAS MACDONOUGH,	82
LXVII.—JOHN RANDOLPH,	88
LXVIII.—WASHINGTON IRVING,	99
LXIX.—ABBOTT LAWRENCE,	110
LXX.—ANDREW JACKSON,	116
LXXI.—HENRY CLAY,	144
LXXII.—JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN,	162
LXXIII.—DANIEL WEBSTER,	173
LXXIV.—THOMAS HART BENTON,	190
LXXV.—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,	199
LXXVI.—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,	211
LXXVII.—WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT,	221
LXXVIII.—ZACHARY TAYLOR,	231
LXXIX.—JAMES KNOX POLK,	247
LXXX.—RUFUS CHOATE,	253
LXXXI.—JOHN ANTHONY QUITMAN,	264
LXXXII.—STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS,	273
LXXXIII.—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,	277
LXXXIV.—WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD,	280
LXXXV.—ELISHA KENT KANE,	284
LXXXVI.—CHARLES WILKES,	298
LXXXVII.—WILLIAM JENKINS WORTH,	301
LXXXVIII.—EDWIN VOSE SUMNER,	308
LXXXIX.—MARTIN VAN BUREN,	310

PAGE

XC.—SALMON PORTLAND CHASE, ... 320
XCI.—JOHN TYLER, ... 322
XCII.—JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, ... 329
XCIII.—FRANKLIN PIERCE, ... 333
XCIV.—ANDREW HULL FOOTE, ... 340
XCV.—JAMES BUCHANAN, ... 343
XCVI.—MILLARD FILLMORE, ... 347
XCVII.—NATHANIEL LYON, ... 351
XCVIII.—LEWIS CASS, ... 355
XCIX.—ORMSBY McKNIGHT MITCHEL, ... 362
C.—JOHN E. WOOL, ... 366
CI.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ... 373
CII.—WINFIELD SCOTT, ... 376
CIII.—GEORGE BANCROFT, ... 396
CIV.—EDWARD EVERETT, ... 400
CV.—GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN, ... 408
CVI.—HENRY WAGER HALLECK 412
CVII.—AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE, ... 416
CVIII.—JOSEPH HOOKER, ... 419
CIX.—BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, ... 423
CX.—JAMES SHIELDS, ... 428
CXI.—THOMAS FRANCIS DUPONT, ... 432
CXII.—DAVIE GLASCOE FARRAGUT, ... 436
CXIII.—DAVID D. PORTER, ... 440
CXIV.—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, ... 444
CXV.—WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS, ... 451
CXVI.—ULYSSES S. GRANT, ... 456
CXVII.—NATHANIEL PRENTISS BANKS, ... 459
CXVIII.—ANDREW JOHNSON, ... 462
CXIX.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ... 464



J. Q. Adams

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

We have already traced the lineage of John Quincy Adams. He comes nobly heralded upon the scene of our Revolutionary annals. His stirring relative, the zealous and always consistent Samuel Adams, the very front and seed-plot of obstinate rebellion, had taught the mechanics of Boston to resist, and his eloquence had reached the ears of men of influence throughout the colony and nation. His father, John Adams, thirty-two years old at the time of his birth, deeply grounded in the history of constitutional liberty and with the generous flame of freedom burning brightly in his bosom from boyhood, was already prepared for that warm, enlightened, steady career of patriotism — never swerving, always true to his land—which bore him aloft, the chosen representative of New England to the Congress of his country, and ultimately to her highest authority; while the nation in turn adopted him her express image in the important negotiations at three of the great courts of Europe.

Nor should we forget the tender, heroic mother, the child of sensibility and genius, hardened into the maturity and perfection of the female character by the fire of the Revolution, the gentle Abigail, in whose fair friendship and sympathies and feminine gracefulness posterity has an ever-living participation through the delightful pages of her "Correspondence."

Of that family, in a house adjoining the old paternal Braintree home, in the present town of Quincy, at this imminent moment of the Revolution, John Quincy Adams, the eldest son, was born July 11, 1767. He derived his baptismal name from his great-grandfather, John Quincy, the time-honored representative of Quincy in the Colonial Legislature. The name was given by his grandmother, as her husband was dying. The incident was not forgotten by the man. He recurred to it with emotion, fortified by a sense of duty. In a sentence cited by his recent biographer, the venerable Josiah Quincy, he says: "This fact, recorded by my father at the time, is not without a moral to my heart, and has connected with that portion of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name—it was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been through life, perpetual admonitions to do nothing unworthy of it."

It is interesting to trace the progress of the child in his mother's correspondence, from the infant lullaby which she

prattles to her husband, when "our daughter rocks him to sleep with the song, 'Come, papa, come home to brother Johnny.' The boy has just entered his eighth year, and his father is on his way to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, when she writes: "I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's 'Ancient History,' since you left me. I am determined to go through with it if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it." The child had some instruction at the village school, but he was especially taught by his father's law students, in the house. As the pressure of war increases, this resource is broken up. The anxious mother writes, "I feel somewhat lonely. Mr. Thaxter is gone home. Mr. Rice is going into the army as captain of a company. We have no school. I know not what to do with John." In the summer of this year, 1775, "standing," we are told, "with her on the summit of Penn's Hill, he heard the cannon booming from the battle of Bunker's Hill, and saw the flames and smoke of burning Charlestown. During the siege of Boston he often climbed the same eminence alone, to watch the shells and rockets thrown by the American army."[1] A letter from the boy himself, two years later, then at the age of ten, exhibits his youthful precocity. "I love," he writes to his father, "to receive letters very well—much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition; my head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play and tri fles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me steady, and I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Smollett, though I had designed to have got half through it by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Thaxter will be absent at court, and I cannot pursue my other studies. I have set myself a stint, and determined to read the third volume half out." He asks for directions to proportion his time between play and writing, and in a postscript says, "Sir, if you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable occurrences I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind."[1]

In this letter we may read the aged man backward, from his steadfast, methodical desk in the House of Representatives, to the little boy at his mother's side in Braintree. The "childhood shows the man as morning shows the day." He was an old-fashioned, studious youth, nurtured amidst grave scenes of duty, early in harness, a resolute worker from his cradle to his grave.

The next year the boy is taken with his father, on board the frigate Boston, on his first mission to France; followed, in her first letter after the separation,

[1] Quincy's Memoir, p. 3.

[1] This letter appears from the manuscript in Mr. Edward Everett's eloquent Faneuil Hall eulogy on Adams.

by this noble injunction of the mother: "Enjoin it upon him never to disgrace his mother, and to behave worthily of his father." The boy is a little man on the voyage, securing the favor of the French gentlemen on board, who teach him their language. In a perilous storm which arose, his father records his inexpressible satisfaction at his behavior, "bearing it with a manly patience, very attentive to me, and his thoughts constantly running in a serious strain." When they arrive in France, and take up their lodgings with Benjamin Franklin at Passy, he is put to school with the sage's grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, in the neighborhood. At the close of this short sojourn abroad, his father sums up his advantages: "My son has had a great opportunity to see this country; but this has unavoidably retarded his education in some other things. He has enjoyed perfect health from first to last, and is respected wherever he goes for his vigor and vivacity, both of mind and body, for his constant good humor and for his rapid progress in French as well as his general knowledge, which, for his age, is uncommon." [1] On the return voyage, in the Sensible, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the minister to the United States, and his secretary, M. Marbois, "are in raptures with my son. They get him to teach them the language. I found, this morning, the ambassador seated on the cushion in our state-room, M. Marbois in his cot, at his left hand, and my son stretched out in his, at his right; the ambassador reading out loud in Blackstone's Discourse at his entrance on his professorship of the common law at the University, and my son correcting the pronunciation of every word and syllable and letter." [1]

In November, father and son are at sea again in the Sensible, on their return to France. This time they are landed in Gallicia, and pursue their way through the northern provinces of Spain to the French frontier. When the boy's Diary shall be published, that gigantic work which we are told he commenced on this second voyage, and continued, with few interruptions, through life, the world will doubtless get some picturesque notices of these foreign scenes, so happily sketched in his father's note-book. The boy was again at school in France, and on his father's mission to Amsterdam, in the summer, was placed with an instructor under the wing of the venerable university of Leyden, where in January, 1781, with Franklin's correspondent, Benjamin Waterhouse, then a student of medicine, he went before the Rector Magnificus and was duly matriculated. His father's object in taking him to Leyden was to escape "the mean-spirited wretches," as he describes them, the teachers of the public schools at Amsterdam.

The youth, however, was not long at the University. His father's secretary, Francis Dana, having received the appointment of minister to St. Petersburg, in July, took the boy of fourteen with him as *his* secretary. "In this capacity," says Mr. Everett, "he was recog-

[1] Letters of John Adams to his wife, II. 54.

[1] John Adams' Sea Diary, June 19, 1779. Works, III. 214.

nized by Congress; and there is, perhaps, no other case of a person so young being employed in a civil office of trust, under the government of the United States. But in Mr. Adams' career there was no boyhood." His knowledge of French, indeed, appears to have been of real service in interpreting between his chief and the French minister, the Marquis de Verac, with whom the negotiations were conducted at the Russian capital. In the autumn of the succeeding year he left St. Petersburg for a winter in Stockholm, and in the spring travelled alone through Sweden, Denmark and Germany to the Hague, where in May, 1773, we hear of him in his father's correspondence, as again "pursuing his studies with great ardor." He was present with his father at the concluding peace negotiations at Paris, where he witnessed the signing of the memorable final treaty. The greater part of the next two years was passed in London and Paris, where he had now the society of his mother. He is still the same vigilant student, while he assists his father as his secretary. "He is a noble fellow," writes John Adams from Auteuil to Francis Dana at the close of 1784, "and will make a good Greek or Roman, I hope, for he spends his whole time in their company, when he is not writing for me." [1]

When his father was appointed the first minister plenipotentiary to England, it was but natural to suppose that the secretary who had shared his humbler labors would have desired to participate in the full-blown honors of the royal court. There is not one youth in a thousand who would have resisted the temptation. For what does John Quincy Adams, at the age of eighteen, after his responsible duties in Russia, his independent sojourn in Stockholm, and intercourse with the brilliant American circles in Paris, with Franklin at the centre, exchange the splendid prospect of life in the British metropolis? For the leading-strings and restraints of Harvard, and a toilsome pupilage at the bar. The choice between inclination and duty never was more temptingly presented. His own expression of the resolve is too memorable to be omitted. "I have been seven years travelling in Europe," he writes, "seeing the world and in its society. If I return to the United States, I must be subject, one or two years, to the rules of a college, pass three more in the tedious study of the law, before I can hope to bring myself into professional notice. The prospect is discouraging. If I accompany my father to London, my satisfaction would probably be greater than by returning to the United States; but I shall loiter away my precious time, and not go home until I am forced to it. My father has been all his lifetime occupied by the interests of the public. His own fortune has suffered. His children must provide for themselves. I am determined to get my own living, and to be dependent upon no one. With a tolerable share of common sense, I hope in America to be independent and free. Rather than live otherwise, I would wish to die before my time." [1]

[1] John Adams' Works, IX. 527.

[1] Quincy's Memoir, p. 5.

With this creditable resolve he bore with him from his father a letter to Benjamin Waterhouse, touching his examination at Harvard. The solicitous parent, who had read some of the classics with his son, and forsaking the card-table, attempted even an introduction to the higher mathematics, in which he failed, candidly admitting that these abstruse studies had quite departed from him in thirty years' utter unconsciousness of them, is anxious to impress upon his friend those general acquisitions which might be obscured at an examination for want of some of the technicalities of instruction. Thus, while he had steadily pursued his studies, and made written translations of the Æneid, Suetonius, Sallust, Tacitus' Agricola and Germany, and portions of the Annals, with a good part of Horace, he might be defective in quantities and parsing. Harvard, however, was not likely to be too inexorable in her demands; nor was the pupil likely to fall short of them. After a few months' reading with the Rev. Mr. Shaw of Haverhill, he was admitted to the junior class in March, 1786, and continuing in the University long enough to leave a fragrant memory of his scholarship and good principles, received his degree the following year. His commencement oration, which was published, was on "The Importance and Necessity of Public Faith to the Well-being of a Community."

He now engaged in a three years' course of the study of the law, with Theophilus Parsons, at Newburyport, in which he must have heard much from his vigorous-minded preceptor, who afterwards became chief justice of the State, of the struggle then going on for the adoption of the Constitution. Adams was admitted to the bar in 1790, and at once, as he long afterwards expressed it, "commenced what I can hardly call the practice of the law in the city of Boston." For the first three years he had the usual opportunity of young lawyers for further study; and unlike many of them, he availed himself of it. A portion of his leisure was spent in the discussion of the important political questions of the day. He answered the plausible sophistries on government, of Paine's "Rights of Man," in a series of essays published in Russell's "Columbian Centinel," signed Publicola; and in 1793, in the same journal, urged neutrality upon the country in the contest between England and France, and attacked the insolent Genet in terms of wholesome indignation. This service, and doubtless his father's great successes in Holland, led Washington's administration to appoint him, in 1794, minister to the Netherlands. His acceptance of this honorable position was at the cost of a rapidly developing legal practice. Arriving in London in time to confer with Jay, whose British treaty was then getting adjusted, he reached Holland in season to witness the occupation of the country by the French propagandists. He remained at the Hague, availing himself of the opportunities and leisure of the place to add to those stores of knowledge already considerable, which he had accumulated, with the exception of a few months passed in diplomatic business in England till

the summer of 1797, when he received the appointment of minister to Portugal. On his father's occupancy of the Presidency this was changed to the mission to Berlin. Before proceeding to his new post he passed over to England to claim the hand of a lady to whom he had become engaged on a former visit, Miss Louisa Catharine Johnson, the daughter of the American consul at London.

Adams felt at first a natural reluctance to accept an important office at the hands of his father; but his independence was reconciled to the step when he learned that it had been urged by Washington himself, who considered him fully entitled by his previous services, to diplomatic promotion. He now took up his residence at Berlin. He was engaged in this mission to the close of his father's administration. During this time he negotiated a treaty of commerce with Prussia, and in the summer of 1800 made a considerable tour in Silesia. A number of letters' addressed to his brother in America, descriptive of this country, were published without his advice in the "Port Folio," and a few years after were issued in a volume by a London publisher. In this collection they form a methodically written work, descriptive of the industry and resources of an interesting country with a comprehensive account of its history and geography.

Adams also, during his residence at Berlin, employed himself in several literary compositions, of which the most important was a poetical version of Wieland's "Oberon." He intended this for publication, but found that Sotheby, the English translator, had anticipated him. Several satires of Juvenal were also among his translations. He moreover prepared for publication in America, a treatise of Frederick de Gentz, "On the Origin and Principles of the American Revolution," which interested him by its appreciation of American principles of liberty, as contradistinguished from the license of the French Revolution.

On his return to Boston, he turned his attention again to the study and resumed the practice of the law. He was not, however, suffered to remain long free from official employment. A few months after his arrival he was called to the Senate of Massachusetts, and almost immediately chosen to the Senate of the United States. It was at that period of the disintegration of the federal party when the old order of things was fast going out, and the new was not fully established. Adams, who was always inclined to think for himself, chose an independent position. In some things, as the constitutionality of taking possession of Louisiana, in the way in which it was done, he opposed the administration; in voting for the appropriation of the purchase money, he was with it. When the prominent measures of Jefferson's administration in reference to England began to take shape in the Embargo, he was at variance with his colleague, Mr. Pickering. He was of opinion that submission to British aggression was no longer a virtue. His course, which was considered a renunciation of federalism, created a storm in Massachusetts, where the legislature, in anticipation of the

usual period, elected a successor to his senatorial term. Upon this censure he immediately resigned.

His retirement was characteristic enough. He had been some time before, in 1805, chosen professor of rhetoric and oratory on the Boylston foundation at Harvard, and had delivered his Inaugural the following year. The preparation of these lectures, in the delivery of which he now continued to be employed, called for fresh classical studies; but to study he was never averse, and it is the memorable lesson of his career, that the pursuits of literature are not only the ornament of political life, but the best safeguards of the personal dignity of the politician, when, as must sometimes happen with an independent man, he is temporarily thrown out of office by party distractions. If he is then found, as Adams always was, making new acquisitions of learning, and preparing anew for public usefulness, he must and will be respected, whichever way the popular favor of the moment may blow. Mr. Adams continued his duties at Harvard, reading lectures and presiding over the exercises in elocution till the summer of 1809. In the following year, his "Lectures on Oratory, delivered to the Senior and Junior Sophisters in Harvard University," were published at Cambridge. Mr. Edward Everett, who was at the time one of the younger students, bears witness to the interest with which these discourses were received, not merely by the collegians but by various voluntary listeners from the neighborhood. "They formed," he says, "an era in the University, and were," he thinks, "the first successful attempt in the country at this form of instruction in any department of literature."

Immediately upon the entrance of Madison upon the Presidency, Adams received the appointment of minister to Russia, the court which he had approached, in his boyish secretaryship, during the Revolution, with Dana. He sailed from Boston early in August, 1809, in a merchant ship, for St. Petersburg; but from various detentions, a rough passage, and the vexatious examinations of the British cruisers in the Baltic, then blockading Denmark, he did not arrive in Russia till October. The commercial embarrassments, in the complicated relations of the great Napoleonic wars of the time, witnessed on the voyage, in the detention and oppression of American ships, furnished his chief diplomatic business at the imperial court. As much as any man, perhaps, he aided in solving these international difficulties. He had a cordial reception at court on his first arrival, and as time wore on, having prepared the way by his interviews with Count Romanzoff, the chancellor of the empire, received a proffer of mediation from the Emperor Alexander, between Great Britain and the United States, in the war which had now broken out. The offer was accepted at home, and in the summer of 1813, he was joined at St. Petersburg by his fellow commissioners, Bayard and Gallatin, appointed for the negotiation. The mediation was not, however, accepted by Great Britain, though it proved a step forward to the final con-

ferences and adjustment at Ghent. England proposed to treat directly at Gottenburg or London. The American government chose the former, and Adams was placed on the commission with Bayard, Clay, Russell and Gallatin, to negotiate. Before his arrival on the spot, he learnt that the conference was appointed at Ghent, whither he proceeded in the summer of 1814; and, after a protracted round of diplomacy, had the satisfaction of signing the Treaty of Peace the day before Christmas of that year. The scene of this event in that region which had witnessed his father's successes, and his early entrance upon the world, and above all, the event itself closing the gates of war, as his father again had signed the great pacification of 1783, must have been peculiarly gratifying, not merely to his patriotic pride, but to the love of method which characterized his life. He may readily have recognized in it that courteous fate which so often marked the career of his family. If there is a political as well as a poetical justice, it was certainly exhibited in the history of John Quincy Adams, and his illustrious father. The coincidences are most striking.

Adams having now closed his mission to St. Petersburg, and having been appointed minister to Great Britain, was joined by his family from Russia, in Paris, where he witnessed the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the commencement of the Hundred Days. It was one of those dramatic surprises of Parisian life, which we may expect to be faithfully represented in Mr. Adams' Diary, when it shall be given to the world. We get, perhaps, a glimpse of his record in his biographer, Mr. Quincy's narrative. Napoleon, we are told, "alighted so silently, that Mr. Adams, who was at the Théâtre Français, not a quarter of a mile distant, was unaware of the fact till the next day, when the gazettes of Paris, which had showered execrations upon him, announced 'the arrival of his majesty, the emperor, at *his* palace of the Tuileries.' In the Place du Carousel, Mr. Adams, in his morning walk, saw regiments of cavalry belonging to the garrison of Paris, which had been sent out to oppose Napoleon, pass in review before him, their helmets and the clasps of their belts yet glowing with the arms of the Bourbons. The theatres assumed the title of Imperial, and at the opera in the evening, the arms of the Emperor were placed on the curtain, and on the royal box."

Adams, again respecting his father's precedents, took up his residence with his family in London. He was the American representative at the court of St. James for two years, when he was called by President Monroe to his cabinet as Secretary of State. His time in England was passed in the best society of books, things and men. After concluding the commercial relations of the treaty, he removed from London to a retired residence, at Boston House, Ealing, nine miles distant, where he found time—he could always make time—for his liberal studies.

The year 1817 saw him again in America, at Washington, the leading member of the new administration, in

the direct line of promotion to the Presidency. Old party lines were becoming, or had already become extinct. It was a period of fusion, "an era of good feeling," as it came to be called on the quiet reëlection of Monroe. The chief diplomatic measures of Adams' secretaryship, had reference to Spain. He was always spirited in his assertions of the foreign policy of the country, and on this occasion was greatly instrumental in the negotiations which ended in the cession of Florida. One of his special services was the preparation of an elaborate Report on Weights and Measures, at the call of Congress. He devoted six months of continuous labor to this production, entering into the subject philosophically, and in its historical and practical relations. The report was made to Congress in February, 1821.

Adams continued to hold his secretaryship through both terms of Monroe's administration. At its close, he was chosen by the House of Representatives his successor in the Presidency, the vote being divided between Jackson, himself, Crawford and Clay, who decided the choice by throwing the vote of Kentucky in his favor. His administration, says Mr. Everett, in the address already cited, "was, in its principles and policy, a continuation of Mr. Monroe's. The special object which he proposed to himself was to bind the distant parts of the country together, and promote their mutual prosperity by increased facilities of communication." There were many elements of opposition at work against a reëlection, in the complicated struggles of the times. Adams encountered a full measure of unpopularity and retired—in political disaster, as well as in diplomatic triumph, like his father—to the shades of Quincy—that long retirement which had only recently ended in death. The departure from the world of the elder Adams, occurred in the second year of his son's Presidency.

Unlike the father, however, he was not to sit brooding over the past. Work, persistent work, was the secret of John Quincy Adams' life. Of a tough mental fibre, there was no such thing as defeat, while he had a mind to contrive, a tongue to utter, or a hand to hold the pen. He was sixty-two at his retirement from the Presidency, within a few years of the age when his father was succeeded by Jefferson. Both felt the storm of unprecedented party spirit and annoyance, and both yielded to great popular heroes.

Literature again offered her hand to her assiduous son. "His active, energetic spirit," we are told, "required neither indulgence nor rest, and he immediately directed his attention to those philosophical, literary and religious researches, in which he took unceasing delight. The works of Cicero became the object of study, analysis and criticism. Commentaries on that master-mind of antiquity were among his daily labors. The translation of the Psalms of David into English verse was a frequent exercise; and his study of the Scriptures was accompanied by critical remarks, pursued in the spirit of free inquiry, chastened by a solemn reference to their origin and influence on the conduct and hopes of human

life. His favorite science, astronomy, led to the frequent observation of the planets and stars; and his attention was also called to agriculture and horticulture. He collected and planted the seeds of forest trees, and kept a record of their development; and, in the summer season, labored two or three hours daily in his garden. With these pursuits were combined sketches preparatory to a full biography of his father, which he then contemplated as one of his chief future employments."[1]

He was, however, again soon called into action, being elected, in November, 1830, by his district, to the House of Representatives. It was a novel spectacle—an ex-president of the United States sitting in the lower house, but it was fully in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, which honor all faithful servants of the public. Nor is it to be denied that at least equal talent may be called for, and equal influence exerted in the discharge of duties of public life, which to the eye of the world have a comparative inferiority of position. Power may be wielded by a representative which may govern the administration itself. There are many acts of our legislative bodies more potential than the simple acquiescence of the Executive; as the originator of a measure or line of policy must be of more consequence than the instrument which gives it effect. For more than sixteen years Adams labored at his seat in the House. He was the most punctual man of the assembly, always on the alert; cool, resolute, even pugnacious. There was scarcely a question, involving a point of morality, of national honor, or of literary and philosophical culture, on which his voice was not heard. He supported the demands of Jackson upon France; he asserted and successfully maintained the right of petition against vast obloquy and opposition; he was especially instrumental in the establishment of the National Observatory, and the Smithsonian Institution. A bare enumeration of his speeches, writings and addresses, would fill the space assigned to this sketch—lectures and addresses on points of law, government, history, biography and science, moral and social, local and national, before senators and before youths, on anniversaries of towns, on eras of the State, eulogies on the illustrious dead, on Madison, Monroe, Lafayette, the oration at the Jubilee of the Constitution.

As he had lived, so he died in harness. Death found him where he could have wished its approach, in the halls of Congress. His robust powers of body and mind had held out surprisingly, as his vigor, no less than his venerable appearance in the House, enforced an authority not always readily conceded to the persistence in unpopular appeals of "the old man eloquent." He was approaching eighty: still in the exercise of his extraordinary faculties, when, in a recess of Congress, walking in the streets of Boston, in November, 1846, he was stricken by paralysis, from which, nevertheless, he recovered in time to take his seat in Congress early in the year. The House rose to greet him, and he was conducted

[1] Josiah Quincy's Biography, p. 175–6.

to his chair with marked honors. He felt, however, his approach to the grave. There is a most touching evidence of this in the anecdote related by Mr. Everett. His journal, the diary of his long life, interrupted the day of his attack, was resumed after an interval of nearly four months, with the title, "Posthumous Memoir." Writing in its now darkened pages, he says of the day when it was interrupted, "From that hour I date my decease, and consider myself, for every useful purpose to myself and fellow creatures, dead, and hence I call this, and what I may hereafter write, a posthumous memoir."

He continued in the House another year, when the final messenger came, on Monday morning, the twenty-first of February, 1848. After passing a Sunday in harmony with his elevated religious life, he was observed to ascend the steps of the Capitol with his accustomed alacrity. As he rose, with a paper in his hand, to address the Speaker in the House, he was seized by a return of paralysis, and fell, uttering, "this is the last of earth—I am content." He was taken, as the House adjourned, to an adjacent room, where he lingered over Washington's birthday till the twenty-third, when he died in the speaker's apartment, under the roof of the Capitol. His remains were taken to Boston, reposed in state in old Faneuil Hall, and were quietly laid by the side of his parents, in a grave at Quincy.

The lesson of such a life is plain. Labor, conscientiousness, religious duty; talent borne out to its utmost stretch of performance by the industrious improvement of every opportunity; the self-rewarding pursuits of letters and science, in the gratification of an insatiable desire for knowledge; a constant invigoration of the moral powers by the strenuous discharge of duty; independence bought by self-denial and prudence, enjoying its wealth—the calm temper, the untroubled life—in the very means of acquiring it. How noble an illustration of the powers of life! When the correspondence and Diary, which Adams maintained through his long life, shall be published—when his writings shall be collected from the stray sheets in which they have been given to the winds, when the literary aids, due to his memory, shall be gathered in the library about his fair fame, there will be seen an enduring monument of a most honorable life of public service and mental activity.

DAVID PORTER.

This adventurous hero, the "Paul Jones of the second war of Independence, with a more capacious and better regulated mind," was born in Boston, February 1, 1780. His father, Captain David Porter, commanded a merchant ship out of that port, and was distinguished as an officer of energy and activity in the naval service of the Revolutionary war. At the conclusion of the struggle the family removed to Baltimore, where the father commanded a revenue cutter, and became engaged in the West India trade. It was in one of these latter voyages that his son, at the age of sixteen, was introduced to the service of the ocean.

Thus launched on the deep, a youth of courage and mettle, he made the element his home, and speedily familiarized himself with its scenes of peril and warfare. It was at that unsettled period of our foreign relations, when our shipping was oppressed alike by our old enemy, England, and our recent ally, France. Aggression was rife on all sides. On this first voyage, young Porter was witness to one of those insults and assaults. While in port at the island of St. Domingo, a press gang endeavored to board his father's vessel. The assailants were manfully resisted, with slaughter on both sides. A man was shot down by the side of the youth. Such was his introduction to the mercantile service in 1796. On his next voyage to the same island, which he made in the capacity of mate, he was twice impressed by the British, and each time contrived to make his escape, reduced, however, to such circumstances of privation, that in his need he was compelled to work his passage homeward in the winter season, ill clad, and exposed to all the rigors of a northern icy coast.

Soon after reaching home he applied for admission into the navy, obtained a midshipman's warrant and joined the Constellation, Captain Truxton, then recently put in commission, and already distinguished by her services on the coast. In the famous action of this vessel, in February, 1799, with the French frigate, the Insurgente, which ended in the capture of the latter, midshipman David Porter had command of the foretop, a position, as it turned out, of peril and responsibility in the engagement. When the prize was taken, Porter was sent on board of her with Lieutenant Rodgers and eleven men to take possession and remove her prisoners. Before this duty could be discharged, night came on, and a heavy blow separated the vessel from the

D. Porter

Constellation, leaving this little guard to control one hundred and seventy-three unfettered Frenchmen. The handful of American seamen, however, were well officered; the prisoners were got into the hold, and though eager to escape, kept there by the superior resolution and vigilance of their captors, who, besides their duty of working the ship, watched as a guard at the hatchways for three days, till the vessel was brought safely to the Constellation at St. Kitt's. For this brilliant service, Porter, at the time, received no promotion. Before the close of the year, however, he was made lieutenant. He served with honor and distinction in the West India service, till the termination of this quasi-war with France.

The terms of peace with that nation were settled early in 1801, and in the spring of the same year a new field for our infant navy was opened in a distant quarter of the world, in the aggressions and defiance of the bashaw of Tripoli. Porter sailed to the Mediterranean in the Enterprise, in Commodore Dale's squadron, and assisted in the capture of a Tripolitan vessel of some note. In May, 1803, we find him first lieutenant of Commodore Morris' flag-ship, the New York, engaged in a brilliant adventure in the harbor of old Tripoli, in reconnoitering and setting on fire a number of feluccas laden with wheat, which had taken refuge under the batteries of the town. In this affair he received a slight wound in the right, and a musket ball in the left thigh. These wounds were inflicted at the outset of the attack; yet he continued in command to the close of the action.

On his recovery he was transferred, in September, to Captain Bainbridge's frigate, the Philadelphia, at Gibraltar, and speedily returned in that vessel to the scene of his late enterprise off Tripoli. He was thus engaged in the blockade, when the Philadelphia had the misfortune, in chasing a vessel of the enemy, to be thrown upon a reef at the entrance of the harbor. After the most heroic efforts to escape, and fighting to the uttermost, the frigate was compelled to surrender, and her officers and crew to go into captivity. The story of that imprisonment, protracted for more than a year and a half, is a memorable event in our national annals. Its tedious, monotonous endurance was broken by many noble attempts at rescue on the part of the American fleet, and by the gallant act of Decatur, in the burning of the captured vessel in the harbor; the arrival of the Constitution, and the successive bombardments of Commodore Preble; the fatal explosion of the Intrepid in the harbor, sweeping the noble Somers to an untimely end—incidents all of which occurred within sight and hearing of the prisoners. Within, the captives bore their imprisonment with equanimity, and waited for a better day. They even availed themselves of this dismal leisure to strengthen themselves in the duties of their profession for future service. By the kindness of M. Nissen, the Danish consul, an excellent supply of books was furnished them. These were read with avidity and a systematic course of instruction

entered upon by the younger officers. Lieutenant Porter directed these studies, and made various acquisitions of his own in general literature, the French language, and drawing.

The repeated attacks of Preble, and other operations of the war, finally brought the stubborn Tripolitans to terms of surrender. Peace was concluded June 3, 1805, and the prisoners released. A naval court of inquiry was then held at Syracuse, which exonerated the officers from censure in the loss of the Philadelphia, after which Lieutenant Porter was appointed to the command of the Enterprise, and cruised along the African coast in the neighborhood of Tripoli, stopping to indulge his historical and antiquarian tastes in a scholar's admiration of the Roman remains of Leptis Magna. An incident which occurred at Malta, illustrates the temper of the times with respect to England and the resolute spirit of the young heroes of the American navy. A foul-mouthed British sailor came alongside the Enterprise, abusing the officers and crew, for which Captain Porter promptly ordered him seized and flogged at the gangway. The governor, naturally indignant, ordered the vessel to be detained; but Porter, with lighted matches and the men at their posts, swept by the forts without interruption. His last adventure in the Mediterranean was a conflict with twelve Spanish gunboats, which he soundly punished for their rashness in attacking him, in sight of Gibraltar.

After five years' absence from home in the Mediterranean, he returned to America, and signalized a brief interval of leisure by marriage to Miss Anderson, a lady of Pennsylvania. He was then appointed to the New Orleans station, where he was employed in enforcing the embargo and non-intercourse laws. It may be noted as a curious coincidence, that his father, an officer in the service, died while under his command on this station. Desirous of exchanging this locality, which was injurious to his health, for another, he was appointed to the command of the Essex, a small frigate of thirty-two guns. The actual breaking out of the war which had been long impending with England, found him, at the time of the declaration of hostilities, in June, 1812, refitting his ship at New York. In a few days he was at sea, leaving Sandy Hook on the third of July and cruising to the southward. He took some prizes, and was then compelled by stress of weather to change his course to the north. While off the banks, as he was going before a southerly wind, he came up with an English fleet, consisting of a frigate and bomb-vessel conducting several transports. It was at night, towards morning, with a dull moon feebly lighting the sea. Coming up first with one of the transports, he learnt the nature of the fleet, and as the ships were sailing widely apart, he determined to push his vessel, a fast sailer, to the frigate in the van, and encounter her as a prize worthy of his steel. The second transport, as he came up, was suspicious of his movements, and was about to give the alarm, when he threatened a broadside and quietly gained possession of her. She was

found to be filled with troops. The convoy ship meanwhile sailed away.

A few days' sailing brought the Essex within view of a British frigate, which proved to be the Alert, of twenty guns. Captain Porter's vessel was at the time disguised as a merchantman, "her gun-deck ports in, top-gallant masts housed, and sails trimmed in a slovenly manner." The English vessel consequently bore down upon her expecting an easy prize, when the Essex knocked out her ports, opened fire, and in eight minutes reduced her adversary to a sinking condition. The Alert, thus captured, was the first ship of war taken in the contest. She was sent as a cartel into St. Johns, with the prisoners. Captain Porter shortly after turned into the Delaware to replenish his ship's water and stores.

The Essex was now attached to the squadron of Captain Bainbridge, his command consisting, in addition, of the Constitution and Hornet. The whole were to cruise on the coast of Brazil, and thence cross the Atlantic to intercept the homeward-bound East India ships. Bainbridge sailed from Boston with his flag-ship and the Hornet, on the 26th October, directing that the Essex should follow him from the Delaware, stopping at certain appointed stations of rendezvous on his grand route. The Essex accordingly sailed two days after the other vessels, traversing the long distance to the equator without the opportunity of making a prize. Shortly after passing that line, however, on the twelfth of December, she captured the Nocton, a British government packet, which yielded fifty-five thousand dollars in specie to his treasury. Being heavily laden, the Essex did not overtake her companions at the first appointed station, at the island Fernando Neronha, which was reached a few days after the capture just mentioned. They were making their way to St. Salvador, both ships to secure their triumphs on the South American coast: one in the conquest of the Java; the other, of the Peacock.

Capt. Porter, after beating about for some time, in vain efforts to join his comrades of the squadron, the ground, meanwhile, becoming more dangerous, from the presence of British cruisers, took the responsibility of deciding upon his movements for himself. He continued a southerly course, and the eastern parts of the continent being in the English interest, and consequently closed to him, he determined to double Cape Horn, and forage upon the commerce of the enemy in the Pacific. This resolution was formed after he had failed to secure adequate supplies at the island of St. Catherines, the last place of rendezvous on the coast of Brazil, and in face of the thickening dangers which beset him. "The season, to be sure," says he in his journal of the 26th of January, 1813, the date of his leaving the island, "was far advanced for doubling Cape Horn; our stock of provisions was short, and the ship in other respects not well supplied for so long a cruise—to the port of Concepcion, on the coast of Chili—but there appeared no other choice left for me, except capture, starvation or blockade; and this course, of all others, appeared to me the most justifiable, as it

accorded with the views of the honorable Secretary of the Navy, as well as those of my immediate commander."

The Pacific project had, in fact, been submitted to the Secretary of the Navy before the declaration of war, and met with his approval, and Commodore Bainbridge had concurred in the idea, provided the necessary supply of provisions could be obtained. It was not, therefore, an entirely unauthorized adventure upon which the Essex was proceeding.

The voyage round Cape Horn was a rough prelude to its better fortunes. For more than a month in those southern latitudes, on either side of the extremity of the continent, the Essex was tempest tossed in that stormy sea.

At length the coast of Chili was reached, and on the sixth of March a landing made at the island of Mocha, a not unfriendly though deserted station, affording a supply of fresh provisions to the crew, in the horses and hogs which ran wild over its surface. From this place the Essex ran down the coast with the hope of meeting some of the enemy's vessels from which supplies might be obtained; and failing in this, struck boldly into the port of Valparaiso, the captain reluctantly feeling himself compelled to resort to the tender mercies of the Spanish officials, from whom little friendship was to be anticipated. Great was his gratification on being received with eminent distinction. The Chilians had just thrown off their allegiance to Spain, and set up their independence. They hailed his national vessel as a timely visitant from a sister republic. Hospitalities were freely extended, and every facility afforded of replenishing his stores. Intent upon the grand object of his voyage, he did not, of course, linger long amidst these seductions.

Stored with a superfluity of jerked beef and other provisions, the Essex left the port eager for approaching conflicts. Overhauling a whale-ship, the Charles, of Nantucket, information was had from the captain that two of his consorts, the Barclay and the Walker, had been taken possession of by a Spanish and an English ship near the port of Coquimbo. The Essex was accordingly hastened on her way, in search of the aggressors. In no long time she fell in with a ship of war disguised as a whaler, the real character of which was at once detected by Captain Porter. He had now raised the English flag, and hailed the vessel, when a shot was fired from her which passed the bow of the Essex. It was responded to by a few shot over the deck of the stranger, which brought alongside a boat, that was sent back with orders to her captain to run alongside, and come on board with his papers and offer an apology for his rudeness to an English frigate. The ruse succeeded perfectly. The captain was ill, but a lieutenant arrrived and disburdened himself not only of the required apology, but of much information of a character exceedingly agreeable to the ears of Captain Porter. He was informed that the vessel before him was the Peruvian privateer Nereyda, of fifteen guns, out on a cruise for American vessels; that she had recently captured the two whalers of which

he had heard, and that one of them, the Walker, had been taken from her by a British letter-of-marque, the Nimrod, and that, supposing Porter's vessel might be that aggressor, the shot had been fired. The privateer, apart from this, professed the greatest respect for the English flag; his sole object, in fact, on the cruise was the capture of American vessels, of which, though he had been four months out, he had taken but the two alluded to, and that the captain of one of them was now on board his vessel. Upon hearing this, Porter sent for the American captain, and, closeted with him in his cabin, had the whole candid revelation confirmed. He then hoisted the American flag, to legalize the capture, and, firing a couple of guns, the Nereyda struck her colors. She was stripped to her topsails and courses, and in that condition sent back to Callao with her crew of Spaniards, bearing a message to the viceroy of Peru, from Captain Porter, commending her commander to such punishment at the hands of his excellency as as his violation of American commerce might deserve. The Americans on board the privateer were liberated; a portion of them joining the Charles, the rest volunteering for service in the Essex. The latter then bore up for the northwest, and at the entrance to Callao rescued the Barclay, one of the whalers which had been captured by the Nereyda. This vessel now joined the Essex, and her captain proved of eminent service in directing the cruiser to the haunts of the enemy.

He was unintentionally seconded in this good work by the master of a Spanish brig from Callao, which the Essex met with. The latter, under the English flag, enjoyed again the most confidential communication with the unsuspecting Spaniard, who imparted much interesting information regarding the English and other vessels she had left in port.

The Essex continued her voyage along the coast, and meeting with nothing of importance turned her course to the Gallipagos Islands, near the Equator, a favorite resort of the whalers. Chatham Island, the most easterly of this group, was made on the 17th of April, and Charles and Albemarle were visited in succession, without result beyond a curious inspection of these remarkable volcanic islands and the capture of an occasional turtle or land tortoise, till the morning of the twenty-ninth brought a long-coveted sail in sight, which proved to be the whale-ship Montezuma, with fourteen hundred barrels of spermaceti oil. She was spoken under British colors, and the captain, being invited on board, gave such information in the cabin as he had to communicate, while his crew were quietly taken from his vessel to the deck of the Essex. There were two other vessels in sight, the Georgiana, of six eighteen pounders, twenty-five men, and two hundred and eighty tons, and the Policy, of ten six-pounders, twenty-six men and one hundred and seventy-five tons. Both these vessels surrendered an easy prey to a boarding party led by Lieutenant Downes, in the boats of the Essex, the wind becoming too light for the latter to follow in pursuit.

The gallant leader of this daring adventure was a man of comprehensive mind, whose plans, rapid and flourishing as were his fortunes, always went beyond them. In his gigantic enterprise, his single small frigate expanded as if by a miracle into a fleet, destined not only to sweep the commerce of a great nation from an ocean, but to control her armed cruisers. The Essex swept on her way with a tributary train of British vessels behind, some converted into storeships, others fitted up as supplementary vessels of war. The Georgiana became thus as formidable, in point of armament, as any of the British privateers afloat in those waters. This prize was commanded by Lieutenant Downes, who, parting from the Essex, in a cruise among the islands, made three important captures, with two of which, dismissing the third with his prisoners on parole, he very skilfully managed to join Captain Porter, falling in with him again at Tumbez, in the gulf of Guayaquil, whither he had gone to procure water for his fleet. The Essex meanwhile had added to her conquests two other British whalers, the Atlantic and Greenwich, respectively of 355 and 338 tons, 24 and 25 men, and eight and ten guns. The Atlantic having proved her qualities as a good sailer, and being, in every way, a better ship than the Georgiana, was fitted up with twenty guns, christened the Essex Junior, and given to Lieutenant Downes as her commander. A few days after leaving the harbor, the Fourth of July was celebrated by a salute of seventeen guns fired from the Essex, Essex Junior, and Greenwich, the crews spending the day in "the utmost conviviality," by aid of a bountiful supply of spirits furnished by the enemy's stores. The Essex Junior, being now fully equipped, was presently sent with four of the prize ships to Valparaiso, that they might be sold with their cargoes; and this being accomplished, Lieutenant Downes was directed to sail with supplies to join him either at Banks Island or at one of the Marquesas, whither Captain Porter would proceed with the Essex, which now stood in need of a thorough refitting.

The latter, having with him the Georgiana and the Greenwich, now sailed for the old whaling rendezvous of the Gallipagos, in the waters of which, off Banks Bay, a favorite resort, he made three fresh captures, including the Seringapatam, of fourteen guns, "the finest British ship in those seas," having been built as a man of war for the renowned Tippoo Saib, and now commanded by an enterprising captain, who had already taken a Nantucket whaler. Some six weeks afterwards, in September, the Essex had the good fortune to fall in with the armed whaler, Sir Andrew Hammond, of 301 tons, twelve guns and thirty-one men. She was overtaken off the island of Albemarle, while engaged in cutting up whales. Her capture completed a list of twelve British privateering vessels taken in a few months by Captain Porter and his companions in the Pacific. Proceeding to Banks Bay to rejoin his prizes, he was there joined by Lieutenant Downes, on his return from Valparaiso, in the Essex Junior. With

that vessel and his little fleet of prizes, now consisting of the storeship Greenwich, the Seringapatam, the Hammond, and New Zealander—the Georgiana and another having been freighted with oil and dispatched to the United States, two dismissed with the prisoners on parole, and the rest being at Valparaiso—Captain Porter proceeded to the group of the Marquesas, which he reached on the twenty-third of October, the very month in which, a year before, he had sailed from the Delaware.

The first land which they made of the islands was one of the group claimed to be discovered some twenty years before by Captain Roberts, of Boston, and patriotically named by him the Washington Islands. There was some intercourse of a friendly character with the natives before the little fleet sailed into its resting-place, a few leagues further to the westward, in the bay of Nooaheevah. Here Captain Porter, finding the anchorage good, the disposition of the inhabitants favorable to his views, and the land abundantly stored with the fresh provisions of which he stood so much in need, determined to remain till the object of his visit, in refitting his vessel, was accomplished. His plans at the outset were greatly facilitated by the presence of an Englishman, who, having been many years on the island, was perfectly familiar with the language, and who showed himself quite willing to act as interpreter. He also found there, oddly enough, a midshipman of the United States navy on furlough, who had been left by a Canton trader to collect sandal-wood against his return. With these introductions, and the easy manners of the tribe who occupied the bay, the party soon felt themselves quite at home. The only difficulty which they had to anticipate was from the tribes who were at war with one another in the valleys which seamed the mountainous surface of the island—the Happahs, and more formidable Typees. With his usual directness, Captain Porter soon taught these belligerents a lesson of fear by an armed incursion into their territories, after which he was perfectly secure in his little settlement on the shore, and the whole island was tributary to his larder.

It was, in fact, something more than a temporary resting-place which he proposed to establish while his frigate was undergoing repairs. He meditated nothing less than a permanent occupation for his countrymen, and for this purpose, on the 19th November, when he had become somewhat acquainted with the people, took possession of the island, with a formal declaration, in which he set forth the usual claim to priority of discovery, conquest and possession; the customary good will of the natives who welcomed his protection, and the imposing ceremonial of raising the flag, firing a salute from a fort which he had armed from the ships' guns, and burying a copy of the instrument, with several United States coins, in a bottle at the foot of the flagstaff. This is the ready way in which empires then and since have been created on the bosom of the broad Pacific. The proceeding was completed by naming

the island, in honor of the war President at home, Madison; the fort, Fort Madison; the village, Madison's Ville, and the bay, Massachusetts Bay—names, we fear, quite lost sight of by the French, who have since enacted their ceremonies in their turn, and who now hold possession.

Six weeks were passed at the island, in refitting the Essex and in various intercourse with the natives, which was of so enticing a nature that it required all the commander's energy to withdraw his men from this seductive resting-place. After this exercise of authority, leaving three of the prizes moored under the guns of the fort, to which he detailed a small force under Lieutenant Gamble, and forwarding the fourth prize to the United States, he set sail from the pleasant bay in company with the Essex Junior, in quest of more stirring adventures on the coast of Chili.

Captain Porter, indeed, was already aware, by information brought him on the return of Lieutenant Downes from Valparaiso, of the warlike preparations making by the British to drive him from the ocean. The frigate Phœbe, thirty-six guns, and the Raccoon and Cherub, of twenty-four each, were, he knew, in search of him; and he had no disposition, under tolerably equal circumstances, to thwart their endeavors. Nor was he unwilling to seek an opportunity of acquiring greater glory in a conflict with an armed frigate, than could accrue from conquests, however numerous, over less powerfully protected merchantmen. He accordingly sailed along the South American ports, looking in at Concepcion and other harbors, and finally anchoring, on the third of February, 1814, in the bay of Valparaiso. The Essex Junior was left to watch outside for the arrival of the enemy, who might naturally be expected at the port. With his usual gallantry, Commodore Porter, again welcomed to the city, was bent upon returning the courtesies of the townspeople, whose entertainment on board his vessel had been interrupted on his previous visit. The ladies, this time, were not disappointed of their dance. Before, however, the awnings and flags which had been set up for the occasion could be cleared away, a signal from the Essex Junior announced the arrival of the enemy's ships, the Phœbe, Captain Hillyer, and her consort, the Cherub. Both vessels of Porter's command awaited their arrival in the harbor, ready for action should an attack be made, but unwilling to take the initiative, out of respect for the neutral port. As it proved, Captain Porter's generous forbearance on the occasion was entirely misplaced. The Phœbe came up in advance of her consort, fully prepared for action, drawing close alongside the Essex as if for attack, which was every moment expected. As she continued to approach, Captain Porter "observed" to Captain Hillyer, who had politely inquired after his health—the two having been previously on the best of terms in the Mediterranean—that he was ready for action if attacked, receiving the reply, "Oh, sir, I have no intention of getting on board of you." To this Porter answered, if he did

there would be much bloodshed. The British officer then renewed his assurances, but kept nearing, clumsily bringing the jib-boom of his vessel across the forecastle of the Essex. This position seemed to demand prompt action from the American, and her boarders were ready for their work, when Captain Hillyer protested so vigorously that the attack was suspended. "At that moment," says Porter, "not a gun from the Phœbe could be brought to bear on the Essex or Essex Junior, while her bow was exposed to the raking fire of the one, and her stern to that of the other. Her consort was too far off to afford any assistance. The Phœbe was completely at my mercy. I could have destroyed her in fifteen minutes." We shall see how this forbearance was rewarded.

The four vessels were now together in harbor, floating side by side in armed neutrality, enlivened, however, by frequent intimations of defiance. The Phœbe, for instance, would hoist a flag bearing the motto, "God and country; British sailors' best rights; traitors offend both,"—which, it was alleged, was in reply to Porter's favorite motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights." This defiance was met by the American with the counter motto, "God, our country and liberty—tyrants offend them." While these taunts were spread to the breeze aloft, Jack below was engaged in a pastoral contest of rival songs, sounded from deck to deck of the hostile vessels. Some of these were original; others selected for their suitability, from the copious stock of the forecastle. "The songs from the Cherub," says Porter, in the interesting narrative of the Cruise of the Essex, which he subsequently published, "were better sung, but those of the Essex were more witty and more to the point. The national tune of Yankee Doodle was the vehicle through which the crew of the Essex, in full chorus, conveyed their nautical sarcasms; while The Sweet Little Cherub that Sits up Aloft, was generally selected by their rivals. These things were not only tolerated, but encouraged by the officers, through the whole of the first watch of the calm, delightful nights of Chili, much to the amusement of the people of Valparaiso, and the frequent annoyance of the crew of the Cherub." Captain Hillyer was inclined to check this contest, but Captain Porter, anxious to provoke an engagement, was quite disposed to encourage it; so it was kept up, "the poetical effusions of our opponents," humorously records Porter himself, "becoming so highly meritori ous as to cause a suspicion of their being the production of Captain Hillyer himself."

Various attempts were made by Captain Porter to provoke a challenge, or gain an opportunity for an engagement between the Essex and Phœbe. The advantage of armament, it should be observed, was on the side of the latter; the force of the Essex consisting of forty thirty-two pound carronades, and six long twelves, with a crew of two hundred and fifty-five men; the Phœbe mounting thirty long eighteen pounders, sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, one howitzer, and six three-pounders in the tops, with a complement of three

hundred and twenty men. But notwithstanding this inequality, the wary Captain Hillyer would only contend when he had clearly an overpowering superiority. The Cherub, which he kept alongside of him, was far more powerful than the Essex Junior. In vain Porter would run out, and seek to engage the Phœbe alone; on one occasion, provoking an encounter by defiantly towing out one of his prizes, and burning the vessel in sight of the enemy. This came near bringing on an engagement, when the Phœbe, as usual, ran for her consort. Captain Hillyer was prudently waiting for reinforcements to secure his prize. Fully aware of the toils which were closing in upon him, and trusting to the superior sailing qualities of his ship, Porter at length determined to put to sea, drawing the British vessels after him, while the Essex Junior could escape at her leisure. On the twenty-eighth of March, the desired opportunity seemed to have arrived. There was a fresh wind from the southward which carried the Essex to the mouth of the harbor, where the enemy were lying in wait. Unhappily, as the American was rounding the point of the bay, she was struck by a heavy squall, which carried away the main-top-mast, throwing the men who were aloft into the sea, where they were drowned. Both ships then chased the Essex into the neutral waters of the bay, where she took refuge, within three miles of the town, under the guns of a fort, within pistol shot of the shore.

It was evident from the display of mottos and jacks on board the Phœbe, that she was moving on to the attack. Captain Porter, consequently, prepared the Essex for action, and was endeavoring to get a spring on his cable, when the Phœbe, about four o'clock in the afternoon, placed astern, and the Cherub on the starboard bow, opened their fire. The Cherub presently, also, took her station astern. The enemy had the advantage both in position and in the range of their guns at the long distance, when Captain Porter bringing three of his long twelves to bear from his stern ports—they were worked so well, that, in half an hour, both vessels were compelled to haul off to repair damages. The Essex received considerable damage in her rigging, while, for the greater part of the time, helplessly exposed to this fire. Three times she had succeeded in getting springs on her cables, but so fierce was the fire that they were shot away before the broadside could be brought to bear. There was but one feeling, however, on her deck as both vessels of the enemy came up on the starboard quarter for a fresh attack, which was prudently conducted by her long range guns out of reach of the ineffective carronades of the Essex. The only resort for the latter was to close, if possible; but, unfortunately for any such movement, there was not a practicable sail left but the flying jib, the remaining halliards being cut away. With this some headway was made, feebly assisted by letting fall the foretopsail and foresail, the tacks and sheets of which were destroyed. The Essex was thus enabled, for a short time, to close with the enemy. The firing on both sides

now was tremendous—the decks were strewed with dead, the cock-pit filled with wounded, and the ship had been several times on fire, yet the men held on, encouraged by seeing the Cherub haul off. But the Phœbe, with her long guns pouring in upon a disabled vessel, was a fearful adversary. Guns were overthrown on board the Essex, and the crews of others shot away. The survivors manned the guns that were left. One gun was thus three times manned, losing fifteen men in the action. In this extremity, Porter determined to run his vessel on shore, and destroy her rather than be captured, and had nearly succeeded in doing so, when a change of wind drove him again upon "the dreadful raking fire" of the Phœbe. Porter still hoped to board. In the midst of this scene of carnage, the brave Lieutenant Downes, of the Essex Junior, made his way through the fire to Captain Porter to receive his orders; but nothing could be done, and he returned to his own ship, carrying away in his boat several wounded, and leaving three of his crew to make room for them. "The slaughter on board my ship," continues Porter, "had now become horrible, the enemy raking us, and we unable to bring a gun to bear." But even yet the resources of this skilful mariner were not exhausted. Ordering a hawser to be bent to the sheet-anchor, he let it go, and thus brought the head of the vessel around, and gained opportunity for another broadside. The breaking of the hawser put an end to this last chance of annoying the enemy. The Essex, moreover, was on fire in several places, the flames bursting up each hatchway and approaching the magazine. A large quantity of powder exploded below. The boats were destroyed. In mercy to his men, Captain Porter directed those who could swim to jump overboard, and if possible gain the shore, about three-quarters of a mile distant. Most remained with him to defend the ship to the last. It was, indeed, the last moment when he surrendered. There was but one officer left to advise with him. The rest were dead or horribly wounded; and as with the officers, so with the men. The flag was struck at twenty minutes past six after an action of about two hours and a half. More than one-half of her entire crew were killed, wounded or missing. The combat was witnessed by thousands who covered the surrounding hills. Such was the termination of Captain Porter's memorable cruise in the Pacific, ending, indeed, in disaster, but leaving a wonderful impression of the resources of a single small ship when directed by a commanding will and intellect.

Captain Porter was well treated by his captor and friends at Valparaiso, though the government had shown itself not well affected towards him. In the disposition which was made of the prisoners, it was arranged they should be sent home for exchange in the Essex Junior, as a cartel. The latter reached the American coast in safety, when she was boarded off New York by a British vessel, and the passport of Captain Hillyer disputed. The next morning, while the cartel was thus detained, Porter, true to the spirit

of adventure with which he had set out, having on the first detention declared himself a prisoner no longer on parole, left the cartel off the shore of Long Island to make his escape in a boat. The movement was observed, but not in time, and Porter, under cover of a friendly fog, after some sixty miles rowing and sailing reached the hospitable village of Babylon, whence he passed to a triumphant reception at New York.

The conclusion of the war found Captain Porter on the eve of taking command of a squadron of small vessels, got together for the annoyance of the enemy's commerce in the West Indies. Peace put an end to this scheme. In the reorganization of the navy which ensued, he was appointed, with Commodores Rodgers and Hull, one of the three officers of the board of navy commissioners, and continued in the execution of its important duties till 1823, when he was ordered to the command of an expedition fitted out by government to suppress the systematic piracy, which had for some time prevailed in the Gulf of Mexico. His squadron consisted of a steam galliott, eight small schooners, and five barges. Having his centre of operations at Thompson's Island, now Key West, in a few months, so effective was his conduct of the force, he had broken up the whole piratical system on the coasts of St. Domingo and Cuba. The following year, 1824, an incident occurred which was the occasion of his recall. A robbery of American property took place on the island of St. Thomas, when the goods were carried by the pirates into the port of Foxardo, in Porto Rico, an island of a bad reputation for its countenance to piracy and privateering. Lieutenant Platt, one of Commodore Porter's officers, undertook to aid in the recovery of the property. He accordingly presented himself with his vessel, the Beagle, at the port, was roughly received by the authorities, and even arrested and put under guard. Smarting with this indignity as he left the port, he met Commodore Porter, in the John Adams, coming in, and narrated his grievances. The latter determined to resent the affair at once as a gross insult to the flag. Entering the harbor with the Beagle and Grampus, and the boats of the Adams, he sent a message to the alcalde of the town demanding satisfaction, and threatening reprisals in case it should be refused. One hour was given for the decision. A shore battery, meanwhile, about to fire upon the party, was silenced by a detachment of seamen and marines, when Porter landed with two hundred men, and marched against the town. An undefended battery was passed on the road, and a messenger sent forward for negotiation; when the Spaniards, thinking discretion the better part of valor, agreed to present the required explanation and apology. Commodore Porter then retired with his party. For this prompt vindication of the honor of his country, as he thought it, he was immediately recalled by his government, tried by a court-martial for transgressing his orders, and sentenced to suspension from the service for six months. The decree deeply

wounded the spirit of the patriot who had served his country in so many engagements, who, in the words of his defence, "had consumed the flower of his years, and the vigor of his life in arduous and, as he hoped, in acceptable services; who had looked for approbation, if not honor, as his reward for an unstinted exposure to labors, privations, and dangers; so much the more disinterested, as, however beneficial to his country and to mankind, it promised few of the personal gratifications which may be laudably sought in the renown of more striking and brilliant achievements." The recollection of these things should have made the sentence of Porter a light one. Senator Benton, who watched the proceedings of the trial, which lie in the dust of our libraries, recorded in a bulky octavo, says, that he was "hardly dealt with." The sentence cost the navy one of its most honored members. Commodore Porter resigned, left the country, and entered the service of the Mexican government to take charge of her newly formed naval department. He remained in that country till General Jackson became President of the United States, in 1829, when he was offered the restoration of his place in the navy. He refused it on account of the old unreversed censure, but accepted the post of Consul General at Algiers. The French occupation of the country found him in possession of the office, when he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople. The appointment was subsequently enlarged to that of Resident Minister. It was the period of Sultan Mahmoud, the great Turkish reformer, of whose character and acts Commodore Porter, as his published letters bear witness, was a most careful and intelligent observer. This correspondence, originally addressed to a friend in New York, without view to publication, was given to the world in 1835, with the title, "Constantinople and its Environs, in a series of letters, exhibiting the actual state of the manners, customs, and habits of the Turks, Armenians, Jews and Greeks, as modified by the policy of Sultan Mahmoud, by an American, long resident at Constantinople." While in Turkey, Commodore Porter negotiated several important treaties. He continued to hold his position as minister till his death, which came, after a gradual decline, at Pera, a suburb of Constantinople, the twenty-eighth of March, 1843, at the age of sixty-three. His remains were brought home in the ship of war, Truxton, and interred in the grounds of the Naval Asylum, near Philadelphia.

The late Senator Benton, who has given an animated sketch of his career, thus notices the kindly traits of the man: "Humanity was a ruling feature in his character, and of this he gave constant proof—humane to the enemy, as well as to his own people. Of his numerous captures, he never made one by bloodshed when milder means could prevail; always preferring, by his superior seamanship, to place them in predicaments which coerced surrender." Patriotism was a part of his soul

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

This eminent merchant, to whose liberality the city of New York, and incidentally the whole country, is indebted for the princely foundation of the free public library bearing his name, came like his contemporary Girard of Philadelphia, an adventurer in youth from the old world to the new. There is, to a certain extent, a curious parallelism between the two men. They were alike in some points of character, and in minor habits. Early poverty was the lot of each. Both were borne by industry, self denial, sagacity, and a resolute will, to vast fortunes. They were alike men of large commercial views and grand resources. Each was favored in being carried onward with the development of the country, and the rising welfare of a great city. It has been their common felicity to perpetuate their names with a grateful posterity by beneficent institutions erected by their bounty. The Girard College and the Astor Library are the ornaments of Philadelphia and New York. In other respects the parallel would fail. Girard lived an unsocial, unsympathizing life, intent only on the toil and profit which had become necessities of his being His existence was without the grace and ameliorating influences of the eminent friendships which softened and refined the career of Mr. Astor; nor had he those family interests and affections which might have done so much to increase his happiness while living and perpetuate his fortunes and beneficence when departed.

John Jacob Astor was born in the village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Germany, July 17, 1763. His parents were of the laboring peasant class, who brought up their family of four sons, of whom the subject of this sketch was the youngest, to habits of industry and virtue. John Jacob remembered through life the lessons which he had been taught on the farm in childhood, of early rising and simple religious reading. There was enterprise and intelligence in the race, for we find two of his brothers emigrants to England and America for the sake of bettering their fortunes, before he joined them on the same quest. The course of travel in the last century, it should be remembered, differed greatly from the easy pathway opened at present. It argued then some force of character to break the barrier which hemmed in the life of a simple German peasant, fettered by his boundaries and associations. The young Astor seems early

John Jacob Astor

to have felt, with something of a prescience of his coming fortunes, that there was a prosperous career before him in the world, and that he had but to go forth to enter upon it. At any rate, at the age of sixteen he starts on foot, "without waiting for other outfit than the clothes he wore," to proceed to the coast of Holland, with the design of reaching his oldest brother, in England, who had some footing in London as a musical instrument maker, and who required his assistance in the business. He found a Dutch smack which conveyed him across the Channel to the metropolis, where he met with his brother and at once engaged eagerly in his occupation. Their residence, within the sound of Bow Bells, afforded a hint to early rising which these industrious Germans did not neglect. "Mr. Astor's own account of this period of his youth," we are told in a biographical sketch by one who knew him well, "is that he never failed to rise and dress when the clock struck four, which gave him an hour to prepare for his daily occupation, and much of this hour was regularly devoted to reading the Bible and the Lutheran prayer-book, then the only books in his library." [1]

He had been for several years thus connected with his brother, when the conclusion of peace with the United States opened America once more to the enterprise of the old world, and perhaps led by the example of another older brother already in the country, he embarked, in 1783, for that region. He carried with him a venture made up by his brother, of some hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments. The wintry passage to Baltimore was a long one—he was all the while from November to the following March on shipboard, at sea, and delayed by the ice in the Chesapeake—but it was not altogether unprofitable, for an acquaintance which he made on the way led him on the high road of his subsequent fortunes. This was a German dealer in furs with whom he travelled to New York, and who advised him to invest the proceeds of his venture in that prime article of American traffic, as one which would find a ready market in London. He followed the suggestion, effected the sale and purchase, and crossing the Atlantic with his new stock, made, as was predicted, a profitable trade. This appears to have been his first mercantile operation of consequence. It drew his attention to a branch of traffic which afterwards became highly productive in his hands, and which he conducted with a widely extended, liberal enterprise. In 1784, after a residence of some months in London, which he devoted to the study of the European methods of the fur trade, he returned to America, prepared, by arrangements with his brother, to continue the traffic.

"At that time," says his biographer already cited, "he had just completed his twenty-first year; he was beginning life in a foreign land, without money capital, without powerful connections, and without established credit; but he possessed powers and qualities, and had formed habits which made him

[1] Sketch of Mr. Astor in Emerson's United States Magazine for October, 1855.

independent of capital, connections and credit—a clear head, sound judgment, quick perception, a mind of the most comprehensive grasp, and a masterly business talent. To these high intellectual powers were joined great moral force of character, a resolute will, great self-reliance, firmness in pronouncing the unyielding No, when requisite, the strict integrity that inspires confidence, and the patient perseverance that insures success. Besides which he had the groundwork and guaranty of prosperity in his habits of life—economy, self denial, industry, love of labor, a proper pride in his business, punctuality in his engagements, and above all, he careful avoiding of the thraldom of debt. It is to these properties that we must look for the elements of Mr. Astor's extraordinary prosperity, and not to any accident of birth or fortune, or any external circumstances of condition; his only advantages of that kind were his fine personal appearance, his noble head, his oracular brow, the stamp of higher intelligence upon his every feature, his commanding, and, when he chose, winning address. His reliance was upon himself in business, as well as in everything else, and he so managed his affairs as to make his rapidly accumulating capital sufficient for its constant extension."

The two great elements of success with Astor, as with Girard, were his industry, combined with sound judgment and his self-reliance. Each planned his operations with consummate ability, and it was a rule, at least with the Frenchman, that whatever orders he gave should be executed to the letter, come what would of it. In this way he projected his individuality in different regions of the world, in his extended commercial operations, and his powerful will was acting in many places with the same energy as if he were present; for it was his custom boldly to carry out his first decisions. We shall see Astor issuing his commands in his great enterprise with marvellous sagacity. In the meantime he is patiently, assiduously building up his fortune in the pursuit of the fur trade, at the outset working with his own hands, and performing his journeys to the distant frontiers of the country bordering on Canada and the lakes to traffic with the Indians and collect the skins for his merchandise. By thrift and economy, and the successful management of his profitable trade, he became gradually wealthy, and began to employ his own vessels in his shipments, making his profit on both the outward and return cargo. The new openings for trade with Canada by the provisions of the Jay treaty of 1794, were turned to account by him. By the year 1800 he had thus become possessed of a fortune of a quarter of a million of dollars.

Taking a comprehensive view of the traffic in furs, he was anxious to give his operations strength and importance by national corporate authority. Some organization he thought was needed to cope with the great British companies which still held the control of the trade with the Indians, on the great western frontier. He consequently became in communication with the United States government on the subject, and in 1809

obtained from the legislature of the State of New York a charter incorporating the "American Fur Company," with a capital of a million of dollars, which was furnished by himself. "He in fact," says Irving, "constituted the company; for though he had a board of directors, they were merely nominal; the whole business was conducted on his plans and with his resources, but he preferred to do so under the imposing and formidable aspect of a corporation, rather than in his individual name, and his policy was sagacious and effective."[1] To strengthen his position he purchased from the British proprietors the interests of the Mackinaw company of traders, and merged both that and his own organization into a new association called the Southwest Company.

The traffic of the traders up to this time had been mainly confined to the regions bordering on the great lakes; it was Mr. Astor's ambition greatly to enlarge this area by extending his operations to the shores of the Pacific, by means of a line of posts stretching along the Missouri on the east, and the Columbia on the west of the Rocky mountains, with an important depot at the mouth of the latter river, that would open a ready means of direct exchange with China, which afforded the best market for the furs to be collected. This of course involved an extensive shipping interest to carry on the trade upon the Pacific, and to conduct the return cargoes from the East. The history of Mr. Astor's great effort in this direction is written in the most agreeable volume of adventure by Washington Irving, entitled "Astoria."

Nor was it merely as a trading speculation that this great enterprise was projected, and in fact accomplished. "Indeed, it is due to him to say," remarks Mr. Irving, "that he was not actuated by mere motives of individual profit. He was already wealthy beyond the ordinary desires of man, but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men of similar scope of mind, who, by their great commercial enterprises, have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses, and extended the bounds of empire. He considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia as the emporium to an immense commerce; as a colony that would form the germ of a wide civilization; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky Mountains, and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic." This view of the enterprise was shared by the government, and by Mr. Jefferson, always an intelligent appreciator of the development of the country.

In the summer of 1810, articles of agreement were entered into by Mr. Astor and his associates, chiefly drawn from men who had been engaged in the British fur trade, constituting themselves the "Pacific Fur Company," with liberal provisions on the part of the projector, who was to supply the large capital required for the success of the undertaking. A twofold expedition was at once organized, by sea and

[1] Astoria, p. 30

land. A ship, well furnished, and equipped with something of a military armament, was provided to make the voyage by the way of Cape Horn to the Pacific, and take possession of the station at the mouth of the Columbia. This vessel, named the Tonquin, was commanded by Lieutenant Jonathan Thorn, of the United States navy, a man of courage and resolution, and a martinet in discipline, who had served in the Tripolitan war; and with him sailed as companions the leading Canadian partners of the enterprise, one of whom was the special representative of Mr. Astor in the management of the business. The captain, of course, had the supreme command of the voyage. Various voyageurs and trappers made up the ship's company. For the humors and petty vexations of the journey by sea, the pertinaciously asserted authority of the commander, and the careless disposition to enjoyment of his passengers frequently bringing the two parties into conflict, we must refer to the picturesque pages of Mr. Irving, where every development of character is eagerly worked into the cunning fabric of his instructive and ever-delightful narrative. Suffice it to say that the party set sail from New York in September, 1810, escorted to sea, out of fear of hostile cruisers in that period of incipient war, by the frigate Constitution; that they reached the Sandwich Islands in safety in February, and the following month were landed, though not without hazard, and suffering some severe losses, within the mouth of the Columbia. Eight men were drowned from boats in the surf, in attempts to cross the bar of the river. After the ship had reached a place of safety, her officers chose a place for a settlement and the establishment of a fort, to which they gave the name Astoria, and opened communication with the neighboring Indians. The Tonquin then, as previously arranged, continued her voyage along the coast in a northerly direction to Vancouver's Island. But she had not been long away when word was brought by the Indians to the little colony she had left behind, of her total loss, with her crew, under circumstances of fearful interest. Captain Thorn, on making a landing and opening trade with the natives, had become disgusted with their subterfuges and chicanery, and in a fit of passion driven some of their leading men from the vessel. They returned, apparently unarmed, and, contrary to the express orders of Mr. Astor before starting, were carelessly admitted in great numbers. The gallant commander estimated too lightly his savage foe. They procured knives in exchange for the furs which they brought with them, on the very deck of his vessel, and turned upon her unsuspecting crew, murdering the captain and his chief officer. They were however arrested in their fiendish work for the moment by the remnant of the ship's company, who had gained fire-arms from below. These few men, foreseeing their fate if they remained, abandoned the ship in a boat, with the intention of making their way to Astoria. When the savages returned to the vessel and crowded her decks, they expected an easy prey, for but one of her

old crew was to be seen—a wounded man who had refused to depart with his companions. He was gloomily bent on a terrible revenge. Waiting till the Indians thronged the vessel, he lighted a match below, fired the magazine, and involved the whole in one common destruction. This occurred in the summer of 1811.

Meanwhile the overland party, which was to survey the line of the trading-posts and effect a junction with their companions on the Pacific, led by Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, upon whom Mr. Astor placed the greatest reliance for the ultimate conduct of his colony, was making its toilsome way by the line of the Missouri and the passes of the Rocky Mountains. This expedition, which numbered many intelligent men, left Montreal, the starting-point of their wanderings, in July, 1810, and did not reach Astoria till February, 1812. They had made a roundabout journey from St. Louis of upwards of thirty-five hundred miles. They found on their arrival that some progress was made with the establishment in opening trading-posts and carrying on traffic with the Indians, though the fortunes of the colony were by no means assured.

While these journeyings and voyagings were going on, Mr. Astor, in New York, intent upon his grand scheme, in March, 1811, dispatched a confidential agent to St. Petersburg to accomplish a negotiation with the northern Russian trading settlements on the Pacific, which was effected, and in the autumn of the same year, ignorant of the fate of the first, he sent a second vessel, the Beaver, with supplies and reinforcements of men, to Astoria. In the following May this vessel safely reached her destination, and infused new life into the little company Had Mr. Astor's directions been complied with, all might have gone well with the colony, wealth would have poured into his coffers, and an important national settlement been effected at an early day on the Pacific. His plans were in every instance well taken, giving unity to a complicated system of action reaching across an unexplored continent, including a distant European negotiation in their grasp, and extending over the great waters of the globe. A chain of trading-posts threading the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, a great emporium on the Pacific, coasting voyages securing the trade of that ocean, the sale of the furs collected in China, and a return to America with the rich and profitable products of the East—this was the simple outline of the gigantic undertaking. It was really a vast, expanded enterprise, worthy the comprehensive mind of a great merchant of any time. Much more of courage, of adventurous foresight, did it require when it was a pioneer work in a comparatively unknown country, and moreover beset by the gravest international difficulties. All early explorations may be put down as extremely hazardous and costly—seldom resulting in profit to their first projectors. This in particular proved, chiefly through the inefficiency of the agents and the neglect of Government, when the crisis arrived, a most disastrous undertaking.

The supply ship, Beaver, in pursuance of instructions, continued her voyage to the Russian Possessions, carrying with her Mr. Hunt, the leading man of the colony, with the expectation of an early return to the place. Unhappily, the vessel standing in need of some repairs, her course, after visiting New Archangel, was directed to the Sandwich Islands, whence she proceeded to China without returning to Astoria, leaving Mr. Hunt at her stopping-place to wait for Mr. Astor's next supply ship to carry him to his post of duty. While tarrying for this opportunity, word reached him of the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain. He saw at once the peril of Astoria, and chartering a vessel at a high price, proceeded promptly to the spot—to find the partners of the enterprise, who were strongly tinctured with British interests, McDougal, their head, never having lost a hankering for his old Canadian allegiance, despondent and on the eve of abandoning the enterprise. In fact an arrangement was on foot, which was afterwards consummated, to sell out the whole affair to the Northwest Company, a British association, which had pushed its agencies across the mountains, maintaining a rival attitude to the American enterprise. Mr. Astor's British partners were for the sale or virtual surrender, the Americans of the company opposed the transfer; but the former, armed with the threats of naval hostilities, which it was known were impending, carried the day. Shortly after, in December, 1813, the port of Astoria was formally taken possession of by the commander of a British cruiser.

Thus was defeated a great enterprise which partook rather of a national than a private commercial character. Carried on by the will and resources of a single man, it was worthy to have been the project of the State itself. That something of enthusiasm of an elevated character entered into the plans of Mr. Astor, we have the testimony of a letter written by him to his agent, Mr. Hunt, on occasion of sending forth a third ship with supplies. "Were I on the spot," he wrote, alluding to the hostile machinations of the Northwest Company, "and had the management of affairs, I would defy them all; but, as it is, everything depends on you, and your friends about you. Our enterprise is grand and deserves success, and I hope in God it will meet it. If my object was merely gain of money, I should say, think whether it is best to save what we can, and abandon the place; but the very idea is like a dagger to my heart."[1]

He doubtless bore the failure of his expectations with equanimity, though he could not be insensible to the disappointment. It was his calculation, it is related, that the enterprise would be a bill of expense for ten years, and an uncertain source of profit for another like period, when, having been fully established, it could produce a net revenue of a million dollars a year. Of his coolness under his losses, a story is told by Mr. Irving of his conduct on hearing of the loss of the Tonquin.

[1] Irving's Astoria, p. 432.

"The very same evening he appeared at the theatre with his usual serenity of countenance. A friend, who knew the disastrous intelligence he had received, expressed his astonishment that he could have calmness of spirit sufficient for such a scene of light amusement. 'What would you have me do?' was his characteristic reply; 'would you have me stay at home and weep for what I cannot help?'"

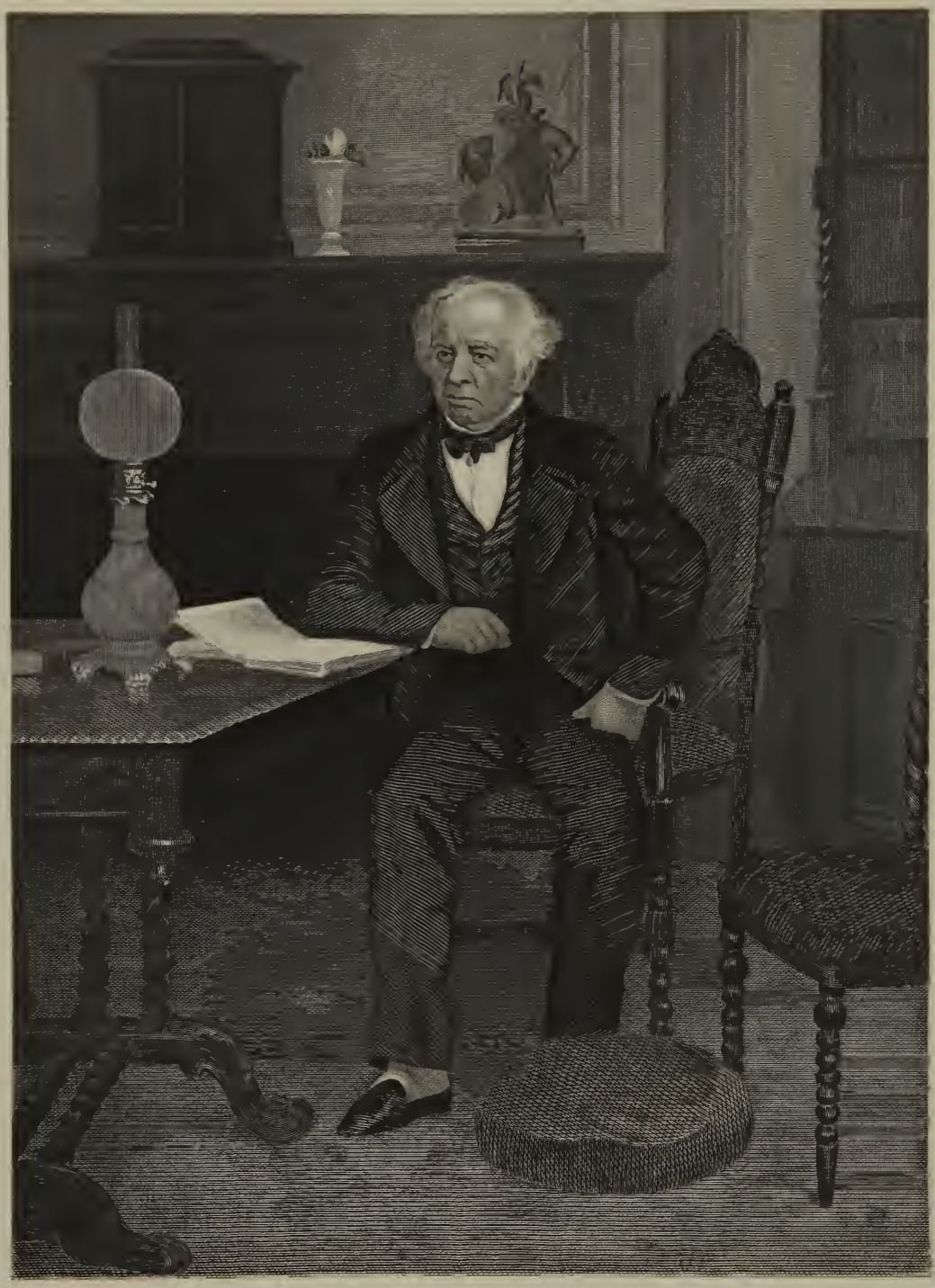
At the conclusion of the war, Astoria, by the terms of the treaty, again fell to the United States, though the final adjustment of the territorial rights of the region was delayed for a longer period. Had the Government been willing to render the assistance of military protection, Mr. Astor would have recovered his undertaking. As it was, he abandoned the effort, content to wait the time when the country should awake to the importance of a region, the value of which he had formed a due estimate of in an early period of his career. The present town of Astoria, though far surpassed by other settlements of Oregon, bears witness, in its name, to the daring enterprise of its original founder.

This was Mr. Astor's last great employment of his energy and capital in the fur trade. Henceforth, his productive investments in real estate in New York, and elsewhere in the country, employed most of his attention, especially in his latter years, when his wealth increased rapidly with the growth of the city. "Every year," says his biographer already cited, "was adding to his fortune—at first, almost imperceptibly, but, as the mass rolled on, it gathered up upon a greater surface, and increased more rapidly. Few very great fortunes were ever acquired more in accordance with the laws of aggregation than Mr. Astor's; but a small portion of it was added by accident or lucky hits, or great speculations of any kind. He was its sole and systematic architect, and constructed the edifice on the best foundations and in the fairest proportions."[1] At the time of his death, which occurred in the city of New York, on the 29th of March, 1848, his property was estimated as the largest which had been accumulated in America, exceeding by some millions that of Girard.

By the terms of his will special provision was made, in a bequest of four hundred thousand dollars, for the erection and endowment of a free public library—the institution, in the city of New York, which, thus supported by his liberality, bears the name of the Astor Library. It was a design of his latter years, which he would doubtless have carried out in his lifetime had he not been pressed by accumulated business and growing infirmities. He had, in considering the project, the valuable assistance of friends who knew well the importance of the object and the way it should be carried out; for it was Mr. Astor's good fortune to possess, in the acquaintance of men like Washington Irving, Dr. Cogswell, Mr. Halleck, Albert Gallatin and others, the best stimulus to his powerful intellect. He took delight in their society, and the Astor Library may be considered,

[1] United States Magazine.

in one light, a monument of this intimacy. "Desiring to render a public benefit to the city of New York, and to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge, and the general good of society," is the language of his will, in the preamble of the bequest; and certainly, as the event has already proved, he could not have secured these objects in any more welcome way. The library thus founded, and its original dimensions doubled by the continued liberality of his son, has within a very few years taken its place, not only at the head of similar institutions in the city, but in the country—a result owing to the fidelity with which the trust has been carried out, and especially to the devoted and disinterested services of its librarian or superintendent, Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, whose appointment to the control of the work was made according to the expressed wish of the testator. A number of years before Mr. Astor's death, Dr. Cogswell was employed in bibliographical studies preparatory to the work, forming a highly valuable collection of books in this department, which he has since presented to the library. This, rather than the thousand volumes purchased during the lifetime of Mr. Astor, was the real foundation of the library. When the work was fairly begun to be carried out, it was on this basis of preparation rapidly extended in the most satisfactory manner. Most public libraries in their origin are chance medleys, the aggregate of various accidental purchases or donations. Not so this. Minerva-like, it started into being in full panoply, each division being duly considered and fairly provided for. It is thus the most symmetrical library in the country; its wealth being duly apportioned to each section of literature and science. If any preference is shown, it is a general one for the more valuable and less accessible costly European works of original authority, the great standards of knowledge, whence the more popular manuals are drawn. An American author engaged in the composition of a work well calculated to prove the resources of a large library, Mr. Parke Godwin, in the preface to his history of France, records his acknowledgments with the remark, that the country possesses, at last, one library where a student may apply that comprehensive test, the verification of the quotations of Gibbon.



JAMES KENT.

This eminent jurist, whose services on the bench, no less than his important contributions to the literature of his profession, have secured him the gratitude of his countrymen, presents a pleasing subject for biography. It is true there is little of incident to relate, and of what might be gathered we have but scanty materials, in the absence of the promised family memoirs. But in all that is known and remembered of Kent, one impression is predominant: that of a man of singular simplicity and purity of character—worthy, indeed, to rank in these respects, as well as in his legal character, with his distinguished contemporaries, Chief Justice Marshall and Justice Story.

James Kent was born in the town of Fredericks, Putnam County, State of New York, among the Highlands of the Hudson, near the borders of Connecticut, on the thirty-first of July, 1763. His grandfather, the Rev. Elisha Kent, a well known and esteemed clergyman of Connecticut, had removed to the region in 1740, and resided there till his death. His father, Moss Kent, was bred to the law and practised the profession, which divided his attention, at the time of the birth of his son, with the farm on the banks of the Croton, where he resided. The influences of nature in this beautiful spot were not likely to be lost upon the heart of a sensitive child. In his later years he dwelt upon those associations of his youth in his conversation with his intimate friends. A pleasing instance of these recollections has been preserved by his friend and eulogist, the late Judge John Duer, who was called upon to discharge a debt to his memory in the delivery of a discourse on his life, character and public services, before the judiciary and bar of the city and State of New York. In this interesting tribute the following passage occurs. The home, in the city of New York, of Chancellor Kent, we should premise, during his last years was on Union Park, where a fountain fed by his native stream, the Croton, which had been brought to pour its life-giving refreshment through the great city, leaped before his eyes. "Several times," says Judge Duer, "within the last three years of his life, when the fountain that adorns the park in front of his late residence was in its fullest action, and the waters of his native river, as if instinct with life and voluntary motion, rose in strength and majesty before him, several times have I known him approach the windows of his library in which we were then sit

ting, and there break forth into warm expressions of admiration and delight. It was evident that the spectacle filled his mind with the most agreeable and varied emotions; for while it recalled, as he said, the quiet scenes and simple pleasures of his youth, it reminded him of the vast progress that his country had since made in the noblest arts and truest enjoyments of social and civilized life. It was evident at such times that his boyhood and youth, his manhood and age, were all present to his mind and memory; and it was his high privilege—such had been the course of his life—it was his high privilege that when thus recalled, he could dwell with feelings of unmingled satisfaction and devout thoughtfulness on each period of his existence. It is not surprising that at such times a serene light—the serene light of a serious and chastened joy—spread over his venerable features; for it was evident that his thoughts and affections rose in grateful adoration to the Author of his being, as the source and fountain of all the blessings—the many great and peculiar blessings—that throughout the progress and in each stage of his life, it had been his lot to enjoy."

Earnest and ample provision was made by the father for the education of his son. He was placed at the age of five at an English school at Norwalk, Connecticut, where he lived with his maternal grandfather, a physician. At nine he was transferred to Pawling's, in Dutchess County, to a school where he received some instruction in Latin, which was subsequently improved by the Rev. Ebenezer Baldwin, who kept a Latin school at Danbury, and he had other special instructors by whom he was qualified for admission to Yale College, the freshman class of which he entered in 1777. Thus carefully nurtured with that moral as well as intellectual preparation of the olden time in which clergymen, as in this case, so frequently bore a part—a youth of ingenuous disposition and studious habits, he was well adapted to run his new race with vigor. His college course, however, fell upon the troubled scenes of the Revolution, and the British troops taking possession of New Haven in his sophomore year, the college was for a while necessarily broken up. Falling in, during this interval of forced leisure, for the first time—he was then only sixteen—with a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, he seized upon this masterly introduction to legal science with avidity; his genius was thus early revealed to himself, and he resolved to devote himself to the profession of the law. Returning to college when its exercises were resumed, he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1781, and immediately entered the office of Egbert Benson, at Poughkeepsie. This eminent lawyer, the friend of Washington, Jay and Hamilton, an enlightened patriot of the Revolutionary and constitutional era, then held the office of Attorney General of the State, and his influence and example were well calculated to strengthen the manly instincts of his pupil.

Kent was admitted to the bar in 1785, and shortly after began practice with Mr. Gilbert Livingston, at the

same time taking to himself a wife, Miss Elizabeth Bailey, who became the sharer of his rising fortunes, and the delight and protection of his long career of successful exertion. Before the latter, however, could be said to be fairly entered upon, there was the usual period of discipline and probation common to the young lawyer to be encountered. Kent met it with all cheerfulness and diligence. The largest part, if not always the most important, of a man's education, is the instruction which he gives himself. This was perhaps truer in the early days of Kent than in our own. Though he had the honor of a diploma from Yale, he was but meagrely instructed in the Greek and Latin classics, and he himself was perfectly aware of the deficiency. He had read in these languages, in his collegiate course, only the Greek Testament, and limited portions of Virgil, Horace and Cicero. To make amends, and give himself a good working knowledge of the tongues, he divided his day systematically, and managed to secure four hours for the purpose before breakfast. Two of these he gave to Greek, and two to Latin. The midday was assigned to the law, and two hours of the afternoon were given to the French. He read Homer, Xenophon and Demosthenes, we are told, with great delight. To miscellaneous reading, if we may apply so general, vague, and unsatisfactory a term to his excellent special acquisitions, he was always devoted. He was an earnest student of the poetry of England, and her best prose literature, and an ardent devourer of books of travel.

Kent came upon the stage at a time well qualified to develop a great constitutional lawyer; for the period of his legal career embraced the origin and growth of the Constitution itself. and his early intimacies were with men who understood well its principles, and were sharers in its formation. He attended the debates at Poughkeepsie of the convention which sat upon its adoption, and listened to the brilliant arguments of Hamilton. The principles of the Federalist we may presume that he studied with earnestness, while he watched the development of party interests through the country. "He became and declared himself a federalist, and this name (continues Judge Duer) as expressing most clearly and fully the true nature of his political creed, he gloried throughout his life to retain and avow." His friendship for Hamilton was both a cause and consequence of these convictions, and it was never interrupted. It was by Hamilton's advice, we are told, that he first directed his attention to his profitable study of the French Jurists.

We find him now engaging in public life. He was twice elected a member of the State Assembly, in 1790 and 1792, and was recognized as a prominent leader of the federal party. His course on the disputed election for governor, when George Clinton was maintained in office over his rival, Jay, who it was alleged had the majority vote of the State, a division of opinion resulting from the destruction of the votes of a county, secured to him the warm support of the disappointed candidate. To the "discriminating judg

ment and steady friendship of John Jay he owed," says Judge Duer, "his elevation to nearly all the offices that he subsequently held."

In 1793 he was nominated to Congress in Dutchess County, but, owing to a change in the local politics, lost his election—a result which was immediately followed by his removal to New York. Here he encountered some difficulty in his straitened fortunes; but if practice was slow in coming, his legal abilities were appreciated by the discerning. The trustees of Columbia College appointed him within the year professor of law in that institution, and we find him in November, 1794, commencing his course with an Introductory of signal ability. This was published by the trustees, and in the course of a year he issued in a volume three "Dissertations" preliminary to his course on the common law, embracing the discussion of important topics of the constitutional history of the United States, and of the law of nations.

The date of the introductory lecture gave the orator a special ground of appeal for the importance of his theme. It will mark, also, the large period over which the labors of Kent were extended. In 1794 Europe was in agitation with problems which the intelligence and foresight of American patriotism had already solved, and that solution of the novel questions was receiving due attention abroad. How important then that the youth of America should be instructed in their privileges at home, especially as the whole guardianship of the public welfare was intrusted without reserve to the people. The orator pointed to law as the first tutor of liberty to the founders of the State, and drew the inference that the rudiments of a legal and senatorial education in our country should be drawn from our own history and constitutions. He then passed to the assertion of the value of courts of justice as "the proper and intended guardians of our limited constitutions against the factions and encroachments of the legislative body," as if in earnest of the important aid he was to render this great cause in his subsequent career. He was but thirty, it should be remembered when he accepted the professorship of which this address was the first fruits. The three dissertations treated of the theory, history and duties of civil government; the history of the American Union and the law of nations. The delivery of these and other lectures in the course, and the publication of part of them, though neither was so successful as to be continued at the time, laid the foundation of the author's reputation. Both were to be resumed afterwards—the college lectures and the commentaries. Happily the originator lived himself to reap the fruit of his early labors.

In the meantime, in February, 1796, Kent received a welcome addition to his means in the appointment, by Governor Jay, of Master in Chancery, an office then lucrative, and he was the same year chosen a member of the New York legislature by a city constituency. An address which he delivered before the State Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures, at

its anniversary in New York, also gave him an opportunity of making the public acquainted with his enlightened perceptions of the material welfare of the country. To his office of Master in Chancery was joined the following year that of recorder of the city, and from the two he derived a considerable income. In 1798 he was still further befriended by Jay in the appointment of junior judge of the Supreme Court, and though it was at some cost of his emoluments in relinquishing the posts which he held, it was with remarkable discretion and self-knowledge that he accepted the new position. He now changed his residence to Poughkeepsie, and subsequently to Albany, which continued his home till 1823, nearly a quarter of a century.

The reforms which he introduced into the practice of his court were of eminent service to the public, and have gained him the highest eulogies of the bar. Before his day there had been no written opinions or any standard reports of decisions. He began by writing out his opinions in all reserved cases, and brought to his work such acumen, and the results of such learned industry that his brethren on the bench were compelled to follow his example. In this he brought to bear his reading of the civil law and its commentators, in the various questions arising on personal contracts and commercial and maritime affairs. In 1804 he was raised to the office of chief justice of the court, and continued to preside over its deliberations till his appointment as Chancellor of the State in 1814.

Of his career as judge we have several interesting notices from a high legal authority. On passing through New York, in 1805, the late Justice Story, then a rising young lawyer, was attracted to the Supreme Court at the City Hall, where he found Kent on the bench. He was struck with his youthful appearance, celerity and acuteness, and noticed his "careless manner of sitting," which seemed to him "to be the ease of a man who felt adequate to the exigencies of his station." Two years later, on a similar visit, he notices again "his singular plainness and promptitude." This early perception of Kent's ability was confirmed by Story's observation of his decisions and study of his legal writings. As time went on, the New York lawyer had no warmer admirer than the New England jurist. Both had points of personal as well as professional contact; in their amiability, capacity for friendship, and the purity and intensity of their domestic life, as well as in that taste for general culture which has always been an ornament if not a necessity to the higher members of the profession. They were always generous appreciators of each other's labors, dividing the field of legal commentary with emulation and without envy. Nothing can be more cordial than the friendly letters which passed between them as the new volumes of their writings appeared.

What Kent had accomplished in the Supreme Court for the common law, he was destined to renew in the Court of Chancery. In a review of Johnson's Reports, in which his decisions are recorded, written by Joseph Story for

the "North American Review," in 1820, he pays this tribute to the services of Chancellor Kent, his fellow-laborer in this great work. "He has been," says he, "long before the public in a judicial character, which he has sustained with increasing reputation—a reputation as pure as it is bright. His life has been devoted sedulously and earnestly to professional studies. His researches have been amidst the dust and the cobwebs of antiquated lore, pursued in the unfashionable pages of the Year Books, and Glanville and Fleta, and Britton, and the almost classical Bracton. He has dared to examine the abridgments of Brook and Fitzherbert and Statham. He has drawn deeply from the commercial law of foreign nations; the works of Straccha, and Roccus, and Valin, and Pothier, and Emerigon, are familiar to his thoughts and his writings. It required," he adds, looking at the state of the chancery bar as it was before Kent's day, "such a man, with such a mind, at once liberal, comprehensive, exact and methodical, always reverencing authorities, and bound by decisions; true to the spirit, yet more true to the letter of the law; pursuing principles with a severe and scrupulous logic, yet blending with them the most persuasive equity;—it required such a man, with such a mind, to unfold the doctrines of chancery in our country and to settle them upon immovable foundations." He so enlarged and improved the Chancery Court of New York that under his administration it may be said to have been a new creation. He was chancellor for but nine years, at the end of that time being compelled to resign the office by the arbitrary enactment which limited the period of service to the age of sixty. Never could the irregular working of this provision be more manifest than in his case. It found him in the very vigor of his powers, with twenty-five years yet before him, in which he was still further to illustrate his legal ability and wisdom, though not in the seat for which he was perhaps above all men qualified. Addresses were presented to him on his leaving office by the members of the bar at New York, Albany, and of the State at large at Utica—all couched in the warmest terms of admiration of his judicial acumen, purity, and rare spirit of personal kindness. This very year of his retirement, when a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States occurred, Kent was spoken of for the appointment. It had been offered by President Monroe to Mr. Smith Thompson, then the Secretary of the Navy, who for a time held his answer in suspense. During this interval Kent was brought forward, and his merits, spite of his difference in politics—he belonged to the old federal party—were urged by William Wirt, then Attorney General, in a letter to the President. He claimed that the worth and moderation of Kent would silence even the uproar of party objection. "Kent," he wrote, "holds so lofty a stand everywhere for almost matchless intellect and learning, as well as for spotless purity and high-minded honor and patriotism, that I firmly believe the nation at large would approve and ap-

plaud the appointment. It would sustain itself and soon put down the petty cavils which might at first assail it. . . . . He may have been decided in his political character, but I never heard that he was intolerant, or that there was anything like bitterness or persecution in his composition. His conversation and manners are indicative only of a simplicity almost infantile, and of the most perfect kindness and suavity of disposition." The President, however, was not called to decide upon this warm-hearted appeal, Mr. Thompson having entered upon the office.

The termination of his duties as chancellor led him to take up his residence again in New York, with a view to giving lessons in the law, and practising his profession. Columbia College again welcomed him to her courses of instruction, offering him the professorship of law, which he accepted. In accordance with this new obligation he delivered, in 1824, a systematic course of lectures, out of which subsequently grew his Commentaries, embracing the more important topics of the latter, and some which are not treated of in that work. He repeated the lectures in 1825, and after that discontinued the active duties of his professorship, his time being taken up in chamber practice and the preparation of his discourses for publication. These saw the light in a first volume in 1826, followed by the second and third in the two following years, and the fourth in 1830. Successive editions appeared to the close of his life, each marked by careful revision.

The "Commentaries on American Law," embrace the consideration of the law of nations, of the goverment and constitutional jurisprudence of the United States, of the various sources of the municipal law of the several States, as well of the civil as the common law; the rights of persons, including the marriage relations, guardianship and corporations; the laws of personal property, with its various grounds of title, bailments, contracts, partnership, marine insurance, and other topics; the law of real property, in its origin and subdivisions, and various limitations—a vast field, excluding only the laws of procedure and criminal practice; so skilfully handled as to become, to the American student, what the great work of Blackstone is to the jurisprudence of England, a clear, lucid, perspicuous map and guide. The "Commentaries" are eminently, as noticed by Judge Duer, a national work, "exhibiting not only the jurisprudence of the United States, as derived by their federal union, but the municipal law, written and unwritten, of each individual State, on all the subjects that the work embraces. The principles and rules of the common law, applicable to each subject, are first stated and explained, and then all the changes that have been made in particular States by judicial decisions, or legislative enactment."

Chancellor Kent varied his retirement and his legal consultations by an occasional appearance before the public, in the delivery of occasional addresses. One of these, occupied with a narrative of the Revolutionary affairs of his State, with a special tribute to

the somewhat neglected merits of Philip Schuyler, was delivered by him at an anniversary meeting of the New York Historical Society, in 1828, of which he had been made President. He also delivered an address before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College, and in 1836 an oration, with reminiscences of his early contemporaries, before the Law Association of New York. In 1840, he prepared a course of English reading for the use of the members of the Mercantile Library Association, which has been since reprinted, with additions by President Charles King, of Columbia College. The suggestions, the names of authors, with occasional comments, are made under the heads of History, Biography, Travels, Voyages, Belles-Lettres, Political and Moral Science, and the Natural Sciences. The work of Livy, Kent pronounces "upon the whole, the greatest and most comprehensive historical composition of the ancients, replete with gravity, sincerity, and picturesque description;" Rollin, he pronounces prolix and tedious, and tells how he was glad to escape from it, at college, "sixty years ago," to Goldsmith's "brief and enchanting epitome of Roman history." He shows an especial acquaintance with the modern Italian historians, dwelling upon Macchiavelli, "the Tuscan Tacitus," Guicciardini, "the Florentine Thucydides," and Giannoni's "Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples. He was attracted to these by their lessons of popular liberty and the tyranny of faction. In English history and literature, he shows the tastes of a gentleman and scholar of the last generation, when Pope and Dryden were still admired with unction. Travels in all parts of the world especially engaged his attention. He was a diligent reader of them to his last days.

The close of this life, so amiable and full of peaceful trophies, was happily spent almost to the last in freedom from acute disease, and when it finally succumbed, it was at the venerable age of eighty-four, with moderated, but hardly diminished powers of enjoyment. During the last year, he became a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which he had become previously attached. His death occurred December 12, 1847. At the meeting of the Bar of New York, held at the City Hall, on the occasion, the Hon. Samuel Jones presided, and resolutions were offered and supported by Ogden Hoffman, Benjamin F. Butler, Daniel Lord, and Hugh Maxwell. The obligations of American law to his early devoted course were dwelt upon, his leading investigations and applications of the civil law, his companionship with Hamilton, Pendleton, Wells, and other magnates of the profession, his sound principles of policy, while the elegant Hoffman, with characteristic fervor, eulogized the virtues of the man.

John J. Audubon

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

John James Audubon, the American naturalist, was born on the 4th of May, 1780, on a plantation in Louisiana, which his father, a retired French naval officer, had made his residence. The family was in prosperous circumstances, and the son appears to have had every advantage of education. He was early sent to Paris, whence he returned to America at the age of seventeen, with a natural talent for drawing which he possessed, instructed by the hand of no less eminent a master than the painter David. Of the tastes and aspirations which led him in this direction we may best give the reader an impression in the words of the pupil himself. In the "Introductory Address," a species of autobiographical sketch or retrospect, dated Edinburgh, 1831, placed as a preface to the letter-press of his great work on ornithology, the reminiscent writes with characteristic enthusiasm: "I received light and life in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of nature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates, and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy, must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me that, when removed from the woods, the prairies and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps, procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness, pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger, and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the sea

sons, and would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their great Creator."

There were many steps, however, between these first half shaped intimations of genius and the perfected scientific naturalist. Enthusiasm will do much, but only in the way of directing sober plodding labors. The great distinction of the man of genius is, not that he is able to dispense with toil, but that he has a fresh, ever-springing motive within him which does not permit him to tire at his work. The labor must still be undertaken and accomplished. Indeed, the man of genius, while he is continually shortening the processes is constantly inventing for himself new trials and difficulties.

The boy was delighted with his early observations of nature, watching the birth and growth of birds from the egg, looking upon them, he says, "as flowers in the bud." Then came the desire of acquisition, of possession, of forming a collection, similar to the want of a scholar of his own books and library—though perhaps a more impelling motive, with the naturalist who has a living sympathy with his brute friends who are dependent on his care. The bird, too, like the book, was capable of rewarding attention by the development of new traits. Yet in one respect the book has an advantage. It can be studied during the lifetime of the observer. It does not die and moulder from our view. Something of this, as he tells us, was felt by the young Audubon. Even the preparation of the birds, after death, was onerous, and required constant care, and was subject to decay as the beauty of the plumage vanished. "I wished," was the longing of the boy naturalist, "all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them." The sequel is told in rather a dramatic way—"I turned to my father and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety He produced a book of illustrations. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature." To copy nature—it is in three words the story of his future life.

That perception of nature in its living forms was so keen that it made the youth the severest critic of his own labors, impelling him to work and compelling him to destroy. His pencil, he says, "gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men." One expression strikes us as of singular force and felicity. "The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals." So he plodded on, frequently dissatisfied, but never discontinuing his work. It was a sure sign of his mental growth that for a long time every successive birthday witnessed a grand incremation of these immature sketches. Such was his youthful experience when he returned from France, instructed, as we have seen, by David, leaving the fine arts

of the Old World, its wealth of galleries and thousand charms of history, to devote himself to simple nature in the New.

His father gave him the opportunity of gratifying his tastes for rural life and study, by presenting him a farm in Pennsylvania, richly furnished with woods and evergreens, and watered by a running stream, where the free feathered inhabitants were at his door. But a long time was yet to elapse before he was fully conscious to himself of his claim upon the world as a naturalist, who had a story to tell the public worth listening to, and something to show worth seeing. These upward and outward struggles of nature are the great lessons of biography. All can understand the finished work; but men are every day making mistakes in their judgment of the traits of character, and processes which lead to excellence. "For a period of twenty years," writes Audubon, "my life was a succession of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce, but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling and admiring those objects of nature from which alone I received the purest gratification. I had to struggle against the will of all who at that period called themselves my friends. I must here, however, except my wife and children. The remarks of my other friends irritated me beyond endurance, and breaking through all bonds, I gave myself entirely up to my pursuits. Any one unacquainted with the extraordinary desire which I then felt of seeing and judging for myself, would doubtless have pronounced me callous to every sense of duty, and regardless of every interest. I undertook long and tedious journeys, ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic. Years were spent away from my family. Yet, reader, will you believe it, I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature."

In one of those delightful sketches of natural scenery with which the descriptive volumes of his great work is interspersed, Audubon pauses to ask of Irving and Cooper to describe the virgin country of the Ohio and Mississippi, which in twenty years he had seen transformed from an unbroken wilderness into the thickly peopled abode of civilization. It was the felicity of Audubon that his attention was turned to the observation of nature while her early features yet remained unchanged, that he was the immediate successor of Wilson, a kindred spirit, and a contemporary of Daniel Boone. His description of the scenery of the Ohio, in the account of the journey with his wife and infant son, from his Pennsylvania home to a new residence at Henderson, Kentucky, about the year 1810, shows the naturalist to have had an appreciative eye for the beauties of the landscape in his quest of its wild animal occupants.

We thus find the young naturalist, who as yet made no pretensions to the name, happily married, leaving his Atlantic home for a new residence in the West. He was for a time established as a trader at Henderson, on the Ohio,

in the western portion of Kentucky, and at Louisville, all the while occupying himself with his gun in his favorite rambles and studies of ornithology. An incident of his mercantile life at the latter place deserves mention in his biography. He was one day waited upon in his counting-room by Alexander Wilson, the devoted naturalist, the pioneer of American forests, and solicited for a subscription to the "American Ornithology." Neither at the moment appears to have had any previous knowledge of the pursuits of the other. Audubon examined the engravings of Wilson with interest, and the latter was still more surprised to witness the drawings of birds in the portfolio of a western storekeeper. Wilson asked if it was his intention to publish, and appeared still more perplexed when he learnt that so patient a student had no such object. He borrowed the drawings to examine during his stay in the town, and was introduced to birds new to him in the neighborhood, in hunting with his chance acquaintance. Audubon, who as yet had not "taken unto the height the measure of himself," placed all his drawings at the disposal of his visitor, with the result of his researches, proposing a correspondence, and stipulating only in return for an acknowledgment, in the published work, of what came from his pencil. It was perhaps well for both that the liberal offer was not accepted; for each was strong enough to stand by himself, and the world can look upon the independent labors of both with an admiration which it has been taught by both to cultivate. They were alike pupils in the great school of nature, taking their lessons in the wilderness, encountering, Wilson particularly, more enemies in the indifference of the world than the "winter and rough weather" to which they voluntarily subjected themselves.

It was not till 1824, on a visit to Philadelphia, when he was introduced by Dr. Mease to Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who, an accomplished naturalist himself, saw the value of Audubon's labors, and animated him by his encouragement, that he set seriously about the work of thorough preparation for publication. He was presented by the Prince to the Natural History Society of Philadelphia, and, proceeding to New York, was received with kindness by the inhabitants as he made his way "by that noble stream, the Hudson, to glide over our broad lakes and seek the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests." It was at this time, he tells us, and in these scenes, that he first entertained the thought of visiting Europe to obtain the means and carry out the plan of multiplying his drawings by engraving. Eighteen months were passed in additional preparation, his family meanwhile leaving their home in Louisiana before he was ready to break ground in the Old World.

In 1826, at the age of forty-six, unable to obtain the facilities for publishing his work in the United States, he set sail for England, bearing with him the drawings from original studies, upon which he had expended so much care. Twice in this season of pupilage

he had been almost driven to despair. It was while he was a resident of Ohio that, returning from a visit to Philadelphia, he found two hundred of his original drawings, representing nearly a thousand birds, which he had left carefully stored in a box, had been destroyed in his absence by a family of Norway rats, which had taken possession of the case. "The burning heat," he writes, "which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencil, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before: and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again." The second trial was when Lawson, the engraver of the works of Lucien Bonaparte, at Philadelphia, pronounced it impossible to engrave from his drawings. It is by such trials that men of genius are disciplined—trials which it requires genius to undergo.

It was not unnatural that the traveller should experience some despondency as he approached the shores of England. He was well armed with letters of introduction, but Europe had thus far received too little in his department of science from America to be greatly agitated at his arrival. His doubts were multiplied as he read the unsympathizing faces in the crowded streets of Liverpool. But how could they be interested in an unknown stranger? At home the hunter naturalist could hide his sorrows in the forest, as the scholar takes refuge in his library; but what could he do in this busy thoroughfare? "To the woods," he says with feeling simplicity, "I could not betake myself, for there were none near." But in a moment the scene was changed to success and felicity. The merchant princes and men of science of Liverpool took their visitor by the hand; his drawings were exhibited and he was on the high road to fame. An equally friendly reception awaited him at Manchester, and at Edinburgh he was received with hearty welcome by the magnates of the University, Jameson, Wilson, Brown, Monroe and others, and by such celebrities as Sir Walter Scott, Captain Hall, and the rest who made up the brilliant society of the cultivated upper classes of the northern metropolis. Nor was it an idle tribute of men of taste and fashion in literature. The compliments which he received were accompanied by substantial rewards in subscriptions to his undertaking; though the manufacturing wealth of Leeds and Manchester was able to render more of this material assistance than learned Edinburgh. Of the one hundred and eighty names appended to the first volume of ornithological biography, accompanying the first instalment of one hundred plates, the number of subscribers furnished by these manufacturing towns is most creditable to the taste and liberality of the inhabitants. But it is, per-

haps, still more to the credit of America, whose wealth was less abundant, that nearly one-half the whole subscription was furnished him at home. The unprecedented success of the popular American subscription to the work of Agassiz on natural history of the present time, shows that the liberality of the country keeps pace with its riches.

Audubon commenced the publication of his work, "The Birds of America, from Drawings made in the United States and their Territories," in Edinburgh, whence it was transferred to the hands of the engraver, Robert Havell, of London, by whom it was thenceforth executed. The drawings were in the engraver's hands before a single subscriber was obtained; but when the publication was commenced, in 1827, twenty-five plates were issued regularly every year, and the close of 1830 saw the first volume completed. The work was issued in numbers, at the subscription price of two guineas each, a number containing five plates. The entire series of four hundred and thirty-five plates was issued to subscribers for one thousand dollars.

After laying the foundation of his great enterprise in England, Mr. Audubon visited Paris, where he was complimented by the interest taken in his work by the distinguished Cuvier and the savans of the metropolis. The extraordinary dimensions of his pictures, then a novelty, enabling him to represent every bird of the size of life, the fidelity and lifelike air of his drawing and coloring, the interest of these new additions to science, were well adapted to secure admiration. If the undertaking, said Cuvier, were carried out, America would surpass the Old World in magnificence of execution. Encouraged by these glowing tributes, which were fairly extorted by his brilliant labors, Audubon having fairly introduced his work to the public, and seen the successive numbers improving under the hands of his engraver, returned in 1829 for a hurried visit to the United States, "scouring the woods" as usual, for new objects for his pencil. In the spring of the next year he was in London with his family, and in 1831 was once more in America, intent upon a comprehensive tour of observation and discovery. He procured letters from the Department at Washington to the military outposts, explored the Carolinas and Florida, and following the birds in their migrations, proceeded northward to Maine and Labrador, everywhere enriching his portfolio with the results of his explorations. The sketches of his travelling in Florida and Labrador, like the notices of his western tours, abound in pleasing passages of description. The contrast of these several scenes adds not a little to their charms; while, interspersed with the exact description of birds, they infuse a personal human interest among the necessarily formal details of ornithological science.

Audubon thus passed nearly three years "of travel and research" in America before he returned to England, where he was greeted by his completed second volume, one-half of his projected work. A third appeared in due time, and the fourth and last was finished in 1838.

After this the author was at liberty to make his permanent home in America, and consequently in 1839 returned to the United States, and became the purchaser of a country seat in the immediate vicinity of New York, on the banks of the Hudson, on the upper portion of the island on which the city is situated. To bring the results of his great work within the reach of a larger number of the public, he employed himself upon its reduction. This was published in New York in seven octavo volumes, between 1840 and 1844. Nor had the author meantime relinquished his active habits of exploration. In company with his sons Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse he traversed the remoter regions of the country, collecting materials for a new work on which he now became engaged, on the Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America. Besides the aid of his sons, he had the assistance in this work of his friend, the accomplished naturalist, the Rev. John Bachman of South Carolina. It was in size similar to the original "Ornithology," and was completed in three volumes in 1848. This was the last publishing enterprise which the author lived to see completed, a smaller edition of the work having appeared since his death.

There was something very pleasing in the fine manly appearance of the venerable disciple of nature in his last years—for age treated him kindly, and he carried with him nearly to the last, a fresh, buoyant energy of his own. His time, when not passed in his favorite woods, was spent in the familiar labors of the pencil, and in the enjoyment, surrounded by his family and friends, of his suburban rural retreat. He had the rare satisfaction, also, of seeing his fame established throughout the world, and of witnessing, as his active powers failed, the continuance of his labors in the hands of his sons, devoted to his science and art. His last perception of fading consciousness was a few days before his death, when one of his sons held before him some of his most cherished drawings. He died on the 27th January, 1851.

For a personal description of the man in his prime, we may cite the eloquent tribute of one who had much in common with Audubon in the genial, unfettered love of nature, and in certain poetic impulses which pervade alike the prose writings of each. In enthusiasm for the woods and fields, Professor Wilson, or Christopher North, as he delighted to call himself in this holiday capacity, was the equal of Audubon. There was much, too, alike in their personal appearance—the flowing mane of hair, the careless hunter's dress, the eagle eye. Wilson, in the passage alluded to, is reviewing the "Ornithological Biography," on the publication of the first volume in 1831. He thus introduces the author:

"When, some five years ago, we first set eyes on him, in a party of literati, in 'stately Edinborough throned on crags,' he was such an American woodsman as took the shine out of us modern Athenians. Though dressed, of course, somewhat after the fashion of ourselves, his long raven locks hung curling over his shoulders, yet unshorn from the wilderness. They were shad-

ed across his open forehead with a simple elegance, such as a civilized Christian might be supposed to give his 'fell of hair,' when practising 'every man his own perruquier' in some liquid mirror in the forest glade, employing, perhaps, for a comb, the claw of the bald eagle. His sallow, fine-featured face bespoke a sort of wild independence; and then such an eye, keen as that of the falcon! His foreign accent and broken English speech—for he is of French descent—removed him still further out of the commonplace circle of this everyday world of ours; and his whole demeanor—it might be with us partly imagination—was colored to our thought by a character of conscious freedom and dignity, which he had habitually acquired in his long and lonely wanderings among the woods, where he had lived in the uncompanied love and delight of nature, and in the studious observation of all the ways of her winged children, that forever fluttered over his paths, and roosted on the tree at whose feet he lay at night, beholding them still the sole images that haunted his dreams." [1]

It is understood that Audubon left behind him a work of autobiography. The passages which he has given from his journals in his Ornithological Biography would lead us to expect a book of rare interest. These relate, of course, mainly to incidents of his travels undertaken in pursuit of his favorite science. They have the charm of the French temperament, that happy talent of observation and description which harmonizes so admirably the simple and rude elements of frontier rural life; that art of pleasure—that determination of pleasing and being pleased, so characteristic of the race. The movements of Audubon among this humble society seem to have caught something of the easy gracefulness of his own feathered songsters. He appears never insensible to common blessings, never long depressed at the difficulties of his situation. There is a felicity in many of these little narratives which added new interest in the productions of his pen to the faithful delineations of his pencil.

As an index of the wealth of beauty in his pictorial works, we might contrast his accounts of the Bird of Washington, a species of the eagle tribe which he prided himself upon being the first to depict, and the Louisiana mocking-bird, which he has so charmingly described. But who has not seen the engravings of the Birds of America—a work indeed too expensive for popular circulation in its original form, the somewhat exclusive possession of the wealthy, and chosen as a rare and costly gift by Government to foreign states; but familiar to the eye in our public libraries and galleries? A glance at the ample pages will show the patient study of a lifetime, the result of years of watching and investigation of the habits of birds, their peculiar traits, their exquisite plumage, their arch attitudes, and even their favorite surroundings.

[1] Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xxx. p. 11.

DeWitt Clinton

DE WITT CLINTON.

On a previous page, in the notice of Governor George Clinton, the "soldier and statesman of the Revolution," we have traced the history of the Clinton family through their remarkable American progenitor, Charles Clinton, of New York colonial memory, to their remote European ancestry. We are now to follow the fortunes of another branch of the family, which perpetuated its honors with increasing fame to a third generation on this soil. A race which has given two distinguished governors to New York, each of whom stood in a certain direct relation to the Presidency, must excite a biographic interest.

General James Clinton, the brother of Governor George Clinton, and father of De Witt Clinton, was born at the homestead in Little Britain, in a part of Ulster County now included in Orange, in 1736. He early acquired a knowledge of military affairs, and was in actual service with his father and brother in the old French war at Frontenac. When the peace of Versailles concluded hostilities, he still kept an eye on the profession of arms, and rose by his merits in the colonial service to important frontier commands. He married, at this time, Mary De Witt, a young lady of excellent Dutch descent. The Clinton family, always imbued with liberal principles, was naturally looked to by the Whigs of the Revolution. James, with his brother, joined the infant cause, was appointed to high commands in the provincial service, and speedily engrafted, a brigadier general, on the army of the United States. He was with Montgomery in his invasion of Canada, at Montreal, and gallantly defended Fort Clinton, by the side of his brother at Fort Montgomery, when both, after a valiant resistance were compelled to yield to the superior forces of Sir Henry Clinton. James Clinton was the last man to leave the works. His escape was one of the wonders of that hard-fought day. He was severely wounded by a bayonet thrust, as he fled, pursued by the bullets of the enemy. His servant was killed by his side. Taking his bridle from his horse, he slid down the rocky precipice of the fort a hundred feet, to the ravine, crept along the bank, his flowing blood staunched by a fall into the river, till morning, when he met with a horse on which he rode sixteen miles to his home. He was engaged in other military services in the State and was at the final surrender at Yorktown. After participating in the honors of Washington's entry into New

York, he retired to his country-seat in Orange County, where, dying at the age of seventy-six, his remains were laid in a tomb inscribed by his son—"He was a good man and a sincere patriot, performing, in the most exemplary manner, all the duties of life: and he died, as he lived, without fear and without reproach."

His son, De Witt Clinton, was born at the family residence, at Little Britain, March 2, 1769. His early education was under the care of the Presbyterian pastor of the settlement, and at the Academy of Mr. Addison, at Kingston. At the close of the war he was a youth of fifteen, on his way to Princeton, when he was arrested at New York by the efforts to revive the seat of learning, King's College, in that city, whose short existence in the colonial era had been attended with distinguished success. His uncle, George Clinton, the governor of the State, took an active part in this reorganization, which was effected in 1784. De Witt Clinton was the first matriculated student of the revived institution, which now bore the name of Columbia College. He entered the junior class, and in April, 1786, received his degree at the first Commencement after the Revolution. Forty-one years after, shortly before his death, in an address before the alumni, Clinton paid a grateful tribute to the founders of the rising college; to Cochran, the classical scholar, to Kemp, the professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, to Benjamin Moore, subsequently the bishop, whose benignity added a grace to his department of rhetoric. Cochran lived to delight in his pupil, and to lay his wealth of praise, in well chosen learned phraseology, upon his grave. "He did everything well; upon the whole, he seemed likely to me to prove, as he did prove, a highly useful and practical man; what the Romans call *civilis* and the Greeks *politikos*, a useful citizen, qualified to counsel and direct his fellow citizens to honor and happiness." To the ingenuity and insight of Kemp, particularly in his inculcation of the value of canal navigation, in internal improvements, a marked influence has been attributed upon the career of his pupil. There is one habit of his college years which accompanied him through life, one with which few men who make their mark in the world at the present day are able to dispense—the practice of studying with the pen in hand. He thus acquired an exact mental discipline, and laid the foundation of that accumulated stock of literature and science which was the solace and support of his after career.

On the completion of these preparatory lessons—for they were but preparatory—Clinton was always a student and learner—he engaged in the study of the law in the office of Samuel Jones, an eminent counsellor of the time, the father of the late Chancellor Jones. It was the season of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the young student was an anxious watcher of the debates at the session of the Ratifying Convention at Poughkeepsie. His uncle, the governor, it will be remembered, sat at the head of that body, and was one of the most

resolute opponents of the measure. The nephew was thus early in correspondence with politicians in New York, to whom he communicated the progress of the debate. He shared the views of his uncle, his jealousy of consolidation, and fears of the loss of State privileges, and had already signalized his course as an Anti-Federalist by his series of letters signed "A Countryman." in reply to the papers of Jay, Hamilton, and Madison. The opponents of the Constitution were, however, compelled to yield their prejudices to the necessities of the case, under cover of urgent pleas for proposed amendments.

De Witt Clinton was now taken into the employ of the governor as his secretary, and thus made his entrance upon public affairs in 1789. In 1794 he was made secretary of the Board of Regents of the University, and in this capacity drew the Report in favor of the incorporation of Union College, containing the earliest official recommendation of the establishment of schools by the Legislature, for the common branches of education.[1] He was also secretary of the Board of Commissioners of the State fortifications. In these appointments he had the example and assistance of his uncle, always a zealous and enlightened promoter of the welfare of New York. This influence ceased when the governor retired from office, in 1795, when the young Clinton commenced the practice of the law in New York. He was brought in contact with Dr. Hosack and Dr. Mitchill, then professors of botany and chemistry in Columbia College, with whom he prosecuted those studies of natural history which grew to be great favorites with him, and in which he became an accomplished adept. He married at this time Miss Franklin, the daughter of an eminent Quaker merchant of New York. In 1797 he was elected to the Legislature as a member of the Assembly, and in the following year to its upper house, the Senate, when he was chosen a member of the Council of Appointment. While in discharge of this duty, a question arose within this body as to the right of nomination. It had been exercised by the Council in opposition to the claim of Governor Clinton, and was now reasserted in conflict with Governor Jay. De Witt Clinton was opposed to the governor, and his view of the matter was sustained by the convention to which the question was submitted by the Legislature. To this decision, which cast the power of the State into the hands of the republican party, is assigned the beginning of the course of proscription which embittered so greatly the subsequent political career of Clinton. He was now, however, on the rising tide of popularity, and in 1802, at the early age of thirty-three, was appointed to a vacancy in the Senate of the United States, where he took his seat by the side of Gouverneur Morris, his fellow representative from the State.

Clinton had been two years in the Senate when he resigned his post to assume the mayoralty of New York as the successor of Edward Livingston

[1] Street's Council of Revision, etc., p. 138.

He entered upon the duties of this office in 1803, and with several short intervals, when he was displaced by the fluctuations of party, continued to hold it till 1815. A mayor of New York at that time differed not only in the manner of his election, but in many of his employments, from his successors of the present day. He had a degree and variety of power in his hands for which a senatorship might well be exchanged. He presided at the meetings of the Common Council, then sitting in a single body. He exercised also important judicial functions as chief judge of the common pleas and of the criminal court, and at the head of the police. In all these relations Clinton was active and efficient; firm and honest as a judge, resolute and intrepid in checking riot and preserving the peace. These were the ordinary duties of a magistrate. He had others to perform of his own choosing and advocacy, growing out of his tastes for literature and science. Foremost among these, in point of time and importance, was the Free School Association, for which a charter was procured in 1805. The act speaks of a single school, and its object was "to provide for the education of poor children who do not belong to, or are not provided for, by any religious society." The undertaking was stimulated by the success of Lancaster, with his direct and economical system in England. His plans were followed by Clinton and his associates in New York. Funds were provided by charitable subscriptions, Clinton himself soliciting contributions from door to door, and the first school was opened in May, 1806, in a small apartment in Bancker street. The corporation of the city then appropriated a building adjacent to the alms-house for the purpose, and in 1809 the institution found a permanent lodgment in a building erected by its funds on the site of an old arsenal which was granted for the purpose. On the completion of this building, in 1809, Clinton, as president of the society, delivered an opening address, noticeable for his enlightened interest in the subject of education, and as a landmark whence we may measure the progress to the present gigantic public school system of the city.

While holding the office of the mayoralty, Clinton was, in 1805, elected a State senator, which gave him an opportunity of directly influencing the Legislature in the promotion of his favorite civic and philanthropic schemes. Many an act, under which the present generation enjoys some special privilege or benefit, owes its origin to the sagacity and perseverance of Clinton at Albany. The charters of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, the old Manumission Society, the Bloomingdale Hospital for the Insane, the first insurance company of the State, the American Academy of Arts, of which he was made president, acts in behalf of the Orphan Society, and numerous other philanthropic associations; others for the benefit of medical science, and generally relating to everything of importance to the welfare of the city, originated with him or were especially intrusted to his guardianship. In his seat as senator, in the Court of Errors, he deli-

vered opinions on questions involving important principles of constitutional law and rights of property which gained the admiration of so competent a critic as Chancellor Kent.

We have enumerated some of the liberal objects in the advancement of the city which engaged the attention of Clinton, at the head of which must be ranked his personal efforts to secure the benefits of education to every struggling child of poverty capable and willing to receive them. The list of his good deeds in this second formative era of city life, when New York was on the eve of that movement which has since borne her so rapidly to her proud eminence as a metropolis of the nation, is not yet complete. We can hardly mention any liberal enterprise of the city which does not owe something to his fostering care and protection. What Franklin, in his generation, did for Philadelphia, De Witt Clinton, a half a century later, accomplished for New York. There is a period in most institutions when the first efforts of their originators are spent; the enthusiasm of the original idea is worn off; the scanty supply of means exhausted: when an opportune deliverer is needed to save the labors of the original projector. Many useful societies, destined to a long life, pass through several such stages. De Witt Clinton interposed with his friendly services on more than one crisis of the kind. He took the languishing Academy of Arts under his protection, obtained a charter for it, and a local habitation in the Government House, near the Battery. This institution had found a zealous friend in its founder and first president, Chancellor Livingston. On his death, Clinton succeeded to the vacant chair. He delivered a discourse before this Academy in 1816.

The Historical Society was another struggling enterprise to which he rendered the most important assistance. It appealed to him by considerations of family history and national pride to which he was never insensible. He drew up the act of incorporation, and the report seconding its adoption in the Legislature, and when it was necessary to establish the society on a firmer pecuniary basis, he prepared an elaborate memorial of its aims and objects, with which he again appealed to that body, and secured an important grant in its favor. In 1811 he delivered, at the anniversary meeting of the society, a discourse on the history of the Iroquois or Five Indian Nations of the State, replete with historical research and philosophical observation. He was at this time vice president of the society. He succeeded to the presidency in 1817.

The New York Literary and Philosophical Society was another institution which called for and received his aid from the start. He was chosen its first president, and opened its public proceedings with an admirable introductory discourse, not merely abounding in scientific information, but instinct with the zeal and warmth of a lover's admiration. For natural history he had a great fondness. Associated with Mitchill, Hosack, and others, and in his tours through the State, he devoted himself to numerous original investiga

tions recorded in his papers in the Transactions of the Society just spoken of, in his journals, and other publications.

The period of these interesting pursuits also gave birth to those schemes of internal improvements connected with canal navigation, with which the name of Clinton is indissolubly linked in his native State. His attention had early been directed, in the annual messages of his uncle, the first governor, to the subject of canals in New York. That enlightened patriot, in 1791, 1792, and 1794, had urged a liberal policy upon the Legislature in connection with certain northern and western companies of inland lock navigation. In a glowing passage of an address delivered by De Witt Clinton as early as the last mentioned year, he had prophesied the influence of art in changing the face of the world.

These early companies, confined to a limited portion of the State, were attended with but little success. In March, 1810, the Legislature seemed disposed to take up the matter in earnest in the appointment of a committee of which De Witt Clinton was a member, with Gouverneur Morris, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Thomas Eddy, William North, Simeon De Witt, and Peter B. Porter, charged with the exploration of the whole route from the Hudson to Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. The tour was made, and happily a private journal kept of its numerous interesting incidents by De Witt Clinton. It remains a most interesting picture of the condition of the State just before its great system of improvements was undertaken, which must increase in value with every succeeding year as the country recedes from its primitive aspect. As usual, the observer is intent not merely on the mechanical advantages, but the general physical conditions of the region which he traversed. In 1820 he sketched the incidents of a similar journey in the "Letters of Hibernicus on the Natural History and Internal Resources of the State of New York," a genial and animated production of permanent interest.

The canal was reported favorably upon by Gouverneur Morris, in behalf of the commissioners. The Legislature renewed their powers and added Livingston and Fulton to their council. In furtherance of its designs, Clinton and Morris visited Washington to secure the aid of the United States Government. President Madison and his cabinet had other affairs of more pressing interest before them, and the work was left to the exertions of Clinton and his friends in his own State.

Before resuming our brief narrative of Clinton's connection with the canal policy of the State, we must briefly state the chief incidents of his political career, from which these scientific and literary pursuits were but diversions. We have seen him recalled from Congress to the mayoralty, and sitting in the State Senate. In 1811 he was elected lieutenant governor, and the following year put in nomination by a convention of his republican friends in the Presidential election of 1812, in opposition to Madison. Failing of his election, he was placed in a somewhat

ambiguous position between the advocates of the war and its opponents, which was aggravated by subsequent party divisions in his State, in the progress of which he was thrown out of the mayoralty.

Clinton, it is said, was ambitious of office; if so, it was always as a means to his useful and honorable ends. He now found means to pursue the latter even without the former. He now determined with his friends to revive the great canal project which had been suspended by the war. A meeting of influential citizens was called in the autumn of 1815, at the City Hotel, in New York, to which he presented a memorial on the whole subject, demonstrating the practicability of the union of the Hudson with Lake Erie, setting forth the various details and enforcing the vast benefits of the work. Never was a great undertaking more nobly heralded than in this convincing document. It was sent abroad and numerously signed by the public, presented in February, 1816 to the Legislature, who had now again the subject fully before them. Clinton was again appointed one of the commissioners of a new board, new reports were made, and in 1817 the construction of the work duly authorized.

The same year Clinton was elected by the people, spite of party, governor of the State, and continued to hold the office by successive elections with the exception of a single term in 1823 and 1824, till his death. It was on his gratifying reëlection, after the interregnum when his political enemies deprived him even of his unpaid office of canal commissioner, that he had the further satisfaction of witnessing the completion of the great project of his life, the Erie canal. The rejoicings of New York at that period belong to the national history. The celebration extended throughout the State. The day which crowned the work was the 26th of October, 1825. Governor Clinton, accompanied by delegates from New York and the villages along the line, embarked at the western terminus of the canal at Buffalo, on its waters, and pursued its whole length to Albany, while signal guns, fired from station to station, rapidly bore the news of his progress in advance to New York. The party continued their course down the Hudson to that city, where they were met by a splendid flotilla of steamboats and other maritime displays, which led them to the ocean, when the waters of Lake Erie, as in the festal processions of Venice in the Adriatic, were mingled with the Atlantic.

It was a proud moment for Clinton —one of those triumphs in the history of science when the laurels which so many deserving candidates fail to grasp are placed upon the brow of some favored individual, whose energy is at last rewarded with success. Clinton had every way a right to the ovation. He was a genuine son of New York, a growth of a family tree which had struck its roots deep into the soil, which had extorted nourishment from the wilderness, which had strengthened in the blasts of the Revolution, had encountered the fiercer storm of political agitation, and survived many in-

ferior brethren of the forest which thrust their foliage between its gigantic trunk and the sunlight. We sicken as we read of the strife of party, so ungenerous in its opposition to this great man. It may be, indeed, that the strife and opposition were inevitable. So much the more pleasing are the peaceful, beneficent labors of Clinton—in the poet and philosopher's praise of Epicurus, illustrating the benefits of life, adding to the welfare of the race by acts of unmitigated blessing. The heart of New York should throb with emotion at the name of this ardent, chivalrous spirit of civilization; the pioneer and faithful guardian of so much of her prosperity.

We have now arrived at a culminating point so near the close of this illustrious life, that for our present purposes the narrative may well close. Yet it would be injustice to the fame of our great statesman, were we to omit some mention of the annual messages which, as governor, he sent forth to the State, models of literary composition as well as of the details of public business. He always enforced the plans of internal improvement, sanctioned by the success of his great enterprise, and when occasion permitted, his language, as in his review of the prosperity of his country in his last address of this kind at the beginning of 1828, rose to moral beauty.

It was not long after this message was delivered, that, on the 11th of February, 1828, at the close of a day spent in public business, while yet engaged with his son in his study, in the perusal of the letters of the evening mail, that, stricken at the heart, he almost instantaneously expired.

The character of De Witt Clinton needs no effort of labored interpretation. His portrait speaks the habitual gravity which sat on his countenance, with an air of pride which might be interpreted haughtiness or dignity, according to the feeling and knowledge of the observer. His figure was tall and commanding. He was active, an early riser, incessant in toil, sparing little for the frivolities of life and the arts by which politicians ingratiate themselves with their fellows. But they who could appreciate worth and goodness never mistook him. Twice married, he was endeared to a large family connection. Of the political asperities which entangled so considerable a portion of a valuable life, we have said little. They undoubtedly present a curious subject of inquiry, by no means unprofitable, but this is not the place to ferret them out from the oblivion to which such passions of the hour are committed. There are many necessary labors in life, working to good ends, the memory of which we do not seek to perpetuate. Of these the petty details of controversial political warfare, perhaps, are the least interesting to posterity. They dwindle and stand abashed before the social and philanthropic benefits conferred by Clinton.

O. H. Perry

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

The gallant, amiable hero of Lake Erie, alike estimable as a man and admirable as a warrior, had, in his blood, two elements which seldom failed in our history, when they were put to the proof, to bring forth the matured fruits of patriotism. His first American ancestor, Edmund Perry, was one of the Devonshire emigrants from England, who fled from religious persecution, in the seventeenth century, to the colony at Plymouth, in Massachusetts; but unlike some of his companions there, he fled not from Laud and his spiritual exactions, but from the fighting men of Cromwell. He was a Quaker, and his pacific tenets were at war with the temper of the times. Nor did he find rest at Plymouth, where on other grounds Quakers were equally obnoxious. Like Roger Williams, he sought relief from his brethren among the children of the forest, and like him found a peaceful refuge with his companions on the waters of Narragansett Bay. He purchased a quantity of land from the Indians, at a place called South Kingston, an estate which continued to his descendants, supplied a family home, and gave, in due time, the subject of our sketch to the State of Rhode Island.

Descending to the great grandson of Edmund Perry, characteristically named Freeman Perry, we find him a man of influence in the colony, a lawyer, a judge and member of the Colonial Assembly, married to the daughter of a wealthy and educated gentleman, Oliver Hazard, also a descendant of the old Quaker stock. Of this alliance came the early Revolutionary naval hero, Christopher Raymond Perry, the father of the hero of Lake Erie. We do not know precisely how this Quaker gentleman got so intimately into the wars, whether his principles were weaker, or his logic stronger than that of some of his brethren; but no one was more resolute, and few suffered more in the cause of the country. He was in the volunteer service in Rhode Island—he was at sea in the privateer service, in the absence of a navy, a more dignified and patriotic pursuit than it might be at present. In one of these adventures he was taken prisoner, and brought into New York to taste the horrors, at which humanity shudders, of the Jersey prison-ship. Smarting with the indignity, emaciated with fever on his escape, he rejoined his comrades on the ocean, and both in the navy and in the privateer service fought gallantly against the foe. He was captured again, and imprisoned

for eighteen months in Ireland; escaping once more, he reached America when the war was over. All this occurred when he was but a youth, for he was only twenty-two at the declaration of peace.

Still following the sea, we next find him mate of a merchantman sailing to Ireland. Upon his return voyage, he falls in love with one of the passengers, Sarah Alexander, of Irish birth and Scotch descent. Both, at this time, are spoken of as remarkable for their personal beauty, and force of character. The next year, 1784, Captain Perry married his blooming acquaintance, and the pair made their home at the old family estate in Rhode Island.

There Oliver Hazard Perry was born, August 23, 1785. The late Commander Mackenzie of the navy, who possessed, what we may term, a fine biographic faculty, has traced in his interesting narrative of the Life of Perry, with fond minuteness, the early incidents of the boy's career. The chief characteristics, he tells us, "were an uncommon share of beauty, a sweetness and gentleness of disposition, which corroborated the expression of his countenance, and a perfect disregard of danger, amounting to apparent unconsciousness." This biographer gives some curious anecdotes of his school days. His first schoolmaster was an odd specimen of the race. He was a kindly old gentleman of the neighborhood, an amateur of the profession, whose humor it was, reversing the usual relation between wisdom and her followers, himself actually to lie in bed in the schoolroom while the scholars surrounded his couch, the nearest, of course, coming in for the most flogging. Then there was "old Master Kelly," the instructor of three generations, at Tower Hill, some four miles off, whither the young Oliver accompanied his fair cousins, and learnt more of grace and humanity from their company, than even from the proverbial *emollit mores* of the pedagogue. A man who serves three generations is likely to be an old boy with those who come last, and we are not surprised to learn that Kelly retired "from sheer superannuation." The succession of schoolmasters at Tower Hill then became a little unsteady. The new man from Connecticut did not stay long. The one who came after him had his virtues, but was intemperate. Men of genius who stumble into that vocation are sometimes driven there by drink, a fatal habit which banishes them from higher positions to which they are better entitled. In this way, you will occasionally meet with a most accomplished scholar in very humble circumstances. If so, accept the benefit with thanks, nor look too narrowly at the inscrutable providence which has brought a learned, and, perhaps, amiable man to your village, sent and retained there by the fearful bond of his master vice. He may not be all in ruin.

The careful student of Perry's life will not regret these notices of his schoolmasters, who frequently stand next to a boy's parents in the formation of his character. But we must here refer the reader to Mackenzie's biography for the more particular nar-

rative. Suffice it to say, that the family removing to Newport about this time, Perry found good opportunities of education at that place, and availed himself of them in a manly spirit. He was especially instructed in mathematics, and their application to navigation and nautical astronomy. As proof of the boy's ingenuousness, and the interest he excited in intelligent observers, it is related that Count Rochambeau, the son of the General of the Revolution, then residing at Newport, was particularly attracted to him, and that Bishop Seabury, on his visitation, marked him as a boy of religious feeling. These are traits which shape the man; we shall find them reappearing in the maturity of Perry's life, in his worth, humanity and refinement.

The boy was but thirteen when his father, in 1798, was called into the naval service of his country in the spirited effort made by President Adams to resist the aggressions of France upon the ocean. He took the command of a small frigate, built under his direction in Rhode Island, named the General Greene, and carried with him to sea his son Oliver as a midshipman, at the express solicitation of the youth. The General Greene was actively employed in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, giving all its officers abundant opportunity for practice in the infant service. The French war flurry after awhile blew over, as the Directory, the mainspring of these aggressions, lost power; peace was patched up, and Jefferson shortly after inaugurated an unwholesome pacific policy by a sweeping reduction of the navy, as if it had not been small enough already. In this mutilating operation the elder Perry was dropped, the younger one fortunately retained.

The navy, however, was soon revived by the demands of the nation to resist the iniquitous and insulting depredations upon life and property inflicted by the Barbary powers. The United States had borne far too patiently with these injuries, though she had the honor of being in advance of the old powers of Europe in resisting them. The Mediterranean became the scene of many a chivalrous exploit of our early officers, a score of whom headed by Preble, Bainbridge, Decatur, Somers, and others of that stamp of fiery and indomitable valor, gained immortal laurels in their deeds of daring in conflict with the infidel.

The young Perry served as midshipman in the frigate Adams, which sailed from Newport, in 1802, to join Commodore Morris' command at Gibraltar. His ship was for some time employed in blockading a Tripolitan at that port, a tedious but instructive service in manœuvring, at the close of which, Perry, in consequence of his accomplishments, was promoted by his captain to the duties of a lieutenant. The frigate was then employed as a convoy, making the tour of the northern ports. This gave Perry an opportunity to study scenes of the old world, which can never lose their influence in the formation of the man of education and refinement. Cooper, whose eye was always open to every generous influence, notices the effect of this culture of travel to foreign shores. "There is little doubt," says

he, "that one of the reasons why the American marine early obtained a thirst for a knowledge that is not uniformly connected with the pursuits of a seaman, and a taste, which, perhaps, was above the level of that of the gentlemen of the country, was owing to the circumstance that the wars with Barbary called its officers so much, at the most critical period of its existence, into that quarter of Europe. Travellers to the old world were then extremely rare, and the American who, forty years ago, could converse as an eye witness of the marvels of the Mediterranean—who had seen the remains of Carthage, or the glories of Constantinople—who had visited the Coliseum, or was familiar with the affluence of Naples, was more than half the time, in some way or other, connected with the navy."

At the close of 1803, Perry returned to America in his ship, under the command of Commodore Morris, and was not again employed in active service till he was sent to the Mediterranean again in the Constellation, which did not reach the scene of hostilities on the African coast, till the more daring operations of the war were over. He returned home at the close of 1806, when he was set upon the construction and equipment of those famous gunboats, the pet hobby of Jefferson, for home defence, which exacted many a rebellious oath from the blue water sailors, condemned to rust in harbor. But, however distasteful the service may have been, Perry acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the government in its prosecution.

In 1809, however, Perry got to sea in command of an armed schooner, the Revenge, which was employed on the coast service. While on the southern coast, he had an opportunity to gain distinction, which he did not fail to avail himself of, in cutting out a stolen American vessel from under the guns of a British ship in Spanish waters, off Florida. Conveying his prize off the coast, he was threatened by his majesty's ship Goree, of double his force, when, having, as Mackenzie says, "no idea of being 'Leopardized,'" he put his little schooner in readiness for boarding at a moment's notice—a spirited resolution of great bravery, which he would no doubt have carried out, had the British vessel insisted upon overhauling the Revenge. While engaged in the cruising off Connecticut and Rhode Island, in the beginning of 1811, he unfortunately lost his vessel through an error of the pilot, on the Watch Hill Reef, opposite Fisher's Island, as he was sailing from Newport to New London. Every seamanlike effort was made to save the vessel, and when all was unavailing, Perry showed equal skill and resolution in landing the crew in a heavy January swell, with a violent wind. He was himself the last to leave the vessel. He was not merely acquitted of censure, but his conduct was extolled by a court of inquiry.

He was, of course, by the loss of his vessel, thrown temporarily out of command, an interval of repose which he hastened to turn to account by forming a matrimonial alliance with Miss Elizabeth Champlin Mason, of an influential

family, at Newport, to whom he had become engaged several years before, on his arrival from the Mediterranean. The wedding took place in May, 1811, affording him ample opportunity for the honeymoon, previous to the actual outbreak of the war with England now impending.

This event found him at Newport, with the rank of master commandant, in charge of the flotilla of gunboats keeping watch in the harbor. It was a service not altogether adapted to satisfy the ambitious spirit of a young officer, but it was important in itself, and became in Perry's hands a step to future eminence. His course, at this time, illustrates a valuable truth, that no honorable employment is profitless to a man of genius. He will in some way turn it to account. Constructing gunboats, and recruiting men in port, were services not calculated to make any great blaze in a dispatch, but they conducted Perry to his glorious bulletins of victory, and the resounding praises of the nation.

He saw the new field of military operations opening on the lakes, and his experienced eye must have seen as well the certain difficulties as the possible honors of the situation. It was not the post which an officer, with the claims of Perry, would have sought, while brilliant victories were being enacted, in the eye of the world, on the vast theatre of the ocean. Others, however, were before him on that element. He was emulous of their achievements, but no petty jealousy hindered him from swelling their praises in concert with the national acclamation. Yet he sought employment in active service with a restless impulse. Despairing of a command at sea, he offered himself to Commodore Chauncey, who had been recently placed at the head of the lake service. His character was understood by this officer, and the proffer accepted. The necessary communications were made to the government, and in the middle of February, in 1813, he was ordered to join Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor, with the picked men of his Newport flotilla. He lost no time in reporting himself at the appointed spot. His destination was Lake Erie, where he was to supervise the construction of two vessels to be employed in the next campaign, and he was anxious to get to the work; but Chauncey, who felt the need of his aid, detained him for a while on Lake Ontario. He however, towards the end of March, reached Erie, where the vessels were building, under the direction of Noah Brown, the shipwright of New York, and sailing master Dobbins, of the navy. His experience in constructing gunboats at Newport was now of avail to him. He put the defence of the works, which had been greatly neglected, in a state of efficiency, and set himself to the collection of supplies, workmen, and an armament: no easy matter at that day and in that place in the wilderness; for such, as compared with our own time, it then was. The labors of Perry, in this work of preparation, were in fact of the most arduous character. They should not be forgotten as a heavy item to his credit in the sum total of his victory. Three

gunboats and two brigs were launched and equipped in May.

It was at this time that he received advices that Chauncey was about to make an attack on the British post of Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara river. He had been promised a share in this adventure, and hastened to the scene. The incidents of this journey show the spirit of the man. In his own words, in a letter describing this passage of his life, "on the evening of the twenty-third of May, I received information, about sunset, that Commodore Chauncey would in a day or two arrive at Niagara, when an attack would be made on Fort George. He had previously promised me the command of the seamen and marines that might land from the fleet. Without hesitation I determined to join him. I left Erie about dark in a small four-oared open boat. The night was squally and very dark. After encountering head winds and many difficulties, I arrived at Buffalo on the evening of the twenty-fourth, refreshed, and remained there until daylight; I then passed the whole of the British lines in my boat, within musket-shot. Passing Strawberry Island, several people on our side of the river hailed and beckoned me on shore. On landing they pointed out about forty men on the end of Grand Island, who, doubtless, were placed there to intercept boats. In a few moments I should have been in their hands. I then proceeded with more caution. As we arrived at Schlosser, it rained violently. No horse could be procured. I determined to push forward on foot; walked about two miles and a half, when the rain fell in such torrents I was obliged to take shelter in a house at hand. The sailors whom I had left with the boat, hearing of public horses on the commons, determined to catch one for me. They found an old pacing one which could not run away, and brought him in, rigged a rope from the boat into a bridle, and borrowed a saddle without either stirrup, girth, or crupper. Thus accoutred they pursued me, and found me at the house where I had stopped. The rain ceasing, I mounted; my legs hung down the sides of the horse, and I was obliged to steady the saddle by holding by the mane. In this style I entered the camp, it raining again most violently. Colonel Porter being the first to discover me, insisted upon my taking his horse, as I had some distance to ride to the other end of the camp, off which the Madison lay."

Having thus reached headquarters, arrangements were rapidly made, and the landing of the troops assigned to Perry. In the ignorance or inexperience of some of the officers, there was considerable confusion in directing the boats in the river, which was remedied by Perry's vigilance and decision. He was everywhere, in the midst of danger, guiding and directing; the unexpected attack of the British was met by his energy, the landing effected, and the object of the expedition accomplished. This victory opened the port of Black Rock, where several American vessels were collected, which Perry undertook to get into Lake Erie against the strong current of the river, a feat which was

accomplished with extraordinary fatigue; so that he returned to his station, at Erie, with a respectable addition of five vessels to his own newly launched little fleet in that harbor. To one of the vessels which he had built, a name was given by a disaster which saddened the heart of the country. An order from the navy department assigned the name of the gallant Lawrence, who had fallen on the first of June, on the deck of the Chesapeake. It was with the dying exclamation of Lawrence, as we shall see, that Perry led his fleet into action.

There was some delay in gathering men and materials of war in the harbor, locked in by the inclosing peninsula, and half closed at its mouth by a bar which seemed an equal defence to the force within and the enemy without. A reinforcement of men at last arrived, when Perry, though by no means provided with all or what he could have wished, urged by the demands of General Harrison, in the upper country, for aid, and the advance of the season, determined upon going into action at the earliest moment. The British commander, Captain Barclay, a gallant officer who had seen much service, expected an easy prey while the vessels were embarrassed on the bar; and he might have enjoyed it under a less vigilant opponent. It is said that the English captain was drawn off to an entertainment on shore, the Sunday afternoon when Perry, by the aid of camels floated under the brigs, diminishing the draught, conducted the operations which ended in getting his fleet fairly afloat. More than a month was now passed in watching the enemy and seeking an engagement, during which Perry was strengthened by a reinforcement brought from Lake Ontario by Captain Jesse D. Elliott, and the British added to their force their new vessel, the Detroit, at Malden. Perry watched the enemy from the islands in the neighborhood of this place, at the head of the lake, and from the near harbor of Sandusky.

The day of the threatened engagement at length came, the tenth of September. The American force was composed of the brigs Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, commanded respectively by Perry and Elliott, and seven smaller vessels numbering in all fifty-four guns. Captain Barclay, on the other side, had the Detroit, of nineteen guns, the Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, and three other vessels, numbering altogether sixty-three guns.[1] The range of the enemy's guns gave them the advantage at a distance, when the corresponding American fire was ineffectual. The Americans, too, were under a disadvantage in the enfeebled state of the crew, by the general illness which prevailed among them from the season of the year, the climate, or the unwholesomeness of the water. The British force had undoubtedly the superiority in trained men as compared with Perry's extemporized miscellaneous command, and untried junior officers. The latter proved, however, to be of the right material.

On the morning of the engagement

[1] Cooper's Naval Biography, memoir of Perry.

the American fleet was among the islands off Malden at Put-in Bay, when the British fleet bore up. There was some difficulty at first in clearing the islands, and the nature of the wind seemed likely to throw Perry upon the defensive, when a southeast breeze springing up, enabled him to bear down upon the enemy. This was at ten o'clock of a fine autumnal morning. Perry arranged his vessels in line, taking the lead in his flagship, the Lawrence, on which he now raised the signal for action, a blue flag, inscribed in large white letters, with the words of the dying Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" He accompanied this movement with an appeal to his men. "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" "Ay ay, sir!" was the willing response. In this way he cheered the men in the awful pause, "a dead silence of an hour and a half," preceding the action, for the vessels were long in the light breeze in overcoming the intermediate distance of several miles. "This is the time," says Washington Irving, in his narrative, written shortly after the day, "when the stoutest heart beats quick, and 'the boldest holds his breath;' it is the still moment of direful expectation—of fearful looking out for slaughter and destruction—when even the glow of pride and ambition is chilled for a while, and nature shudders at the awful jeopardy of existence. The very order and regularity of naval discipline heighten the dreadful quiet of the moment. No bustle, no noise prevails to distract the mind, except at intervals the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men, who, grouped around their guns, earnestly regard the movements of the foe, now and then stealing a wistful glance at the countenances of their commanders."

Perry, who knew the perils of the day, prepared his papers as if for death. He leaded the public documents in readiness to be cast overboard, and, a touching trait of these moments, gave a hurried perusal to his wife's letters, and tore them to pieces lest they should be read by the enemy.

The awful silence is suddenly broken by a bugle sounded on board the Detroit, and the cheers of the British seamen. A shot from that vessel fell short of its mark. The Lawrence bears on to meet the fire, accompanied by the other vessels of the command in appointed order, each destined for its appropriate antagonist. At noon the British fire, from the superior long guns, was telling fearfully on the American force, when Perry made all sail for close quarters, bringing the Lawrence within reach of the Detroit. He maintained a steady, well-directed fire from his carronades, assisted by the Scorpion and Ariel. The destruction on the deck of the Lawrence was fearful. Out of a hundred well men, says Mackenzie, who had gone into action, twenty two were killed and sixty-one wounded. We shall not insult the humanity of the reader by the details of this fearful carnage. It has probably never been exceeded in the terrors of the "dying deck," in naval warfare.

In the midst of this storm of conflict, Perry, finding his ship getting disabled, and seeing the Niagara uninjured at a safe distance, resolved to change his flag to that vessel. He had half a mile to traverse, exposed to the fire of the enemy in an open boat. Nothing deterred, with the exclamation, "If a victory is to be gained I'll gain it," he made the passage, part of the time standing as a target for the hostile guns. Fifteen minutes were passed exposed to this plunging fire, which splintered the oars and covered the boat with spray. The Lawrence, stripped of officers and men, was compelled to surrender.

Perry instantly bore up to the Detroit, the guns of which were plied resolutely, when she became entangled with her consort, the Queen Charlotte, and the Niagara poured a deadly fire into both vessels. This cannonade decided the battle in seven minutes, when the enemy surrendered. The American loss in this engagement was twenty-seven killed and ninety-six wounded; that of the British forty-one killed and ninety-four wounded.[1] Gallant actions were performed and noble men fell on both sides. It was every way a splendid victory, placing the genius of Perry and his magnanimous, spirited conduct throughout, in the highest rank of naval exertion.

The memorable letters, brief, at once eloquent and modest, which he wrote that afternoon announcing his victory, are too characteristic to be omitted in any personal account of the man. Addressing General Harrison, he writes: "Dear General—We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop Yours, with very great respect and esteem. O. H. Perry." The other was to the Secretary of the Navy: "Sir, it has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant. O. H. Perry." In consonance with this simple eloquence, the mark of a master mind, was his chivalrous care of his wounded and conduct toward his prisoners.

Let the pen of Washington Irving bear witness at this time to the character of Perry as a gentleman, that highest style of man. In the contemporary narrative already cited he says: "Commodore Perry, like most of our naval officers, is yet in the prime of youth. He is of a manly and prepossessing appearance; mild and unassuming in his address, amiable in his disposition, and of great firmness and decision. Though early launched among the familiar scenes of naval life—and nowhere is familiarity more apt to be licentious and encroaching—yet the native gentility and sober dignity of his deportment, always chastened, without restraining the freedom of intimacy. It is pleasing thus to find public services accompanied by private virtues; to

[1] Mackenzie's Life of Perry, I. 221–253.

discover no drawbacks on our esteem, no base alloy in the man we are disposed to admire; but a character full of moral excellence, of high-minded courtesy, and pure, unsullied honor."

The victory having been gained, and the lake thus cleared of the foe, Perry was enabled to act in concert with General Harrison in driving the British from Michigan; and when his fleet was of no avail to follow them in their rapid flight, he joined that officer's land expedition, and was present, acting as his aid, at the battle of the Thames. "The appearance of the brave commodore," writes Harrison in his official report, "cheered and animated every heart." Perry also gained the gratitude of the Moravians in whose district the contest took place, by his care in relieving the inevitable evils of war.

He met everywhere on his homeward route with complimentary toasts and resolutions, gathering volume as he reached his native State, where he was received at Newport with military and civic honors. The city of New York paid him a grateful attention in a request communicated by De Witt Clinton, then mayor, to sit for his portrait for the civic gallery. The portrait was painted by Jarvis, representing him in the act of boarding the Niagara, and is preserved in the City Hall. He was created an honorary member of the Cincinnati; Congress voted him a medal and money; he was dined and feasted and "blazed the comet of the season."

In one of the letters of Judge Story, always a genial observant of what was passing before him, there is characteristic mention of one of those festival scenes at Baltimore. "It so happened," says he, "that in the evening of our arrival there was a ball given in honor of Commodore Perry, and the managers politely sent invitations to all our party. Fatigued as we were, we determined to attend. The scene was truly splendid: at one end of the room there was a transparent painting representing the battle, and on a given signal the British flag was struck and the American soon after hoisted in its stead. The shouts and clapping were loud and reiterated. One impulse of joy and congratulation seized every heart. One person only seemed silent in the scene. It was the Commodore himself. He is a very handsome, intelligent, modest gentleman, and bears his unequalled honors meekly and calmly. He is scarcely turned of twenty-eight years, and yet has all the self-command of fifty."[1]

Perry's next service was in August, 1814, in command of the Java, 44, a frigate recently built at Baltimore. He was, however, not able to get to sea, in consequence of the blockade by the enemy. On the conclusion of peace he sailed in this vessel to join Commodore Shaw's squadron in the Mediterranean. The cruise had the usual incidents of this service, with one of an unpleasant nature in the quarrel or exercise of a fit of passion of Perry towards an officer of marines named Heath. Unhappily, Perry, who was provoked by his inefficiency, and what he thought his disrespectful conduct, struck the inferior officer a blow. Instead of being

[1] Life and Letters of Joseph Story, I 250–1.

settled on the spot, as such things should be, it was suffered to remain and rankle, little mitigated by a court martial, which censured both parties, till it subsequently ended in a duel in America. It was fought in October, 1818, at Weehawken, the ground where the life of Hamilton was sacrificed, Decatur acting as Perry's second. Perry gave the meeting as a compensation to an officer whom he had injured, while he forbore to return his antagonist's fire. The circumstances were then stated on the field by Decatur, and the matter ended.

Perry sailed in the following year, as commodore in command of the John Adams, for the West Indies, bound for the state of Venezuela, to carry on an armed negotiation for the protection of American commerce from aggressions in that quarter. Arriving at the mouth of the Orinoco, he shifted his flag to the Nonsuch, and ascended the river to the capital, Angostura, where he remained twenty days, transacting his business in the height of the yellow fever season. His vessel had hardly left the river, on her way to Trinidad, when he was attacked. For nearly a week he suffered the progress of the terrible disease on board the small schooner, under a tropical sun, when he reached the station wither he had sent his flagship, the Adams. But he reached port only to die at sea, within a mile of the anchorage, on the 23d of August, 1819, when he had just completed his thirty-fourth year. Such and so early was the fate of the gallant Perry. His remains were interred from the John Adams at Port Spain, with every attention by the English governor. Subsequently they were brought home in a national vessel by order of Congress, and reinterred at the public expense in the cemetery at Newport. The country also provided for the support of his family. If ever America produced a man whom the nation delighted to honor, it was Perry.

The reason is not far to seek. We may read it in his frank, generous, handsome countenance, the type of the manly sailor—in his rare valor, his resources in difficulty, his chivalrous conduct—in a word, his humanity. The public seldom makes a mistake in the bestowal of its affections. It detects by an unerring instinct the man of heart, of true bravery and worth, of noble impulses.

Of a temper sometimes violent, Perry's breast was filled with the gentlest emotions. He had the sentiment of a knight of the olden time for woman, and a proportionate purity, courtesy, and manly courage in his life. He was an ardent lover of his friends, and his native State, which justly holds him in beloved veneration.

In person, he was remarkable in early life, as we have noticed, for his beauty. His voice is spoken of as peculiarly clear and agreeable. The expression of his well-formed mouth was highly pleasing. Indeed his whole appearance betokened health and happiness.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

Captain James Lawrence was one of that band of chivalrous spirits who, concentrating all their life in the work, with insufficient means, in the face of powerful enemies, raised our infant navy in an instant, as it were, to an honored rank in the world. The force and energy of the free national development were felt in the spontaneous movement that placed so many ardent, courageous spirits at the service of the country. These men, Barry, Barney, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Somers, and the rest—the list is a long one—were volunteers in the cause, fighting more for glory than for pay. Such spirits were not to be hired; theirs was no mercenary service. It was limited by no prudential considerations. They went forth singly or united, the commissioned champions of the nation, with their lives in their hands, ready to sacrifice themselves in that cause. Punctilious on all points of honor, they sought but one reward, victory. There was but one thing for them to do—to conquer; and failing that, to die. Of these fiery-souled heroes, who carried their country in their hearts, the men of courtesy and courage, of equal humanity and bravery, true sons of chivalry, Lawrence will ever be ranked among the noblest.

He was born October 1, 1781, at Burlington, on the banks of the Delaware, in New Jersey. His father, John Lawrence, was an eminent counsellor at law at that place. The death of his mother, shortly after his birth, threw the charge of the child upon his elder sisters, by whom he was tenderly cared for. His disposition answered to this gentle culture. The boy was dutiful and affectionate, amiable in disposition and agreeable in manners. Such a soil is peculiarly favorable to the growth of the manly virtues where nature has assisted by her generous physical gifts. The bravest men have often been the gentlest. It is the union of the two conditions which, as in Sir Philip Sidney, makes the perfect warrior.

Young Lawrence early showed a liking for the sea, and would have led a life on the waters from the age of twelve, had not his father ffrmly turned his attention to books and education. It was his intention to prepare him for his own profession, the law, and his desire that he should enjoy the usual preparatory finished education. This was, however, prevented by his pecuniary misfortunes, and the youth passed from his primary school at once to the law office of his brother, John Lawrence, then residing at Woodbury. He

Jas Lawrence

spent two years in this situation, between thirteen and fifteen, or thereabout, vainly endeavoring to reconcile his humors to the onerous duties of the unwelcome position. Washington Irving, in the account of the life of Lawrence published immediately after his lamented death, writes with fellow-feeling on this subject, for he had himself experienced the same distastes. "The dry study of statutes and reporters," says he, "the technical rubbish and dull routine of a lawyer's office, were little calculated to please an imagination teeming with the adventures, the wonders and variety of the seas." He had not long, at any rate, to endure the privation. The death of his father left him in a measure free to follow his own inclinations, and his brother, perceiving his strong bent for the sea, placed him under the care of a Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, to study navigation, evidently with a view to enter the naval service of the country, for we find him, after a brief three months' instruction, in possession of a midshipman's warrant. This was dated September 4, 1798, the year when Congress seriously directed its attention to the protection of our commerce, then so wantonly pillaged by the two great belligerents of Europe, by the creation of a distinct navy department, and the enlargement of our naval force. The movement was specially directed to the French aggressions on the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean. Indeed, in all but the name, war existed with France. It was called a *quasi* war.

Lawrence's first service was a cruise to the West Indies, in the Ganges, a twenty-four gun ship, then commanded by Captain Tingey. He showed in this and other voyages such aptitude for his duties that he was made an acting lieutenant by his commander previous to his receiving his commission from Government. In 1802 he was appointed first lieutenant in the Enterprise, of 12 guns, one of the fleet of Commodore Morris, sent to the Mediterranean to prosecute the war with Tripoli. He particularly distinguished himself in that service, by his adventures with Lieutenant David Porter, of the New York, in an attack in open day on certain coasters or feluccas laden with wheat, which took refuge in Old Tripoli, where they were defended by a land force. The attack was made in boats, at close quarters, under a heavy fire of the enemy. The object does not appear a very great one, nor was it one likely to secure any lasting renown except to those engaged in it; it was of great peril and gallantry, and showed a spirit equal to any undertaking. There is often more real bravery and heroism exhibited in these little voluntary enterprises, both inland and at sea, than in the greater and more brilliant actions of war, where much is left to chance, and where the indecision even of cowards may be forced into some display in the general excitement.

Lawrence had a second opportunity of distinguishing himself in this war in an action likely to be better remembered by the public, the glorious adventure of Decatur in the destruction of the wrecked and captured Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, in February, 1804. This vessel, it will be

remembered, fell into the hands of the enemy in consequence of running on a shoal at the entrance of the harbor, when she was exposed to a furious fire of the enemy without opportunity of defence, and was surrendered at the last moment of endurance by Bainbridge and his crew, who became prisoners. To recover or destroy this vessel, which was a prize greatly valued by the Tripolitans, and well protected by their forts and gunboats in the harbor, was a fascinating service for the gallant spirits of the navy. Decatur, then in command of the Enterprise, among others, was eager for the employment, and it was intrusted to him by Commodore Preble. His crew were placed on board his prize, the Mastico, an old French gunboat which he had captured from the Tripolitans, and every man was allowed to volunteer, a privilege which no one declined to avail himself of. The history of this adventure will be found in the life of Decatur, and it is not necessary here to repeat it. Lawrence was the first lieutenant of that officer, in this brilliant adventure, and shared its full dangers and glories—if we may except the paltry return proffered him by Congress in two months' additional pay, which, with the spirit of a hero capable of taking part in such a daring enterprise, he at once declined.

Lawrence was also engaged in the Enterprise in Preble's bombardment of Tripoli, the same year. He returned in the winter to the United States, with that commodore, in the John Adams. In the following spring of 1805, Lawrence successfully carried across the Atlantic one of the fleet of gunboats, No. 6 of which he was commander, destined for service in the Mediterranean. It was a small vessel, mounting two guns, not at all adapted for ocean navigation. The voyage was looked upon as a marvel. When near the Western Islands, Mr. Cooper, in his "Naval History," tells he "fell in with the British frigate Lapwing, 28, Captain Upton, which ran for him under the impression that the gunboat was some wrecked mariners on a raft, there being a great show of canvas and apparently no hull." Another incident of the voyage, indignantly related by Cooper, is characteristic of the times. "On the 12th of June, No. 6 fell in with the fleet of Admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz, and while Mr. Lawrence was on board one of the British ships, a boat was sent and took three men out of No. 6, under the pretence that they were Englishmen. On his return to his own vessel, Mr. Lawrence hauled down his ensign, but no notice was taken of the proceeding by the British. It is a fitting commentary on this transaction (continues Mr. Cooper), that, in the published letters of Lord Collingwood, where he speaks of the impressment of Americans, he says that England would not submit to such an aggression for an hour."

After the war with Tripoli was ended, Lawrence returned to the United States, and in the interval when the war with England, after the affair with the Leopard and Chesapeake was daily becoming more imminent, we find him, in 1808, appointed first lieutenant of the Constitution. About the same

time he married Miss Montaudevert, the daughter of a respectable merchant of New York. He was on duty in the Vixen, Wasp, and Argus; and, at the commencement of the war of 1812, was promoted to the command of the Hornet. While in this last vessel he sailed with Bainbridge, who had the flag-ship Constitution, on a cruise along the coast of South America, and, having occasion to look in at the port of San Salvador, found there the British sloop of war Bonne Citoyenne, of 18 guns, ready to sail for England with a large amount of specie. Lawrence, whose ship mounted an equal number of guns, was exceedingly anxious to engage with this vessel. He sent a challenge to its commander, Captain Green, through the American consul, inviting him to "come out," and pledging his honor that neither the Constitution, nor any other American vessel, should interfere, which Commodore Bainbridge seconded by promising to be out of the way, or at least non-combatant. The English captain replied, through the consul of his country, not as he should have done, by objecting to expose his ship and its valuable cargo to a hazard not provided for in his orders, but by doubting whether Commodore Bainbridge would be able to preserve his neutrality under the circumstances; he was of opinion, that officer "could not reserve so much from the paramount duty he owes to his country, as to become an inactive spectator, and see a ship belonging to the very squadron under his orders, fall into the hands of an enemy"—for of his power to secure a victory he professed not to entertain the least doubt. It was an unhappy precedent which Lawrence thus established, injurious to the service and destined to act fatally against himself in the end, when from the challenger he became the challenged.

The Constitution meanwhile sailed away, to close the year with her brilliant engagement with the Java, leaving the Hornet engaged in the blockade of the Bonne Citoyenne. Eighteen days since the departure of the flag-ship had passed, while her consort was thus engaged, waiting till her expected prize should issue from the harbor, when the Hornet was robbed of her chances of victory by the arrival of his majesty's seventy-four, the Montague. Escape now became the policy of Lawrence, who luckily managed to get from the harbor in safety, and turned his course to the northward, along the coast. While cruising in this direction, after capturing a small English brig, he fell in with, on the 24th of February, 1813, off the mouth of the Demarara, two brigs of war, with one of which, the Hornet, Captain Peake, he speedily became engaged. The American vessel on this occasion had the advantage in armament; her force being 18 thirty-two pound carronades, and two long twelves, against 16 twenty-four pound carronades and some smaller guns, while there was little disparity in the number of men, the British vessel numbering one hundred and thirty, her adversary reporting one hundred and thirty-five fit for duty. The action was fought in the afternoon. In the words of Lawrence's dispatch, which gives a modest and forcible ac-

count of the affair, after mentioning his attempt to get at the first vessel he discovered at anchor off the bar, he says—"At half past three, P.M., I discovered another sail on my weather quarter, edging down for us. At twenty minutes past four she hoisted English colors, at which time we discovered her to be a large man-of-war brig; beat to quarters and cleared ship for action; kept close by the wind, in order, if possible, to get the weather-gage. At ten minutes past five, finding I could weather the enemy, I hoisted American colors and tacked. At twenty minutes past five, in passing each other, exchanged broadsides within half pistol shot. Observing the enemy in the act of wearing, I bore up, received his starboard broadside, ran him close on board on the starboard quarter, and kept up such a heavy and well directed fire, that in less than fifteen minutes he surrendered, being literally cut to pieces, and hoisted an ensign, union down, from his fore rigging, as a signal of distress."

The hull of the Peacock was so riddled that she sank, while every exertion was made by her captors to save her by throwing over her guns and stopping the shot-holes. Nine of her crew went down with her, and three of the Hornet's men. Captain Peake was found dead on board. The loss of the Hornet was trifling compared with that of her adversary; but one man killed and four wounded or injured, one of whom afterwards died. This superiority is attributed by Cooper. who sums up the testimony, "to the superior gunnery and rapid handling of the Hornet." Everything was done in the first place to save the lives of the prisoners from the sinking ship, and in the second, to administer to their comforts. As the action was fought near the shore, the vessel settling in only five and a half fathoms water, four of her men were taken off the foretop after she sunk. The sailors of the Hornet supplied their captives with clothing from their own wardrobes, and aided them by a subscription. Lawrence carried his ship in safety, now crowded with her crew and prisoners, through the West Indies, bringing her on the 19th March to Holmes' Hole, in Martha's Vineyard, whence he got in safety through Long Island Sound to New York. There the officers of the Peacock made a public acknowledgment to Lawrence in the newspapers, of the kind and generous treatment they had received from him. "So much was done," said they, "to alleviate the distressing and uncomfortable situation in which we were placed, when received on board the sloop you command, that we cannot better express our feelings than by saying 'we ceased to consider ourselves prisoners,' and everything that friendship could dictate was adopted by you."

This victory brought Lawrence a harvest of honors, public and private. Before he sailed, he had felt called upon to protest to the Secretary of the Navy against what he thought an injustice done him in the promotion of a younger officer to a captaincy, while he remained simply lieutenant commander He now found that the promotion had

been conferred upon him in his absence, and was offered the command of the Constitution. He would have been pleased to sail in this vessel, but, much to his annoyance, immediately after receiving the appointment was ordered to the Chesapeake, then lying at Boston. The latter was considered an unlucky ship, while the former was peculiarly fortunate. No ship probably ever raised a greater crop of glory for a series of commanders than "Old Ironsides." No one has so ill a name in the service as the Chesapeake. Both Irving and Cooper have dwelt upon this unhappy condition. "Lawrence," says the former, "was prejudiced against the Chesapeake, both from her being considered the worst ship in our navy, and from having been in a manner disgraced in the affair with the Leopard. This last circumstance had acquired her the character of an unlucky ship—the worst of stigmas among sailors, who are devout believers in good and bad luck; and so detrimental was it to this vessel, that it has been found difficult to recruit crews for her." Cooper tells us in addition that on her return to Boston from her last cruise, the Chesapeake lost a topmast, and several men who were aloft at the time were drowned. "Whatever reason may teach men," he adds, "on such subjects, facts and superstition are usually found to furnish more arguments than logic and common sense."

Captain Lawrence took the command of the Chesapeake at Boston, towards the end of May, 1813. The Shannon frigate, Captain Broke, a superior vessel of the British navy, had been for some time off the port, and her commander, assured of his strength, was desirous of a conflict. The President and Congress had escaped the Shannon and her consort, and the former was now alone, waiting the exit of the Chesapeake. On the morning of the first of June, this vessel appeared off the harbor, signalling the Chesapeake, or challenging her to an engagement. This was understood by Lawrence, and was no doubt the intention of Captain Broke, who had already sent a challenge in a letter to the American commander, which, landed at Salem, did not reach Boston till after the action. In this communication he stated exactly the force of his vessel, gave assurance of the absence of any interfering ships of the squadron, proposed liberal accommodations for the place and time of meeting, and urged the invitation upon the "personal ambition" of Lawrence. "You will feel it as a compliment," he wrote, "if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country: and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by triumphs in equal combats that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect."

It would be complimenting the valor of Lawrence at the expense of his judgment, if we were to pronounce him ardent for the fight, with the circumstances under which it took place. In fact, as Mr. Cooper states, "he went into the engagement with strong reluctance, on account of the peculiar state

of his crew. He had himself joined the vessel only a few days before; her proper first lieutenant, Mr. O. A. Page, of Virginia, an officer of experience, was ill on shore, and died soon after in Boston; the acting first lieutenant, Mr. Augustus Ludlow, of New York, though an officer of merit, was a very young man, and was in an entirely novel situation, and there was but one other commissioned sea officer in the ship, two of the midshipmen acting as third and fourth lieutenants, and now performing this duty for the first time. One, if not both of these young gentlemen, had also just joined the ship, following the captain from the Hornet. In addition, the Chesapeake had an unusual number of landsmen in her, and of mercenaries, among whom was a boatswain's mate, a Portuguese, who was found to be particularly troublesome." There was, moreover, some disaffection among the crew from the prize money of the last cruise not having been paid. The challenging vessel, on the contrary, carried a picked crew, with every advantage of discipline and equipment, or her commander would have been the most foolhardy desperado in the world to provoke an engagement. The presumption, of course, is, that he was fully prepared. The armament of the two vessels was about equal, mounting forty-nine guns each.

At noon, then, on the first of June, Lawrence weighed anchor and left his station in the bay to proceed to sea with a southwesterly breeze. The Shannon was in sight, and the two ships stood off the shore till about half past four in the afternoon, when the Chesapeake fired a gun, which was the signal for a series of manœuvres, bringing the vessels within range of each other about a quarter before six. The Shannon hove to, and the Chesapeake bore down towards her. It was Lawrence's intention to bring his ship fairly alongside of the enemy for a full discharge of his battery. He consequently first received the enemy's fire from the cabin guns, as, the wind having freshened, his ship came up to measure her length with her antagonist, which lay with her head to the southeast. Then the Chesapeake poured in her full fire, inflicting considerable damage, which was repeated in the successive discharges for several minutes. In this commencement of the action it was considered that the Shannon received most injury, particularly in her hull. Unhappily the Chesapeake in turn lost the command of her sails. Her fore-topsail tie and jib sheet were shot away; the spanker brails were loosened, and the sail blew out. The ship was consequently brought up into the wind, when, taken aback, she got sternway and fell aboard of the enemy, with her mizzen rigging foul of the Shannon's fore chains.[1] This accident exposed the Chesapeake to a raking fire, which swept her deck, and, as she was already deprived of the services of the officers who had fallen in the first discharges, her guns in turn were deserted by the men. Captain Lawrence had already received a wound in the leg, his first lieutenant, Ludlow, was wounded, the sailing-master was

[1] Cooper's Naval History, II. 103.

killed, and other important officers were mortally wounded. As the ships became entangled, Lawrence gave orders to summon the boarders, who were ready below; but unhappily the negro, whose duty it was to call them up by his bugle, was too much frightened to sound a note. A verbal message was sent, and before it could be executed Lawrence was a second time struck, receiving a grapeshot in his body. The deck was thus left with no officer above the rank of a midshipman. The men of the Shannon now poured in and gained possession of the vessel. As Lawrence was borne below, mortally wounded, his dying thoughts were of his command, uttering his order not to strike the flag of his ship, or some equivalent expression, which is handed down in the popular phrase, "Don't give up the ship!" He lingered and died of his wounds on board on the sixth of June. The Chesapeake was carried into Halifax, and there the remains of her gallant captain were borne from the frigate with military honors, with every mark of respect which a generous enemy could pay to a fallen hero. His remains were soon after brought to Salem under a flag of truce, by a crew of masters of vessels who sailed for the purpose from that port. The funeral honors were renewed and a eulogy delivered by Judge Story. Once more were these sad rites repeated when the hero was finally entombed at New York, in the graveyard at Trinity, where an appropriate monument, by the side of the porch, records the life and death of the youthful hero of the Chesapeake.

The character of Lawrence may best be summed up in the sailor's eulogy of a kindred spirit, the chivalrous Decatur. When that officer, with whom the deceased had been so honorably associated in the Mediterranean before Tripoli, was asked, "whether his intrinsic merit as an officer justified the enthusiastic veneration in which the nation held his memory," he is said to have answered, after a short pause, 'Yes, sir, it did; and the fellow died 'as well as he lived; but he inspired all about him with ardor; he always saw the best thing to be done; he knew the best way to execute it; and had no more dodge in him than the mainmast."[1]

To this characteristic eulogy may be added the impartial estimate of Cooper: "James Lawrence was a man of noble stature and fine personal appearance. He had the air and manner of a gentlemanlike sailor, and was much beloved by his friends. He was quick and impetuous in his feelings, and sometimes manifested it on the quarter deck; but in all critical situations his coolness was remarkable. He was a perfect man-of-war's man, and an excellent quarter-deck seaman, handling his vessel not only skilfully, but with all the style of the profession. In his feelings and sentiments he was chivalrous, generous and just."

[1] The Naval Monuments of the Last War, etc. p. 58. Boston, 1816.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH.

Thomas Macdonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, was born in Newcastle County, Delaware, on the twenty-third of December, 1783. He was the son of Thomas Macdonough, an eminent physician, who resided on a farm at the place just mentioned, and who, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, was appointed major of a regiment raised by the State. He retired from the army, and after peace was declared, held the office of a judge. Two of his sons entered the navy. One, named James, was a midshipman with Commodore Truxton in 1799, in the victorious action of the Constellation with the French frigate l'Insurgente, and was one of the three men wounded. His foot was shot off, and the necessary amputation of his leg in consequence caused his retirement from the service.

It was about the time of this engagement that his brother Thomas entered the service as a midshipman. We are without details of his early apprenticeship, but first hear of him on active duty in connection with the Tripolitan war in 1804, when he was one of the adventurous picked party in the ketch with Decatur and Lawrence, engaged in the burning of the Philadelphia in the harbor—an event already fully spoken of in the biographical notices of the chief officers just mentioned. Macdonough had escaped being taken prisoner in that ship, with Bainbridge and his crew, in consequence of being left at Gibraltar in charge of the Barbary prize, the Meshoba. In the duty at the destruction of the Philadelphia, he was assigned his post on board the attacking vessel in the division of Lawrence.

Macdonough at this time ranked as a midshipman; but he was speedily promoted, and in 1806 we hear of him as first lieutenant of the Siren, Captain John Smith, at Gibraltar. An event of that time and place shows the spirit of the youthful officer and the determination thus early evinced in the navy in regard to a system of aggression which was to lose none of its attendant odium by further practice. We allude to the right of search claimed by English officers, which, on this occasion at least, was bravely resisted. The circumstances were these. In the absence of Captain Smith on shore one forenoon, a merchant brig, hoisting the flag of the United States, came into port and anchored in the neighborhood of the Siren. Presently a boat was seen to proceed from a British frigate and bear away with her a man from

T. Macdonough

the brig. Macdonough's suspicions were aroused, and on inquiry confirmed. An American citizen had been claimed and impressed. On the instant, just as the boat with the prisoner reached the British vessel, Macdonough was alongside and rescued the captive, bearing him away to the Siren. The next incident, which immediately followed, was the arrival of the British captain, loudly demanding from the lieutenant how he dared to take a man from a boat of his majesty's vessel. To this Macdonough answered that he was responsible to his superior officer, and that the question should be addressed to him. The Englishman thereupon threatened to take the man by force, and haul the frigate alongside the Siren, which carried only sixteen guns. The lieutenant answered that he supposed it possible for him to sink the vessel; but as long as she was afloat the man would not be surrendered. "You are a very young and a very indiscreet young man," said the captain. "Suppose I had been in the boat, what would you have done?" "I would have taken the man or lost my life." "What, sir, would you attempt to stop me if I were now to attempt to impress men from that brig?" "I would; and to convince yourself I would, you have only to make the attempt." The Englishman thereupon left the vessel, and when he was seen making in the direction of the brig, Macdonough was in pursuit in a boat of armed men. The English officer returned to his vessel, and Captain Smith, on hearing the circumstances, approved of the conduct of his lieutenant.

While in the Mediterranean, Macdonough had another and still more critical opportunity of exhibiting his personal prowess in an encounter with some desperadoes at Messina. While the American fleet lay at this port, he was detained one night on shore till all the ship's boats had returned to the fleet. He then hired a boat to carry him, when three, instead of the usual number, two, insisted upon accompanying him. Suspecting some mischief, he resisted, when all three attacked him. With his back to a door, he defended himself against their united effort, wounding two and pursuing the third so resolutely that he took refuge on the roof of the barracks, whence he was compelled to leap, and killed himself in the fall.[1]

We hear little of Macdonough after these scenes in the Mediterranean, till his eminent service on Lake Champlain in the brilliant action which he fought toward the close of the struggle with England. The scene of this engagement, in a region consecrated to death and victory by the struggles of the previous great wars with France, in the old colonial times, and the succeeding Revolutionary conflict, gives to the battle of Plattsburg a peculiar interest. In defiance of fatal precedents and the memorable disaster of Burgoyne, it appeared to be the intention of the British in Canada to attempt another invasion of the heart of the State of New York. The defensive force was small, and with the facility of approach by the lake, offered a strong temptation to

[1] Life of Macdonough, Analectic Magazine and Naval Chronicle, March, 1816.

the attacking army. On the first of September, 1814, Sir George Prevost crossed the frontier from Montreal with a force stated at twelve thousand men. He advanced towards Plattsburg, where General Macomb was intrenched on the Saranac with some fifteen hundred effective defenders, who were joined, as the conflict became imminent, by a considerable number of New York and Vermont militiamen, who hastened to the spot. The plan of the British commander was to unite a land and water attack. His fleet on the lake was to support his army on shore.

The naval defences of Lake Champlain were intrusted to Macdonough. They consisted, at the time of the action, of fourteen vessels, mounting in all eighty-six guns, and manned by about eight hundred and fifty men, all told. Of these vessels, four only were of any considerable size, the rest being galleys or gunboats. The largest vessel, the Saratoga, commanded by Macdonough himself, mounted eight long twenty-four pounders, six forty-two pound carronades, and twelve thirty-two pound carronades; the schooner Eagle, Captain Henley, twelve twenty-three pound carronades, and eight long eighteens; the schooner Ticonderoga, eight long twelve pounders, four long eighteen pounders, and five thirty-two pound carronades; the sloop Preble, seven long nine pounders. Six of the ten galleys were armed with one long twenty-four pounder and one eighteen pound columbiad each; the remainder carried each one long twelve pounder.

The British force outnumbered the American in vessels and guns. It was commanded by Captain Downie, and consisted of his flagship, the Confiance, mounting thirty-seven guns, of which no less than thirty on the gun deck were long twenty-fours; the brig Linnet, with sixteen long twelves; two sloops, the Chub and Finch, mounting each eleven guns, mainly eighteen pound carronades, and thirteen galleys, of which five had two guns each. The whole number of guns of the British was ninety-five, with a force of about one thousand men. Preparations had been made by both parties during the previous season, and two of the vessels, the Eagle and the Confiance, had been launched during the month of August. The British began their advance from Isle aux Noix, at the northern end of the lake, with their gunboats, on the third of September, covering the land movement of the troops; they made a station and rendezvous at Isle au Motte, and brought their whole force off Plattsburg on the eleventh, the day of the battle. Macdonough meanwhile was reconnoitering the enemy on the shore with his gunboats, and taking his position for the defence of the town, across Plattsburg Bay. This is a piece of water running north and south, parallel with the lake and protected from it by the jutting promontory of Cumberland Head. South of this piece of land, forming as it were a boundary to the bay in that direction, are a shoal and a small island. Resting upon the latter, and stretching in a straight line fully within the promontory, were anchored the vessels of Macdonough in the following order from the north, the Eagle,

Saratoga, Ticonderoga, and Preble. On an inner line in the openings between these were ranged the gunboats which were not anchored.

The first appearance of the enemy was announced at eight o'clock in the morning. At nine, to follow the dispatch of Macdonough, which presents in few words the clearest account of the engagement, he "anchored in a line ahead, at about three hundred yards' distance from my line; his ship opposed to the Saratoga, his brig to the Eagle, his galleys to the schooner, sloop, and a division of our galleys; one of his sloops assisting their ship and brig, the other assisting their galleys: our remaining galleys with the Saratoga and Eagle. In this situation the whole force on both sides became engaged, the Saratoga suffering much from the heavy fire of the Confiance. I could perceive at the same time that our fire was very destructive to her. The Ticonderoga, Lieut. Com. Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half past ten o'clock, the Eagle not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable and anchored in a more eligible position, between my ship and the Ticonderoga, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but unfortunately leaving me exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig. Our guns on the starboard side being nearly all dismounted or unmanageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bow cable cut, and the ship winded with a fresh broadside on the enemy's ship, which soon after surrendered. Our broadside was then sprung to bear on the brig, which surrendered in fifteen minutes after. The sloop that was opposed to the Eagle had struck some time before, and drifted down the line, the sloop which was with their galleys having struck also. Three of their galleys are said to be sunk; the others pulled off. Our galleys were about obeying with alacrity the signal to follow them, when all the vessels were reported to me to be in a sinking state; it then became necessary to annul the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps. I could only look at the enemy's galleys going off in a shattered condition, for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on; the lower rigging, being nearly all shot away, hung down as though it had just been placed over the mastheads. The Saratoga, which was twice set on fire by hot shot from the enemy's ships, had fifty-five round shot in her hull, the Confiance one hundred and five. The enemy's shot passed principally just over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings at the close of the action, which lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes."

Such, in the manly, unaffected language of Macdonough, was the battle of Lake Champlain—to which we must add the cost of the victory. His second in command in the Saratoga, Lieutenant Peter Gamble, fell at his post early in the action. Twenty-eight were killed and twenty-nine wounded on board this ship. In the other vessels of the American line, the unusually close proportion of killed and wounded was as remarkable, the aggregate being fifty-two of the former to fifty-eight of

the latter. The English losses were not ascertained with the same accuracy. The number of killed and wounded on board the Confiance exceeded one-third of her crew of about three hundred men. Her commander, Captain Downie, was killed early in the action, when the vessel was gallantly fought by Captain Pring, who headed the list of officers captured.

Great praise is awarded to Macdonough for his skilful disposition of his ship in anchoring not only with a spring on his cable, but with kedges out, ready to warp the ship either way, as might be required—an arrangement which enabled him to bring his fresh broadside to bear upon his antagonist and secure a victory. The slaughter in both these vessels was fearful. The first broadside of the Confiance, after securing her position, killed and wounded some forty men on the deck of the Saratoga. The certainty of the fire, and the sure effect of the manœuvres on the still water of the lake, added greatly to the perils of the engagement, compared with the naval vicissitudes of wind and wave in an encounter at sea. One incident on board Macdonough's vessel, often narrated, pleasantly relieves the horror of this terrible strife. In clearing her decks for action, some hen-coops were broken up, and the poultry suffered to run at large. Animated by the noise of the conflict, a young cock flew upon a gun slide, clapped his wings and crowed. It was accepted as a good omen by the men, who seconded it with three cheers. It reads like a story of some ancient conflict of Greek or Roman in the Mediterranean, when such a circumstance would have almost decided the conflict.

Many stories are told concerning the deck of the Saratoga during the engagement. It was thought at one time that Macdonough himself was killed. He was prostrate for several minutes, lying senseless on his face. At another moment he was thrown covered with blood between two of the guns, struck by the head of one of his men. This is narrated by Cooper, who preserves other wonders of the scene. "Mr. Brum, the master, a venerable old seaman, while winding the ship, had a large splinter driven so near his body as actually to strip off his clothes. For a minute he was thought to be dead; but, on gaining his feet, he made an apron of his pocket handkerchief, and coolly went to work again with the springs. Mr. Vallette, acting lieutenant, had a shot box, on which he was standing, knocked from under his feet, and he, too, was once knocked down by the head of a seaman."

Another incident is well worth mentioning as illustrative of the earnest character of Macdonough. He is said, on the first appearance of the enemy off Cumberland Head, to have knelt on the deck of his ship and prayed for aid. This accords with the language of his first brief dispatch after the battle, addressed to the Hon. William Jones, the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the Saratoga. "Sir, the Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war of the enemy. I have the honor to be, etc."

Laconic dispatches were the order of the day with the men of the sword in the last war.

Of the effective military conduct of the American commander in this engagement we may willingly accept the summary of Cooper, referring the reader, for the more particular detail of the nautical incidents of the day, to his Naval History. "Captain Macdonough," he writes, "who was already very favorably known to the service for his personal intrepidity, obtained a vast accession of reputation by the results of this day. His dispositions for receiving the attack were highly judicious and seamanlike. By the manner in which he anchored his vessels, with the shoal so near the rear of his line as to cover that extremity, and the land of Cumberland Head so near his broadside as necessarily to bring the enemy within reach of his short guns, he completely made all his force available. The English were not near enough, perhaps, to give to carronades their full effect, but this disadvantage was unavoidable, the assailing party having, of course, some choice in the distance. All that could be obtained, under the circumstances, appears to have been secured, and the result proved the wisdom of the actual arrangement. The personal deportment of Captain Macdonough, in this engagement, like that of Captain Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, was the subject of general admiration in his little squadron. His coolness was undisturbed throughout all the trying scenes on board his own ship, and although lying against a vessel of double the force, and nearly double the tonnage of the Saratoga, he met and resisted her attack with a constancy that seemed to set defeat at defiance. The winding of the Saratoga, under such circumstances, exposed as she was to the raking broadsides of the Confiance and Linnet, especially the latter, was a bold, seamanlike, and masterly measure, that required unusual decision and fortitude to imagine and execute. Most men would have believed that, without a single gun on the side engaged, a fourth of their people cut down, and their ship a wreck, enough injury had been received to justify submission; but Captain Macdonough found the means to secure a victory in the desperate condition of his own ship."

The result of this action, and of the corresponding energy on land, was the speedy delivery of the region from the presence of Sir George Prevost and his forces.

Congress awarded Macdonough a gold medal, and various gifts poured in upon him. He was pronounced the fellow hero of Perry, and Champlain was placed by the side of Erie. The State of New York bestowed upon him a grant of land on the bay which he had made memorable by his bravery; and Vermont, the city of New York, and Albany, conferred grants of land. He retired from the war not only honored but wealthy. We hear of him afterwards in command of the station at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and of his last years being passed in broken health. He died of a lingering consumption on the tenth of November, 1825.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

The first ancestor of John Randolph in Virginia, William Randolph, came from Warwickshire in England, we presume in the latter portion of the seventeenth century, for we read of his death in 1711, leaving a large family. His fourth son, Richard, married Jane Bolling, the grand-daughter of Robert Bolling and Jane Rolfe who was the grand-daughter of Pocahontas. Richard had a son John who was the father of our John Randolph of Roanoke, as he loved to call himself after the paternal estate; and it was thus he had in his veins, as he sometimes proudly said, the blood of the Indian princess.

John Randolph, the father, died at the age of thirty-four, in 1775, leaving a young and fascinating widow of the age of twenty-three, the mother of four children. This lady was the daughter of Colonel Theodorick Bland, senior, an active spirit in the Revolution, at whose estate, "Cawson's," in Prince George County, her third son, John, the subject of our sketch, was born, or as he chose late in life to express it, "was ushered in this world of woe," June 2, 1773. His parents' home, however, was Matoax, not far off in the adjoining county on the Appomatox, near Petersburg. Thither the widow brought her second husband, St. George Tucker, when, after three years' endurance, she threw off her "unhappy widowhood," as it is written in her hand in the old family Prayer-book.[1] Between these two homes the youth of John Randolph was passed. When the second marriage took place, the boy was in his sixth year, and his mother and stepfather both of the age of twenty-six. Later in life, St. George Tucker became known as Judge Tucker, editor of Blackstone, and author of various political and legal writings. There is a little poem, a favorite with the public, attributed to his pen.[2] As Mr. Tucker always enjoyed a high reputation for amiability, the family influences of youth, beauty and intelligence, upon the children, must have been propitious, The mother taught the Collects of the Common Prayer and the Catechism; the father, who had come to America from the Bermudas to old William and Mary College, the other studies. But John was better disposed to take care of his own education. A delicate, lit-

[1] For these and other details of this sketch we are indebted to the appreciative life of John Randolph of Roanoke, by Hugh A. Garland.

[2] The stanzas commencing—

"Days of my youth, ye have glided away,
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and grey."

John Randolph

erally and figuratively thin-skinned boy, of a wilful, violent temper, withal sensitive and poetic, he found his way to that "book closet" in the old country mansion which so often figures in the history of men of genius. There he found nutriment which thus imbibed in youth has governed the thoughts and actions of many authors and busy men.

Fondly recurring to this youthful training of the imagination more than thirty years afterwards, in a letter to the nephew whose education he, in turn, had directed, he assembles again these books of his boyhood, with their shelf-fellows, "nature's great stereotypes,"—volumes which had been the companions and solace of his troubled life. Hear the reminiscent, and be stirred at these echoing names as at the sound of a trumpet. "I almost envy you, Orlando. I would, if it were not Johnny Hoole's translation; although at the age of ten I devoured that more eagerly than gingerbread. Oh, if Milton had translated it, he might tell of—

> 'All who since, baptized or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond;
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemagne, with all his peerage, fell
> By Fontarabia.'

Let me advise you to—

> 'Call up him, who left half told,
> The story of Cambuscan bold.'

I think you have never read Chaucer. Indeed, I have sometimes blamed myself for not cultivating your imagination, when you were young. It is a dangerous quality, however, for the possessor. But if from my life were to be taken the pleasure derived from that faculty, very little would remain. Shakspeare and Milton, and Chaucer and Spenser, and Plutarch and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and Don Quixote and Gil Blas, and Tom Jones and Gulliver, and Robinson Crusoe and 'the tale of Troy divine,' have made up more than half of my worldly enjoyment. To these ought to be added Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Ariosto, Dryden, Beaumont and Fletcher, Southern, Otway, Congreve, Pope's 'Rape' and 'Eloisa,' Addison, Young, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Sheridan, Cowper, Byron, Æsop, La Fontaine, Voltaire ('Charles XII.,' 'Mohammed,' and 'Zaire'), Rousseau ('Julie'), Schiller, Madame de Staël—but above all, Burke.

"One of the first books I ever read was Voltaire's 'Charles XII.' About the same time, 1780, I read the 'Spectator,' and used to steal away to the closet containing them. The letters from his correspondents were my favorites. I read 'Humphrey Clinker,' also, that is, Win's and Tabby's letters, with great delight, for I could spell at that age pretty correctly. 'Reynard the Fox,' came next, I think, then 'Tales of the Genii,' and 'Arabian Nights.' This last and Shakspeare were my idols. I had read them with Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Quintus Curtius, Plutarch, Pope's Homer, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Tom Jones, Orlando Furioso, and Thomson's Seasons, before I was eleven years of age; also, Goldsmith's Roman History, 2 vols. 8vo.,

and an old history of Braddock's war. When not eight years old, I used to sing an old ballad of his defeat:

> 'On the sixth day of July, in the year sixty-five,
> At two in the evening, did our forces arrive;
> When the French and the Indians in ambush did lay,
> And there was great slaughter of our forces that day.' "

At about eleven, 1784–5, Percy's Reliques and Chaucer became great favorites, and Chatterton and Rowley.[1]

The youth of Randolph, spite of these solaces of the imagination, was not—could hardly have been happy. He encountered many miseries, some of which, being external to a man, a healthy temperament, with the exercise of that fortitude which all are called to practise, might have thrown off or endured with resignation. But the difficulty with Randolph was, that his was not a healthy temperament. However he may have struggled for the sound mind through the defects of an irregular education, and he certainly did struggle, its incentive and instrument, the sound body, was wanting. His frame was always delicate. In youth he was undergrown, thin and awkward. It is said that he grew a head taller after he was twenty-three. The progress of his life is the progress of disease. Within this morbid anatomy was lodged a quick, fiery spirit,—as he himself expressed it, "a spice of the devil in my temper." A body and mind of these dispositions would have chafed under the most felicitous circumstances. They make their own troubles in the world, changing the sunlight of heaven to darkness. But there were real shadows cast upon the boyhood and youth of Randolph. The first breaking up of the household came from the British, when the family was driven in hot haste from its pleasant Matoax by the invasion of the traitor Arnold. There were other estates in the family, however, and Bizarre, for many years the residence of Randolph, opened its friendly arms to the young mother and her babe of a few days old. Ruthless scenes of war, these! The head of the family, the excellent St. George Tucker, was on duty in the field leading the county militia. He served afterwards with Greene and Lafayette. The home education was fatally interrupted, but the school of Walker Maury offered its aid and was accepted. In that seminary in Orange County, and afterwards in a grammar school in alliance with William and Mary, Randolph learnt the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, in both of which doubtless he would have become something of an adept had he not been checked by delicate health, and called away to a visit with his parents to Bermuda. He exchanged his copy of Sallust, as a memorial of friendship for that belonging to his life-long friend, Tazewell, and writing on its blank page the line of Virgil: "Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt," the boy of eleven took his departure from Williamsburg. After his return from Bermuda, he passed a short time at Princeton College, in New Jersey. He recalled afterwards

[1] Letters of John Randolph to a young Relative, 190–1.

his exercises in oratory in that institution. He would not speak, if he could avoid it, he says in a letter, and then only, without gesture, the shortest piece he had in his memory. Yet he talks of his conscious superiority in delivery and elocution, and heaps contempt upon the honors which were not awarded to him! The inconsistency shows Randolph at that time to have had something of his genius for oratory struggling within him.

From Princeton he was summoned home by the death of his mother, the one being whose prayers and counsel and nameless influences might have soothed his fretful spirit. The graveyard at Matoax gathered another stone, which lay heavily upon his heart. These old griefs always lived within him. His imagination, stimulated by a life of suffering, never allowed him to forget a past sorrow. In the dark hours of his wounded spirit, the pure image of that "only one human being who ever knew me," rose before him. It was thus he wrote after the duel with Henry Clay. "Rarely," adds his biographer, "did he come to Petersburg or its vicinity, that he did not visit old Matoax in its wasted solitude, and shed tears over the grave of those honored parents, by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried."[1]

A few months after this event, in June, 1788, he went, full of animation in the cause of literature, to Columbia College at New York. There he became attached to Cochrane, the "humanity professor," of whom he took lessons in private, paying the fees out of his pocket money. "We read Demosthenes together, and I used to cry for indignation at the success of Philip's arts and arms over the liberties of Greece." The teacher left for Nova Scotia under some provocation, and the pupil, with no personal influence to excite his powers, suffered his studies to languish. There were lessons at New York, however, in those days, beside those within the college walls. It was the time of the inauguration of Washington, and the assembly of the first Congress under the Constitution. Both these scenes were witnessed by Randolph. They fix thus early, for his school education was now ended, the date of his political career. As Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee were the children of the Revolution, the mind of Randolph was developed apace with the struggles of the Constitution. His family alliances sharpened his perceptions of the strife. Several of his relatives were in the House of Representatives; he watched the debates eagerly, and when the Congress met at its next session in Philadelphia, he took up his residence there with his kinsman, Edmund Randolph, then one of the Cabinet. The master spirit, Jefferson, was also his relative. His biographer traces these influences and sketches the national discussions which agitated the public. They may be summed up in the fears of the new Constitution, and the efforts of French propagandism. For the most part, those who rejected the Constitution adopted the tricolor. The States

[1] Garland, I. 25.

Rights men were thoroughly democratic. Randolph made a fusion of the two elements, and puzzled the world with his aristocratic Republicanism. As a Virginian, he belonged to the Anti-Federalists; as a man of the nation, he drew his political philosophy from that nursing-father, Edmund Burke, with an unction which was not surpassed by the devotion of Fisher Ames himself.

New trials and personal discipline were to intervene before Randolph committed himself to his long public career. He had continued to reside in Philadelphia, bearing his part in the friendship and society of the place, under the roof of his relative, Edmund Randolph, till he became of age, when he returned to Virginia and entered on the management of his landed estates, which, in common with much of the property of the State, were greatly embarrassed by foreign debt. It was a custom of the planters in the old colony times to mortgage their lands to British creditors, for advances on the crops. This became a gradually increasing inheritance of debt which the sponge of the Revolution did not wipe out, though considerable opposition was made to its payment in Virginia, enforced by the eloquence of Patrick Henry, who had been retained to plead against the foreign claimants. The Randolphs had to provide for their full share of the wasteful extravagance of their forefathers. The estates were now divided between the elder brother, Richard, and John Randolph of Roanoke, as he was now fully entitled to call himself. The latter resided with Richard, the head of the family at Bizarre. On his return from a visit to Georgia in 1796, he was met by the intelligence of his brother's death, another seed of anguish sown in the well-watered plot of his bitter recollections. Sorrows such as these, indeed, are the common lot of humanity: they are borne by delicate women, by sensitive youth, and enfeebled age: we have all such "gatherings in the heavens;"[1] it is the story of this huge volume—for what is biography but the story of death, as of life? What are our books and libraries but words from splendid cenotaphs of the departed? The weapon indeed is old, but each stroke is new; the blood must flow—the tears must follow. The loss to the wayward, sensitive Randolph, of such a brother, in such a home, was great. Richard appears to have been a model of chivalric character, the very being to protect the genius and secure the allegiance of his wayward brother. If to this loss we are to add the story of an unhappy attachment, darkly hinted at by his biographer, to a lady who rejected his passionate attentions, we may see another staff removed which might have propped this naked life, at once so dependent and so haughty. Other men, again, have endured these things and more, and grown strong; but theirs has not been the angry spirit of Byron, cramped in the body of Pope.

The reader may desire some particulars of this courtship. A recent feeling tribute to Randolph, by an eloquent

[1] The touching expression of the historian, Hallam, in his old age, bereft of his accomplished sons.

writer of Virginia,[1] supplies us with a sketch of the scene. The incidents must be left to the hearts of lovers.

"Yesterday," says Mr. Cooke, "I visited an old ante-Revolutionary mansion, where many hours of his early manhood were passed—where he paid his addresses to the lady of whom he said, 'I loved her more than my own soul, or Him that created it,' and whom he was thinking of long, weary years afterward, when he wrote to his friend, 'I, too, am wretched!' The old mansion seemed to illustrate and make real again, so to speak, the tragedy which had been played there at the end of the last century. All around was suggestive of the past, and seemed as it were to shut out and do away with the present. The old wainscoting extended as in ancient English castles and country-houses, from the narrow mantelpiece to the ceiling, around which ran a heavy carved cornice of age-embrowned timber. The mantelpiece itself was decorated with ponderous Gothic ornaments. In the wide fireplace the tall old andirons, supporting the cheerfully blazing logs, rose up like ghosts. The windows, tall and narrow, were scratched over with names—the names of ladies fair, gone long ago into the dust from which they came; and among these names I read 'Maria W———,' one whom we may call, without exaggeration, 'the fate of John Randolph.'

"Her portrait was on the wall, in its old oaken frame—the canvas cracked and falling away—but the face looking out upon you still, with its lurking smile, and large dark eyes as it looked long ago—the real face of a living woman. There were two portraits of the lady. The one to which I have referred, represents her as a child almost, with a profusion of brown hair, cut short upon the forehead, but falling in long locks upon the bare, white shoulders and the bosom. Around the young lady's figure is clasped a full lace dress, the huge plaits reposing on her neck. The pretty face looks out from the frame of curls, with the calm, collected smile of which I have spoken; you see in it the germ, as it were, of the opposite portrait. The same person is represented therein, as she appeared in middle age—indeed, just before her death. A lace veil is thrown around the intelligent features of the beautiful woman, and is gathered carelessly in the Spanish fashion, with the white right hand. The portrait was unfinished when she died; the veil was thus thrown by the painter across the forehead just above the eyes, after vain attempts to accurately recall the upper portion of the countenance."

The whole inventory—the schedule of this bankrupt property of the heart: two portraits at the beginning and end of life, a diamond tracing on a pane of glass, a piece of wainscoting, an old doorstep, from which the lover departed, leaving behind him what little remained of youth and happiness.

In despair, the proud, melancholy, wounded lord of encumbered acres, in a fit of caprice almost, offered himself to the people as their representative in

[1] Mr. John Esten Cooke, in a paper on the "Early Days of Randolph," one of a series on the illustrious men of Virginia, contributed to "The Century" newspaper.

Congress. It was the time and place, the Charlotte Court House, which witnessed the last great speech of Patrick Henry. John Randolph followed him on the stump—*impar congressus Achilli*, it may well have appeared to the bystanders. Randolph, however, had the popular side, though he spoke in opposition to Henry, who, it will be remembered, on that occasion publicly proclaimed his adhesion to Federalism —even to the repressive measures, the alien and sedition laws of John Adams.

Randolph took his seat in the Congress of 1800. His first speech was on a Republican motion for the reduction of the army, to which he applied the term mercenaries, in contradistinction to the voluntary militia force. In the evening certain military officers made his remarks a means of annoyance at the theatre. He considered it an invasion of privilege, and addressed the President upon the subject. By the President it was sent to the House; a committee was appointed, resolutions were reported, debated and thrown out. It was certainly rather a peculiar introduction to the public; but in the heat of politics, anything which marked a member's position was of consequence, and John Randolph became an object of attention.

For thirty years he was regularly returned to the councils of the nation. He was all this while, with the exception of two years in the Senate, in the House of Representatives. Washington knew him as well as she learnt to know Clay, Webster, Calhoun or Benton. For this long period he was a celebrity in Congress. His personal eccentricities, his lank appearance, his voice shrieking in its higher tones, his withering sarcasm, his splenetic moods, the purity and elegance of his phraseology, the independence and honesty of his sentiments, all united in engaging the public attention, which is always attracted by strong peculiarities and deeply affected by manly convictions; which is irresistibly enticed by so remarkable a union. There was not a meeting or an assembly of half a dozen persons of intelligence in the country through his active period, which did not discuss the last sharp saying or denunciation of John Randolph. He prided himself on his aristocracy; but it was not an aristocracy of luxury and expense, of show and vanity, for which he had a contempt great as his admiration for ancestral acres;—the brightest gem he saw in her coronet was truth. For this he valued wealth and station, inculcated economy, and treated debt as a disgrace:—it was an invasion of a man's pride and independence.

During his thirty years at Washington he represented the old States Rights party of Virginia. He witnessed the election of Jefferson and bore an active part in that of Jackson, who had no brighter, more subtle partisan than Randolph, when in one of his most brilliant speeches he turned the very deficiencies of the old chieftain to his honor. The late Senator Benton, in *his* "Thirty Years' View," tells us that "during the first six years of Jefferson's administration, Randolph was the Murat of his party, brilliant in the charge, and always ready for it; and valued in

the council as well as in the field. For more than thirty years he was the political meteor of Congress, blazing with undiminished splendor during the whole time, and often appearing as the 'planetary plague,' which shed, not war and pestilence on nations, but agony and fear on members. His sarcasm was keen, refined, withering—with a great tendency to indulge in it; but, as he believed, as a lawful parliamentary weapon to effect some desirable purpose. Pretension, meanness and demagogism were the frequent subjects of the excercise of his talent; and, when confined to them, he was the benefactor of the House. Wit and genius, all allowed him; sagacity was a quality of his mind, visible to all observers—and which gave him an intuitive insight into the effect of measures." He long held the responsible post of chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Among the leading questions with which he was identified were the claims growing out of the swindling Yazoo land speculation of Georgia, of which he was a resolute opponent; the measures leading to the war of 1812, which he constantly questioned; the election of Madison, when he was still in opposition; the compromise of the Missouri bill, which he denounced; the proclamation of Jackson, which he resented with acrimony. In the debates, growing out of these questions, he left his record in many a pungent remark. "Masterly inactivity," which he commended to the General Government in policy affecting the States, and "dough faces," a term which he applied in the course of the Missouri debate, are phrases which will long live in our political vocabulary. It was a characteristic of his speeches to seize eagerly upon his conclusion, huddling argument upon argument mixed with Latin quotation and familiar allusion. In apology for these flying leaps of oratory, we may accept a fable written by himself: "A caterpillar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch and over the fence; some one of his hundred feet always in contact with the object upon which he moves; a gallant horseman, at a flying leap, clears both ditch and fence. 'Stop!' says the caterpillar, 'you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty and are fairly over the fence.' 'Thou miserable reptile,' replies our huntsman, 'if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever catch a fox, or be anything more than a wretched caterpillar?'" [1]

It was during Randolph's short period in the Senate, in April, 1826, that his famous duel occurred with Henry Clay. It grew out of terms employed in a speech by Randolph on the Panama mission, characterizing the union of Clay with Adams as "the coalition of Blifil and Black George,—the combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the blackleg." Clay challenged Randolph. The latter accepted the call on a punctilio. As a senator he would render no explanation for

[1] Garland, II. 300.

words spoken in debate; as a man, he would give satisfaction for an injury. A resolution like this admitted no adjustment. To preserve his consistency, Randolph resolved not to fire at his antagonist, subtly arguing that, if he did, he would admit the right to be questioned. So the parties met on the bank of the Potomac. Randolph chose the Virginia side, that if he fell it might be on the soil of his State. The word was to be given by the seconds, for reasons of humanity, with great quickness. Clay objected to this rapidity, when Randolph, fancying in it a murderous intention, altered his resolution not to fire, to the resolve simply to wound his antagonist. Neither shot of the first fire took effect. At the second, Randolph resumed his original intent and fired in the air; Clay's bullet passed through the skirt of his coat. The parties advanced to meet each other, and a prompt reconciliation ensued.[1] The whole transaction is characteristic of Randolph, of his subtlety of mind, his courage and chivalric devotion to a lofty idea of magnanimity. On his last visit to Washington, when near his death, he was taken to the Senate and placed near Mr. Clay, who was speaking. He desired to be raised that he might hear "that voice" again. Mr. Clay came to him and offered his hand: "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir." "No, sir," replied Randolph, "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you."

In an interval of his Congressional duties, in March, 1822, Randolph visited England for the first time. Enthusiasm is perhaps too cheerful a word to be applied to the movements of his mind, but he certainly took a strong interest in this pilgrimage to the land of his fathers. His geographical studies had given him a better acquaintance with it than that of most Englishmen. On approaching the Irish coast he drew delight out of the stores of his knowledge, from spots where others saw but barrenness. The island of Rathlin recalled to him a fund of antiquarian lore. Snowdon and the Welsh hills brought before his eye the "Bard" of Gray. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, on seeing England, "that I have lived to behold the land of Shakspeare, of Milton, of my forefathers! May her greatness increase through all time." Maria Edgeworth and Elizabeth Fry were especial objects of his regard. He met accidentally with the poet Moore, under the gallery of the House of Commons. In a conversation with his friend Harvey,[1] he described the bard as "a spruce, dapper little gentleman," who turned out "a most fascinating, witty fellow." Moore was sufficiently tickled with the interview and the Virginian's compliments to make a note of the affair in his diary—"Sat next Randolph, the famous American orator; a singular looking man, with a young old face, and a short, small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that, when he stood up, you did not know

[1] Benton's Thirty Years View, I. 70–7.

[1] Jacob Harvey, of New York, who published in the Journal of Commerce, a very interesting series of Recollections of Randolph.

when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence, Washington Irving tells me, wonderful."[1] Having travelled about England, and visited Scotland, Randolph returned home in November. In the summer of 1824 he again visited England, when he included Paris in his tour.

Randolph finally retired from the House of Representatives, in which he served a single term after his two years in the Senate, March, 1829. He was immediately afterward elected to the Virginia Convention, which met for the revision of the Constitution, in October, 1829, and took an active part in its debates. The convention was packed with the celebrities of the State, the Madisons, Marshalls, Monroes and others, but Randolph of Roanoke was paramount among them. His speech on a proposed provision for future amendments in the Constitution, is full of that political wisdom which is drawn from private life, the family and society, admirably enforced, such as could have called forth applause from his master, Edmund Burke.

The mission to Russia followed. Men stared in those days, as at the sight of a comet, at his departure for St. Petersburg; a wild destination for a shattered invalid, who called for a milder climate than his own Virginia. It was in his view a roundabout way of getting to the south of Europe, and after a short trial of its summer severities, among which, he insisted, was the subjection of his man Juba, the constant companion of his travels, to a fit of illness—a clear case of yellow fever—and the slightest modicum of diplomacy, he turned his steps to England. In the autumn of 1831 he returned to the United States. A few more speeches, a little more political agitation—this time at the expense of his old friend, Jackson—and the end came. He had long kept up a hand to hand fight with death, and now of late years had found his best security in flight. He kept posting and travelling, and was on his way to the packet for England, when he was finally arrested at Philadelphia, at the age of sixty, June 24, 1833. He died among strangers, his faithful black servant, John, the solitary representative of his Virginia home, by his side, in a room of the City Hotel. The last scenes of his life have been laid before the world. It is a story of pain, of agony which had become so inwrought with his entire existence that it does not seem strange on his lips now. His call for his father's golden shirt-stud to be placed on his bosom as he was dying, is very touching. The word "Remorse," which he ordered to be written down, calling for a dictionary—"Get a dictionary, let me see the word," has an air of delirium. Not so his reiterated provisions for his slaves whom he had manumitted by his will. It was the cherished purpose of his life which he had inherited with his brother's example, and surely of all acts to close his troubled pilgrimage, that from him was most acceptable—an act of mercy to the race which

[1] Moore's Diary, 30th May, 1822.

had ever furnished him in his multiplied sorrows, kind nurses and faithful friends.

Randolph lived in dread of insanity and would often quote Johnson's sad lines—

> "In life's last scene, what prodigies surprise,
> Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
> From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

He was spared, however, that fate. We may believe, too, that in the many thoughts which crowded his excited brain, the consolations of religion were not wanting to his later years. In his youth he had been noted as a free thinker; he afterwards underwent a "conversion;" in his better moments, when he was most himself, he was certainly a devout man.

The speeches of Randolph have been fairly reported, and should be separately published and well edited. Many just remarks and sound maxims of life, as well as witty sayings, will be found in them. In his conduct Randolph was erratic; the pressure of disease upon his feeble frame sometimes brought him within the verge of insanity; but there was no incoherency in the sagacity of his better moments. No sounder advice to youth, more kind, persistent, earnest on common topics of daily life was ever given than that which he wrote to his nephew, Dr. Theodore Bland Dudley, in the epistles which he has published. Labor, Honor, Truth are his topics, with the minor moralities of life reaching down to grammatical accuracies and the folding of a letter. It is sad to see the correspondence darken as the years thicken. Little talk now of books and elevated ideas, but a fast increasing nervous sensibility and melancholy, with much of the weather, of sciaticas, lumbago, defluxions, and more deadly evils. He would render a good service to the world, who should throw aside these relics of suffering and disease, and give the public the brighter, healthier moments of John Randolph. His broad Virginia acres, the homes of his youth, his desk in Congress, his eloquence, the "slow, unmoving finger," pointed in scorn of baseness, his friends, his horses, his books, his faithful slaves, would figure in such a narrative.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Seldom does biography offer to us so pleasing a subject as the life of Washington Irving. It is of beauty and beneficence from the beginning to the close—the course of a quiet, tranquil river, fed at its source by the purity of rural fountains; gathering fertility on its banks as it advances; pursuing its path through the loveliness of nature and by the "towered cities" of men, to lapse into final tranquillity beneath the whispering of the groves softly sighing on the borders of the all-receiving ocean. Many were the felicities of the life of Irving. Of a good stock, of honorable parentage, happy in the associations of his youth; gifted with a kindly genius, sure to receive the blessing which it gave, attracted to the great and good and beloved by them; finding its nutriment in the heroic in history and the amiable in life; returning that generous culture in enduring pictures in most valued books; writing its name on the monuments of Columbus, Washington and Goldsmith; fondly remembered at Stratford upon Avon, and by the pensive courts of the Alhambra; endeared to many a cliff and winding valley of his native Hudson:—his memory, surely, by the side of that generous stream will be kept green and flourishing with undying affection.

If the felicity of a poem desired by the exquisite Roman bard, that it should be consistent with itself and proceed to the end as it commenced at the beginning, be a just measure of the happiness of life, Washington Irving enjoyed that prosperity.

The ancestry of Irving belongs to an ancient line in Scotland, which has been traced to the first years of the fourteenth century. It is known as "the knightly family of Drum," from an old castle still occupied by the descendants, on the banks of the Dee. An early member of the family settled in the Orkneys, where the race flourished and faded, "and dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled, until the last of them, nearly a hundred years since, sought a new home in this New World of ours."[1] This was William Irving, who arrived in New York in 1760, bringing with him his wife, an English lady of Cornwall, whose maiden name was Saunders. These were the parents of Washington Irving.

He was born in William street, New York, April 3, 1783. One of the earliest recorded incidents of his life, he probably shared in common with many

[1] The expression is that of Washington Irving himself. We find it in a family sketch in the Richmond Co. Gazette, Dec. 14, 1859.

children of the period; but it is better worth remembering in his case than the others. His Scotch nurse taking him out one day—it was the time of Washington's inauguration, and the first Congress in New York—fell in with the Father of his Country, and eagerly seizing the opportunity, presented her charge to his notice. "Please, your excellency, here's a bairn that's called after you!" Washington, whose kind nature was not averse to such solicitations, laid his hand upon the head of the child and blessed it. "That blessing," said Irving, in one of his latest years, "I have reason to believe has attended me through life."

Irving's schooldays were not over rigorous. He was not robust, and thus escaped some of the usual persecutions of the pedagogues; for the tradition runs that he was not very bright in these early exercises. Coming home one day, he told his mother, "The madam says I am a dunce; isn't it a pity!" The story is worth telling, as a hint to schoolmasters, upon whom Dame Nature is forever playing these mystifications. In Irving's story it simply witnesses that he had a genius of his own, better adapted to one thing than another. It does not appear, however, that he derived much from the schools of his day; and as ill health prevented his entering Columbia College, he passed through life with little knowledge of Greek and Latin, and probably none worth mentioning of Greek. His home education in English literature was more thorough. He read Chaucer and Spenser, Addison and Goldsmith, and the other excellent old-fashioned volumes of the British classical bookshelf. There was nothing in the contemporary literature of the time specially to engage his attention; nothing at all to wake a boy's heart at home, and no Dickens to stir his perceptions from the other side of the water. This reading of old books was, doubtless, favorable to the employment of his imagination, a faculty which is always excited by pictures of the past and distant. The youth soon found that the cloth in this old wardrobe of the days of Addison and Dr. Johnson was sound enough to bear cutting down and refitting for the limbs of another generation. So the boy became an essayist of the school of the Spectator, and the citizen of the World. His first production of which we have any knowledge was written at the age of nineteen, the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle," a series of papers on the follies and habits of the town, with an especial leaning to its theatrical shows, which he contributed to the "Morning Chronicle," a political daily newspaper which had been recently commenced by his elder brother, Dr. Peter Irving. These papers are lively and humorous productions, and though, of course, they do not equal the polish of the author's later style, yet they are certainly remarkable for their ease and finish. The youth was evidently on the right track, and knew well what he was about.

The next incident we have to record is a pilgrimage to Europe, induced by symptoms of ill health. At this time and for some years after, Mr. Irving was threatened with pulmonary diffi-

culties. Indeed, the likeness painted by Jarvis, in his early manhood, bears painful indications of this type of constitution. He lived to outgrow it entirely. There can be no more pleasing surprise than a glance at the brilliant prime, from the pencil of Newton and Leslie, by the side of the melancholy portrait by Jarvis. His tour carried him to France, Italy, Switzerland and England. An acquaintance with Washington Allston, the refined artist at Rome, half persuaded him to turn his attention to painting, for which he had considerable taste and inclination. The pursuit, amidst the beauties and glories of the arts in the Eternal City, cajoled his imagination with the most enticing allurements. "For two or three days," he said, "the idea took full possession of my mind; but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces and statues, and fountains, and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life, all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise. My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospects; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter." [1]

The law was the rather unattractive alternative, and to the law for awhile the young enthusiast returned to New York, after an absence abroad of two years. He read law with the late Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and old citizens remember his attorney's sign, for he was admitted to practice; but he did not pursue the profession.

The very year after his introduction to the bar, in January, 1807, appeared in New York the first number of "Salmagundi; or, the Whim-whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and others," a small 18mo. publication of twenty pages, which was destined to make its mark upon the town, and attract the notice of a wider circle. This sportive journal was the production of three very clever wits—Washington Irving, his elder brother, William, the verse-maker of the fraternity, and James K. Paulding, who also then first rose to notice in this little constellation. New York was not at that time too large to be under the control of a skilful, genial satirist. Compared with the metropolis of the present day, it was but a huge family, where everybody of any consequence was known by everybody else. A postman might run over it in an hour. One bell could ring all its inhabitants to prayer and one theatre sufficed for its entertainment. The city, in fact, while large enough to afford material for and shelter a humorist with some degree of privacy, was, so far as society was con-

[1] Cyclopædia of American Literature, Art. "Allston."

cerned, a very manageable, convenient instrument to play upon. The genial wits of "Salmagundi" touched the strings cunningly, and the whole town, with agitated nerves, contributed to the music. The humors of fashion, dress, the dancing assemblies, the militia displays, the elections, in turn yielded their sport; while graver touches of pathos and sketches of character were interposed, of lasting interest. There are passages in "Salmagundi," of feeling, humor and description which the writers hardly surpassed. The work, in fine, is well worthy to take its place, not at the end of the series of the British classical essayists, but at the head of that new American set, which includes "The Idle Man," "The Old Bachelor," "The Lorgnette," and other kindred meritorious productions.

"Salmagundi" closed at the end of the year, with its twentieth number, and was shortly succeeded by the famous "History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," a work of considerable compass and most felicitous execution. The book was commenced with little regard to the form in which it finally made its appearance. The intention at first seems to have been to prepare something with the general notion subsequently wrought out in Mr. Poole's very clever "Little Pedlington Papers"—to ridicule the pretensions of the town, which had been aggravated by the appearance of a hand-book of a highly provincial character, entitled "A Picture of New York." The parody, as in the parallel instance of Mr. Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," soon outgrew itself.

Previously to its publication, something like a grave history was looked for from Diedrich Knickerbocker. To whet the public appetite, an advertisement was inserted in the "Evening Post," narrating, under the heading "Distressing," the departure from his lodgings at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street, of "a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker," and asking printers to serve the cause of humanity by giving the notice insertion. "A Traveller" next sends a random note of an old gentleman answering the description, having been seen on the road to Albany, above Kingsbridge. After the lapse of a reasonable time, Seth Handaside, the Yankee landlord, announces his intention to remunerate himself by the sale of a curious manuscript Mr. Knickerbocker had left behind him. The same number of the journal had an advertisement of the publication by Inskeep and Bradford.

There is a great deal of fun in Knickerbocker—some sheer burlesque, which begins and ends with the page, but far more genuine humor applicable to wider scenes and more real adventures. The old Dutch families took offence at the free use of their names, which were very unceremoniously handled.

One old inhabitant of the North River, who rejoiced in the patronymic itself, Knickerbocker, it is said was especially aggrieved, and we have heard of the author's exclusion, in

one instance, from the entertainments of a leading colonial family. Years after, the spirit of the work was condemned in a grave paper read before the New York Historical Society; and the censure has of late been revived by so judicious a person as Mr. Edward Everett.[1] The truth of the matter is, that society must be very weak indeed, which cannot bear the infliction of so really good natured a jest as this Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York. Though it occupied the attention of the public, and to a certain degree gave color to rather a ludicrous estimate of our Dutch forefathers in the absence of popular histories, which it is perhaps a misfortune were not written earlier, yet it has proved no obstacle to the serious operations of Clio, in the works of Brodhead, O'Callaghan and others; while it has in a thousand ways perpetuated the memory of the old Dutch dynasties. The Dutchmen of New York had never been called Knickerbockers before; now it is quite an accredited designation, not without honor and esteem throughout the world. In the words of the author's apology, prefixed to the revised edition of 1848: "Before the appearance of my work, the popular traditions of our city were unrecorded; the peculiar and racy customs and usages derived from our Dutch progenitors were unnoticed, or regarded with indifference, or adverted to with a sneer. Now they form a convivial currency, and are brought forward on all occasions: they link our whole community together in good humor and good fellowship; they are the rallying points of home feeling—the seasoning of our civic festivities—the staple of local tales and local pleasantries, and are so harped upon by our writers of popular fiction, that I find myself almost crowded off the legendary ground which I was the first to explore, by the host who have followed in my footsteps."

This home sensitiveness, of course, was never felt abroad. A copy of the work was sent by the author's friend, Mr. Brevoort, to Sir Walter Scott. His verdict upon this "most excellently jocose history," as he termed it, is conclusive. It was read in his family with absolute riot of enjoyment. He compared it advantageously with Swift, and failed not to note its more serious pathetic passages, which reminded him of Sterne. This led the way afterward to an introduction to Scott at Abbotsford, and the formation of a friendship which lived while Scott lived, and which was cherished among the most valued recollections of Irving's life.

His next literary performance was a brief biography of the poet Campbell, written for an American edition of the poet's works. The author showed himself at home in this department of literature, in which he subsequently became so greatly distinguished.

We hear of him now engaged in the mercantile calling of his brother; but hardware and cutlery had little attraction for him. The iron, it may be said, never entered into his soul. When

[1] Mr. Verplanck's Anniversary Discourse before the New York Historical Society, December, 1818.—Mr. Everett's obituary remarks on Irving, before the Massachusetts HistoricalSociety, December, 1859.

the war with Great Britain shortly after broke out, we find him on the military staff of Governor Tompkins, with the title of Colonel. Colonel Irving! It no more belonged to his name than the hardware sign. Yet we have no doubt he would have done credit to it if called into active service. As it proved, his pen was more in requisition than his sword. He was employed, in the years 1813 and 1814, in conducting the "Analectic Magazine," published by Moses Thomas, in Philadelphia, and at that time specially devoted to military and naval affairs. In the original department of this work, in which he was aided by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Paulding, he wrote, beside other papers, the biographies of Lieut. Burrows, Captain Lawrence, Commodore Perry, and Captain Porter. They are all spirited productions, calculated to warm the heart of the country, justly proud of the brilliant achievements of these worthies; while they are quite free from the besetting sin in such cases, of patriotic exaggeration.

At the close of the war he sailed for Liverpool, and took charge of the affairs of the mercantile house with which he was connected. The sudden change of business affairs at the peace greatly embarrassed the firm. After suffering the torture of the agony of the counting-room during this period of failing credit, he finally became disengaged from the affair, and directed his steps to London and the booksellers for a livelihood.

He now turned his talent for observation and description to account in the production of the series of papers included in the "Sketch Book." They are the first fruits of his English experience, mingled with some fanciful creations, as the legends of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow, based on American recollections. The great success of the work was not attained at a single blow. There seemed to be no opening for such a work in the English market. The publication was, in fact, commenced in New York, in numbers. When a portion of it had thus appeared, it reached William Jerdan, the editor of the "London Literary Gazette," whose practised eye detected at once a good thing for his journal. He reprinted several of the papers, when the author offered the work to Murray. The usual answer in such cases was returned, couched in imposing phrase, as a mark of respect: "If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts," etc. In this strait the author addressed Sir Walter Scott, who, generously appreciating the man and his work, promised his aid with Constable, and as the best thing at hand in the meanwhile offered Irving a salary of five hundred pounds to conduct a weekly periodical at Edinburgh. His correspondent was, however, too chary of his talents as an author of all work to engage in this undertaking. He put his book to press in London at his own expense, with John Miller, and Miller soon after failed. Sir Walter, the beneficent *deus ex machinâ*, now opportunely happened in London, and arranged the publica-

tion with Murray, who thenceforward became the author's fast friend and most liberal paymaster. The "Sketch Book" was a brilliant success. Jeffrey reviewed it, Lockhart admired, Byron praised and Moore sought the author's acquaintance at Paris on the strength of it.

"Bracebridge Hall" followed the "Sketch Book" in 1822; and the close of the next year brought its sequel, the "Tales of a Traveller." All these works have more or less the characteristics of the first member of the family. There is an elaborate elegance of style, a certain delicacy and sweetness of sentiment, an easy grace of reflection, a happy turn of description. The writer does not draw a great deal on his invention for the characters or the incidents, but he managed to develop both with skill, and, being always a jealous watcher of his own powers, and cautious in feeling the pulse of the public, he looked for new material before the old was exhausted. There is a good genius always waiting to help ability and sincerity. Just as the essayist may have felt the want of a new field for his exertions, he was invited, by Mr. Alexander H. Everett, to Spain with a view to the translation of the collection of Spanish documents recently made by Navarrete from the long and jealously secluded public archives. He undertook the work, which called for something far above translation, and the essayist bloomed into the historian. The "History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," appeared in due time, followed by the "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus." Both works greatly enhanced the reputation of the author. Literature, indeed, awards her highest hon ors to the historian. History has just laid Macaulay in Westminster Abbey. Jeffrey reviewed the "Columbus" with enthusiasm in the "Edinburgh," and the George IV. fifty guinea gold medal was conferred upon Hallam and Irving at the same time.

The literary execution of the "Columbus" must be pronounced in general very happy. There is perhaps a little cloying sweetness in its regularly constructed periods; but these ele gantly apportioned sentences are always made to bear their full weight of thought. The condensation is admirable, while there is a richness of phraseology, and a warm glow of the imagination is spread over the whole. It is not to be supposed that this excellence was attained without labor. It is the fiat of fate, says Wirt, from which no power of genius can absolve a man. Irving, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Slidell, who pronounced the style unequal, re-wrote nearly the whole of the work. Professor Longfellow, who saw Irving while it was in progress in Spain, recalls the "patient, persistent toil" of the author. The genius of Irving delighted in these Spanish themes. After he had made the intimate acquaintance of various parts of Europe, the land of the Saracen seemed to present to him the greatest attractions. He devoted his genius to the revival of her history, and the embellishment of her legends. Had opportunity permitted, he would doubt

less have produced companion volumes to the Columbus on themes which afterwards engaged the pen of Prescott. As it was, he gave the world those delightful books, the "Conquest of Granada," the "Alhambra," the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and "Mahomet and his Successors." His imagination was thoroughly captivated by the daring, pathetic, and tender scenes of these old tales of adventure, with which his genius was very apt to blend some lurking touch of humor.

At the close of his long residence in Spain, Mr. Irving passed some time in England, enjoying for a while the post of secretary of legation to the American embassy. He left London in 1832, on his return to America, after an absence of seventeen years, arriving in the month of May, at New York, where he found a most cordial welcome awaiting him. A public dinner was given to him by his friends, numbering some of the most distinguished persons in the country. Chancellor Kent presided at the banquet. Irving was congratulated in the handsomest terms on the eminent services he had rendered the literature of his country, and replied in the simplest words, congratulating his fellow citizens on their prosperity as he drew an attractive picture of the growth and beauty of New York, and expressed the warmest emotions at his reception. His essential modesty led him to value such tributes highly; though he very seldom allowed himself to be put in the way of them.

The sight of America appeared to revive in him the freshness and adventure of youth. In the very summer of his return he accompanied Mr. Ells worth, one of the commissioners for removing the Indian tribes to the west of the Mississippi, a journey of which he published an animated account in 1835. This sharpened his pen for the fascinating narrative entitled "Astoria, or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains," which appeared the ensuing year, and was followed by a work of similar character, the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West." The skilful grouping and picturesque narrative of these books, rendering an otherwise confused and encumbered story so charming, leave us to regret that so much excellent matter of the kind should be so frequently thrown away for lack of these literary advantages.

Though Mr. Irving had received large sums for copyright, yet from losses from investment which he had experienced, his income could not at this time have been large, for we find him yielding to an agreement of a character always irksome to a man of his temperament, to furnish regular monthly articles to a periodical. Some of the pleasantest of his later papers, however, were written in this way for the "Knickerbocker" magazine, in 1839 and 1840; a selection from which was afterwards made by him in the volume entitled "Wolfert's Roost."

In 1852, Mr. Irving received the appointment from the government of minister to Spain. Its announcement by Daniel Webster, at whose suggestion it was made, was entirely unexpected by him. A passing compli

ment paid him at this time is worth recording. It occurs in Mr. Charles Dickens's "American Notes," in a description of a Presidential drawing room at Washington, when Irving was present in his new character for the first and last time before going abroad. "I sincerely believe," says Dickens, "that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer: and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits: proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country: and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them."

Mr. Irving passed several years in Spain in his diplomatic capacity, devoting himself assiduously to the duties of his position. His dispatches in the State Paper Office will doubtless, should the time ever come for their publication, present a valuable picture of the changing political fortunes of the country during his term.

On his return from Spain, Mr. Irving made his home for the remainder of his life at his beautiful country seat, "Sunnyside," on the eastern bank of the Hudson, some twenty miles from New York. Here he resided in the midst of his family, consisting of his brother and nieces, occasionally visiting his friends in Virginia and other portions of the country, but gradually limiting his journeys to the neighboring city. At Sunnyside, in these later years, he prepared the revised editions of his books, which now became a source of regular profit, wrote the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," and completed the crowning labor of his long literary career, the "Life of George Washington." The interval between the publication of the first of the five volumes and the last, was five years. It was completed the very year of his death. His design was to present in simple, unambitious narrative a thoroughly truthful view of the character of Washington—of the acts of his life with an impartial estimate of the men and agencies by which he was surrounded. He attained all this and more. His work has been read with interest, nay, with affection, and promises long to retain its hold upon the public.

Mr. Irving had now reached the close of life, with as few of the infirmities as fall to the lot even of those accounted most fortunate. His health, delicate in his youth, had strengthened with his years, and during the long periods of his residence abroad he knew no illness. The breaking up of his powers was gradual, affecting only his physical strength. His mind—the felicity of his thoughts, the beauty of his expression, his style, were unimpaired to the last. His death occurred suddenly, in his Sunnyside cottage, as he was retiring to rest on the night of November 28, 1859. He fell with scarcely a word—

> "Death broke at once the vital chain,
> And freed his soul the nearest way."

"It was scarcely death," said an eminent artist[1] to us, a dweller on the banks of his own Hudson, thinking of the fulness of years and honors, and the mild departure—"it was a translation."

The good omen of this happily rounded life was repeated on the day of the funeral, which drew multitudes of honored citizens from New York to participate in the last rites. It was the first of December, a day of unusual gentleness and beauty, the last, as it proved, of the calm Indian summer. All nature breathed tranquillity, as the sun descended upon the sleeping river and silent evergreens. Every shop in the village of Tarrytown, where the services were performed at Christ's Church, was shut, and the utmost decorum prevailed throughout the thronging crowd during the day which closed upon his grave on the hill-side of the Tarrytown cemetery. It was, as President King remarked at the subsequent memorial meeting of the New York Historical Society, "a Washington Irving day." The country will not soon forget the memorable scene.

The life of Washington Irving was so truthful, so simple, so easily to be read by all men, that few words are needed for an analysis of his character. He was primarily a man of genius—that is, nature had given him a faculty of doing what no one else could do precisely, and doing it well. His talent was no doubt improved by skill and exercise; but we see it working in his earliest books, when he could scarcely have dreamt of the author. Indeed, he was thrown upon authorship apparently by accident; a lucky shipwreck of his fortunes, as it proved, for the world. In this faculty, which he possessed better than anybody else in America, the most important ingredient was humor—a kindly perception of life, not unconscious of its weaknesses, tolerant of its frailties, capable of throwing a beam of sunshine into the darkness of its misfortunes. The heart was evidently his logician; a pure life his best instructor. He loved literature, but not at the expense of society. Though his writings were fed by many secret rills, flowing from the elder worthies, the best source of his inspiration was daily life. He was always true to its commonest, most real emotions.

In all his personal intercourse with others, in every relation of life, Mr. Irving, in an eminent degree, exhibited the qualities of the gentleman. They were principles of thought and action, in the old definition of Sir Philip Sidney, "seated in a heart of courtesy." His manners, while they were characterized by the highest refinement, were simple to a degree. His habits of living were plain, though not homely: everything about him displayed good taste, and an expense not below the standard of his fortunes; but there was no ostentation. No man stood more open to new impressions. His sensibility was excited by everything noble or generous, and we may add, anything which displayed humor of character, from whatever sphere of life the exam

[1] Mr. Weir, of West Point.

ple was drawn. His genius responded to every honest touch of nature in literature or art. He was a man of feeling, with the sympathies of a Mackenzie or a Goldsmith. Nor did these emotions, with him, rest only in the luxuries of sentiment. He was a practical guide, counsellor and friend; and his benevolence was not confined to this charmed circle of home and neighborhood. In public affairs, though unfitted for the duties of the working politician, his course was independent and patriotic. No heart beat warmer in love of country and the Union, and the honor of his nation's flag. This is worth mentioning in his case, for his tastes and studies led him to retirement; but he did not suffer it to be an inglorious ease, to which higher ends should be sacrificed.

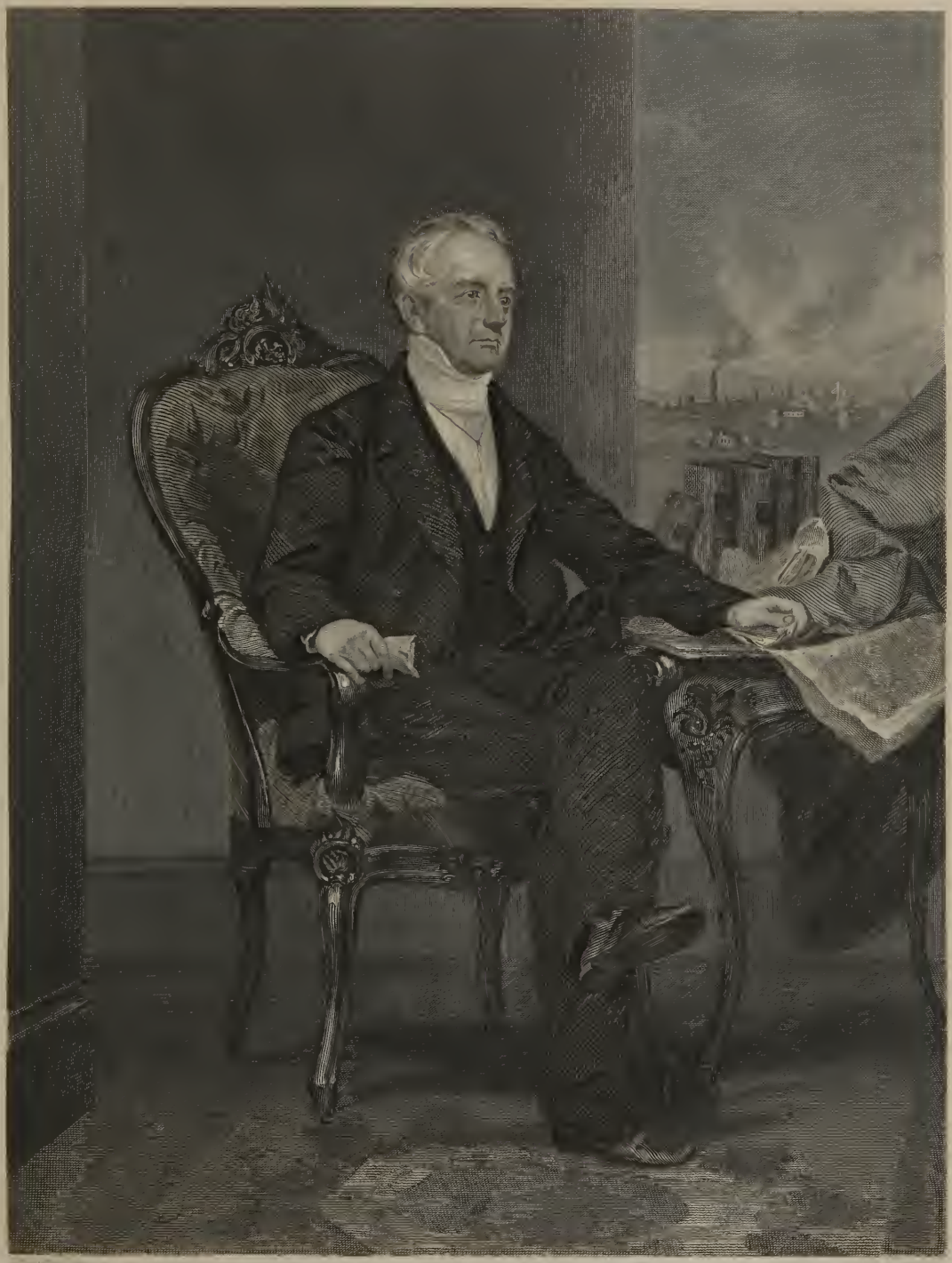
Much has been said of the influence upon his life of an early attachment. He was engaged to a daughter of the late Judge Josiah Hoffman. The lady died and her lover never married. There is thought to be an allusion to this in a beautiful passage in his sketch of St. Mark's Eve in "Bracebridge Hall," where it is written;—"There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved." Mr. Thackeray, the eminent novelist, has mentioned this tenderly in a few words of tribute to the memory of his friend;—"He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart and buries it, and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time."

ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

The father of this liberal and enlightened merchant, Samuel Lawrence, was a soldier of the Revolution, a descendant of the early emigrants of the name, from an ancient stock in England, who settled at Groton, in Massachusetts. He was one of the minute-men who stood ready for the field on the news of Lexington. When word reached his town of Groton, of the movement of the British troops, on the instant he was mounted, making his circuit of seven miles, summoning his men and returning to his father's house in thirty minutes. In three hours he was ready to march, and the next day, the 20th of April, 1775, was at Cambridge, ready for the battle of Bunker Hill, in which he took part. He received a bullet through his cap, and a spent grapeshot struck his arm. Providence reserved him for other duties. He was married in the summer of 1777, while attached to the army, to Susanna Parker, of his native town, a lady who survived him at an advanced age. As a characteristic incident of the times, we may mention that he was called away from the wedding ceremony to his post in the army within the hour. His mother had given her opinion in favor of the marriage, "as Susan had better be Sam's widow than his forlorn damsel." He was in the battle of Rhode Island, and retired from the service to his native town at the close of 1778. There he pursued the life of a farmer, an intelligent man of his class, since we find him chosen a deacon of the church, justice of the peace, and an enlightened supporter of the seminary in Groton, since enriched by his sons, and bearing the family name

His two sons, who are associated in fame, Amos and Abbott, were born in that town respectively in the years 1786 and 1792.[1] The brothers became partners in business, and acquired their fortunes and reputation together, so that the story of one for a good portion of their lives is that of the other. They were both educated in the public school, and afterwards in the Academy of Groton, as it was then called. Amos being six years the elder, preceded his brother in his devotion to business. He passed from the Academy to the store of a country merchant in the town, and thence, on coming of age, to Boston, where he went with twenty dollars in his pocket to make acquaintances and procure credit, with a view to settle as a storekeeper in his native

[1] Amos Lawrence was born April 22, 1786; Abbott on the 16th December, 1792.



Abbott Lawrence

place. Instead of this he accepted a clerkship, with characteristic sagacity declining a partnership; his employer failed, and before his first year of city life was out, the young adventurer was established on his own account in a small store in Cornhill. Abbott at this time was fifteen years old and at school. At sixteen, in October, 1808, he joined his brother in Boston, as an apprentice. An entry of Amos in his diary, records his appearance: "In 1808 he came to me as my apprentice, bringing his bundle under his arm, with less than three dollars in his pocket, and this was his fortune." His brother, whose character for industry and integrity was already formed, adds, "a first-rate business lad he was, but, like other bright lads, needed the careful eye of a senior to guard him from the pitfalls that he was exposed to."[1] We do not find him, however, neglecting his opportunities, for on the first of January, 1814, when he had become of age, he was taken in partnership by his brother on equal shares, Amos putting in fifty thousand dollars, which he had earned. The "Bramble news," three days afterward, knocked down the high price of goods, and as the stock of the new house was large, the junior partner saw himself a bankrupt. He was generously reassured by his brother, who offered to cancel his obligations and secure him five thousand dollars at the end of the year. "He declined the offer," writes Amos, "saying I should lose that and more beside, and, as he had enlisted, would do the best he could." Such was the character of the two brothers, and such were the elements of their success.

Abbott, who appears always to have had a sufficiency of public spirit, during the overthrow of business by the war, and the prospect of invasion, occupied himself with military duty as a soldier, while his brother took charge of the counting-house. His fondness for a soldier's life even led him to make application to the War Department for a commission in the army; but peace intervening, the intention was abandoned. Turning his attention anew to commercial business, he was sent by his brother to England in the first vessel which left Boston after the proclamation of peace. Abundance of good counsel followed him, with the details of trade, in the fraternal correspondence. He proved his activity by making his purchases at Manchester and dispatching them by the vessel in which he sailed, which returned to Boston within eighty-four days of her departure—a most fortunate venture, for the goods were sold in a week at enormous profits. "You are as famous among your acquaintances here," wrote Amos, "for the rapidity of your movements, as Bonaparte. Mr. —— thinks that you leave Bonaparte entirely in the background. I really feel a little proud, my dear brother, of your conduct. Few instances of like dispatch are known."

Mr. Lawrence continued for some time in England, and we have letters to him in his brother's correspondence of various dates, as he more than once

[1] Diary and Correspondence of Amos Lawrence, edited by his son, William R. Lawrence, p. 38.

visited that country on these business missions. The affairs of the house prospered, and numerous expressions of thankfulness are recorded in the diary of Amos as the fortunes of the partners increased. In 1819 Abbott was married to the daughter of the Hon. Timothy Bigelow, a lawyer of high standing in Medford. He had been acquainted with the lady from his youth. In 1821 his brother was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, and about the same time began to engage in those manufacturing pursuits with which he afterward became so greatly identified.

Of these occupations the Hon. Edward Everett writes, in a notice of the life of Abbott Lawrence published in his writings: "He very early took an interest in American manufactures. At a time when the merchants of the United States generally looked with indifference, if not with distrust, upon the attempt to compete with the fabrics of Europe, Mr. Lawrence took a different view of the subject, not from selfish motives, for his interests at that time were rather in the channels of trade. But he felt the importance of diversifying the pursuits of a community, in order to the full development of the endless variety of its talent. He calculated much on the indomitable energy of the American mind, and the matchless skill of the American hand. He saw with impatience the vast water-power with which Providence has endowed the country running to waste—a water-power equal in the aggregate to the whole steam-power of Great Britain. He regarded it as a practical absurdity of the grossest kind to consume coarse tissues made of the cotton of India, and sold here at twice and thrice the cost for which a vastly better article could be made from the product of our own soil; and he considered it but little less improvident to send our cotton and our wool to Europe, in order to employ foreign labor in converting them into cloth for our own consumption. On the contrary, he saw benefits far beyond those of a pecuniary nature, in building up a great manufacturing system, which should bring the raw material of the South and the capital and manufacturing skill of the North into a mutually beneficial connection. When he came forward into life, India cottons of a coarser and flimsier texture than anything that has ever been seen in this country by any man under thirty-five years of age, were sold in this market at retail for a quarter of a dollar a yard. Every attempt to manufacture a better article was crushed by foreign competition, acting upon imperfect machinery, want of skill incident to a novel enterprise, and the reluctance of capital to seek new and experimental investments.[1] We are now, without any diminution of our agriculture and navigation, but on the contrary with a large increase of both, the second manufacturing country in the world. The rising city which bears his name, on the beautiful banks of the Merrimac, will carry down to posterity no unworthy memorial of his participation in this auspicious work."

In accordance with these views Mr.

[1] Everett's Orations and Speeches, III. 367-8, 375-6.

Lawrence was a delegate to the Harrisburg Convention of 1827, called to promote the manufacturing interests of the country. In 1834 he was elected to the national House of Representatives, where he was placed on the Committee of Ways and Means. He declined reëlection, but was induced to serve again a few years later, when a severe attack of typhus fever at Washington compelled him to resign his seat and return home.[1] He was at this time and subsequently, looked upon, from his wealth and position, as an influential man in public affairs, of the whig politics of the school of Henry Clay. He was also of course an earnest coöperator with Daniel Webster, at whose suggestion he received the appointment of commissioner on behalf of Massachusetts to negotiate with Lord Ashburton on the settlement of the eastern boundary question.

Beside his activity in the cause of manufactures, he was early an earnest advocate of the system of railways connecting Boston with the great West. Mr. Everett records his fulfilled prophecy of a quarter of a century ago—an age in these matters—"We shall live to see the banks of the upper Mississippi connected by iron bands with State street." The main interest, however, with which his name will be identified, for it belongs more peculiarly to his own liberality, without any of that odor of gain which attaches to the material questions of manufactures and railway improvements, is the cause of education. His establishment of the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, by a donation in 1847 of fifty thousand dollars, a sum which he afterwards doubled, was the crowning act of his life. It was so felt by his brother Amos, himself distinguished by his charities and various similar acts of philanthropy to schools and colleges. It was beginning at the root of the material prosperity of the country; for he had the sagacity to perceive that ideas were before facts, and that the development of railways and manufactures, of trade and commerce, of agriculture, of arts and mechanics, depended in the first place upon scientific education. That men might be properly trained and educated at home, was an application of the protective system which no theorists of political economy could oppose, and no school of statesmen gainsay.

On his making the donation creating this splendid foundation, his brother Amos addressed him—"I hardly dare trust myself to speak what I feel, and therefore write a word to say that I thank God I am spared to this day to see accomplished by one so near and dear to me, this last best work ever done by one of our name, which will prove a better title to true nobility than any from the potentates of the world. It is to impress on unborn millions the great truth that our talents are trusts committed to us for use, and to be accounted for when the Master calls. . . . It enriches your descendants in a way that mere money never can do, and is a better investment than any one you have ever yet made."[1] He

[1] Memoir of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, in New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Oct., 1856.

[1] Letter June 9, 1847; Diary and Correspondence, p. 244–5.

also wrote to a friend: "This noble plan is worthy of him; and I can say truly to you, that I feel enlarged by his doing it. Instead of our sons going to France and other foreign lands for instruction, here will be a place, second to no other on earth, for such teaching as our country stands now in absolute need of. Here, at this moment, it is not in the power of the great railroad companies to secure a competent engineer to carry forward their work, so much are the services of such men in demand."

Mr. Lawrence will be remembered in public life by his mission to England. It arose out of his participation in the political movements which resulted in the election of General Taylor to the Presidency. He was looked upon in fact as a prominent candidate in that nomination for the Vice Presidency; but the choice falling on Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Lawrence, on the organization of the new administration, was offered a seat in the Cabinet. This he declined, when he received, in 1849, the mission to England—a position well suited to his wealth, the associations of his life and his desire for honorable public employment. Mr. Everett preserves a characteristic anecdote of his state of mind on receiving this appointment. The minister elect to the court of St. James, in his miscellaneous reading had met with the famous witticism of that well-trained diplomatist, Sir Henry Wotton, an Englishman of the politic days of King James I., that an ambassador was an excellent man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country. Half in jest we may presume, but quite in earnest as to the point of morality involved, Mr. Lawrence asked Everett—"Whether there was any real foundation in truth for this ancient epigrammatic jest—for if that was the case, his mind was made up; he had never yet told a lie, and was not going to begin at the age of fifty-six." To which Mr. Everett replied that he could answer for himself as a foreign minister; that he had never said a word or written a line, which, as far as his own character or that of his government was concerned, he should have been unwilling to see in the newspapers the next day."

Mr. Lawrence discharged the duties of his mission faithfully to his country, and acceptably to Americans abroad and to his English friends for three years, when he returned to America in time to attend the funeral, at Marshfield, of his illustrious friend, Daniel Webster. This event was followed soon after by the death of his brother, Amos Lawrence, the last day of December, 1852. He was himself destined not long to survive. Less than three years of life remained to him, which, like his preceding course, were distinguished by acts of useful charity. He died on the 18th of August, 1855, at the age of sixty-three, closing a career of eminent worth and usefulness, illustrating many of the noblest virtues of the mercantile character. Exact, conscientious, enterprising, his generosity and public spirit kept pace with his wealth. Nor were the charities of himself and his brother confined to public acts. They were governed by religious principle, and sought as well the secrecy of pri-

vate life. In addition to a second sum of fifty thousand dollars, to the Scientific School of Harvard, Mr. Abbott Lawrence bequeathed ten thousand dollars to the Boston Public Library, and five thousand dollars to the Franklin Library Association in Lawrence, beside various large religious grants. Nor must an enlightened foundation be forgotten, of a fund of fifty thousand dollars, the income of which was to be appropriated for the erection of model lodging-houses for the poor of Boston. He left also upwards of seventy thousand dollars in private bequests outside of his family.

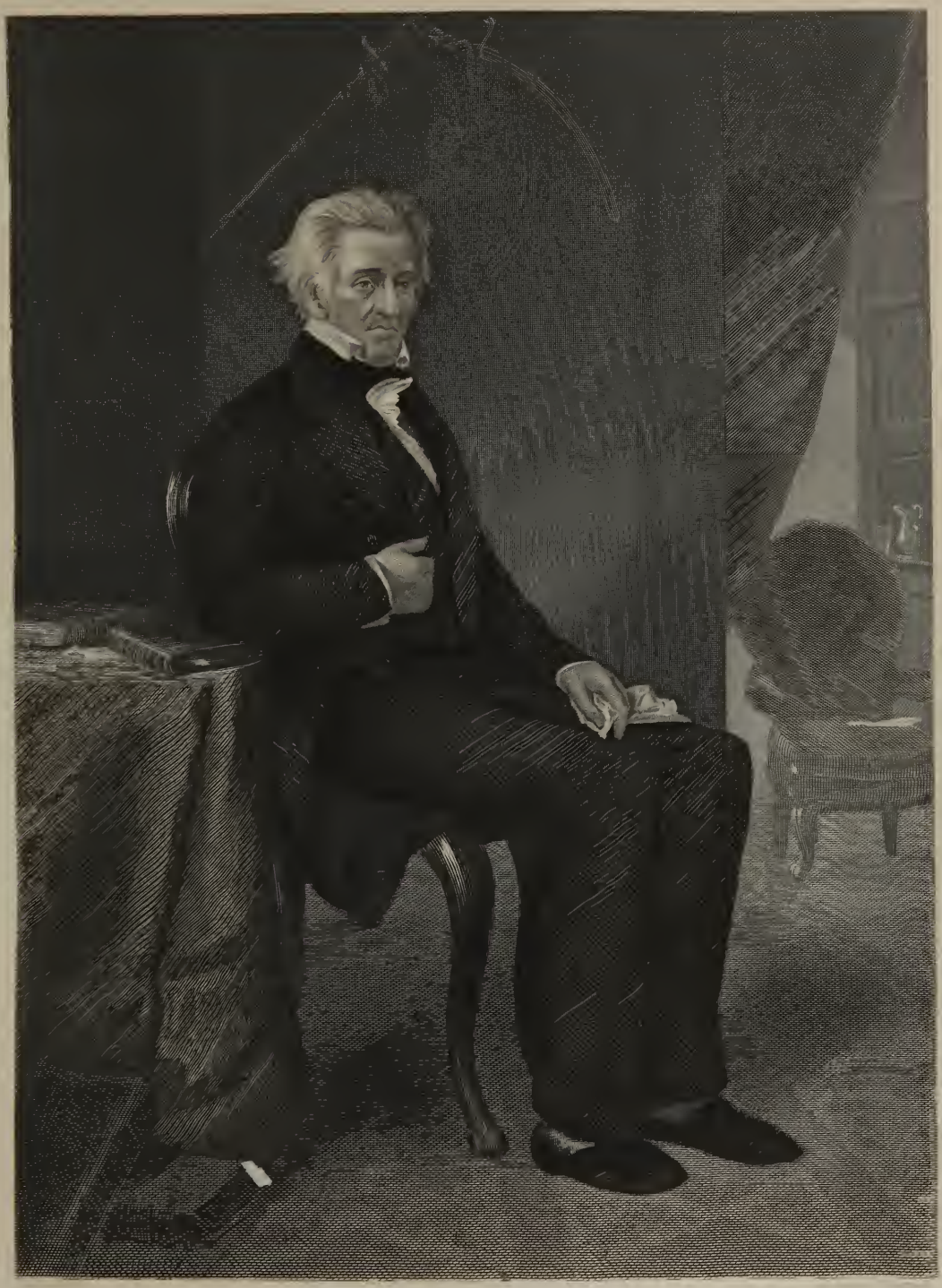
Of his personal character and domestic life, we are told by Mr. Everett that "though not professedly a man of letters, Mr. Lawrence had found time, in the intervals of business, for the acquisition of a great amount of miscellaneous knowledge, by a judicious course of reading. His home was filled with books, paintings and works of art; his conversation was at all times intelligent and instructive; his appreciation of liberal pursuits, prompt and cordial. In manner he was eminently courteous and affable. His kindly disposition found constant expression in a beaming smile, in tones and words and acts of cheerfulness, in unaffected sympathy with those around him. His purse, his advice, his encouraging voice were ever at the command of modest worth. His house was the stranger's home; his fireside the resort of friendship. Unostentatious hospitality was the presiding genius within his doors. Gloom and austerity were strangers to his countenance. He lived in an atmosphere of good will; not a languid sentiment, still less an empty profession; but substantial, effective good will, manifested in deeds of beneficence. It might be said of him, as it was said of his brother Amos, that "every day of his life was a blessing to some one."[1]

[1] Obituary of Abbott Lawrence in the Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 20, 1855.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Few of the eminent men of America, whose acts are recorded in these pages, entered upon the public stage so early and continued on it so late, as the subject of this sketch. To no one but himself was it reserved to bridge over so completely the era of the Revolution with the latest phase of political life in our day. The youth who had suffered wounds and imprisonment at the hands of a British officer in the war of Independence, was destined long after, when a whole generation had left the stage, to close a second war with that powerful nation by a triumphant victory; and when the fresh memory of that had passed away, and men were reading the record in history, the same hero, raised to the highest honor of the State, was to stand forth, not simply President of the United States, but the active representative of a new order of politics, reaping a new harvest of favor in civil administration, which would throw his military glory into the shade. Nor was this all. These comprehensive associations, much as they include, leave out of view an entirely distinct phase of the wonderful career of this extraordinary man. A rude pioneer of the wilderness, he opened the pathway of civilization to his countrymen, and by his valor in a series of bloody Indian wars, made the terrors of that formidable race a matter of tradition in lands which he lived to see blooming with culture and refinement. A hero in his boyhood, when Greene was leading his southern army to the relief of the Carolinas, he was in Congress the first representative of a new State, when Washington was President; and when the successors of that chieftain, Adams and Jefferson, had at length disappeared from the earthly scene in extreme old age, he, a man more of the future than the past, sat in the same great seat of authority, with an influence not inferior to theirs. Surrounded by these circumstances, in the rapid development of national life, in the infancy and progress of the country, if he had been a common man he would have acquired distinction from his position; but it was his character to form circumstances as well as profit by them. There are few cases in all history where, under adverse conditions, the man was so master of fortune. The simplest recital of his life carries with it an air almost of romance; his success mocked the wisdom of his contemporaries, and will tax the best powers of the future historians of America in its analysis.

Andrew Jackson was of Irish parentage. His father, of the same name, be-



Andrew Jackson

longed to a Protestant family in humble life, which had been long settled at Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland, whence he brought his wife and two children to America, in 1765. They were landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and proceeded at once to the upper region of the country, on the Catawba, known as the Waxhaw settlement. They came as poor emigrants to share the labors of their friends and countrymen who were settled in the district. Andrew Jackson, the elder, began his toilsome work in clearing the land on his plot at Twelve Mile Creek, a branch of the Catawba, in what is now known as Union County, North Carolina, but had barely established himself by two years' labor when he died, leaving his widow to seek a refuge with her brother-in-law in the neighborhood. A few days after her husband's death, on the 15th March, 1767, she brought forth a third son, Andrew, of whose life we are to give an account. The father having left little, if any, means of support for his family, the mother found a permanent home with another brother-in-law named Crawford, who resided on a farm just over the border in South Carolina. There the boyhood of Jackson was passed in the pursuits incident to youth, in frontier agricultural life. His physical powers were developed by healthy sports and exercise, and his mind received some culture in the humble rudiments of education in the limited schooling of the region. It is probable that something better was intended for him than for most of the boys in his position, since we hear of his being at an Academy at Charlotte, and of his mother's design to prepare him for the calling of a Presbyterian clergyman. Such, indeed, might well have been his prospects, for he had a nature capable of the service, had not the war of the Revolution, now breaking out afresh in the South, carried him in quite a different direction.

In 1779 came the invasion of South Carolina, the ruthless expedition of Prevost along the seaboard preceding the arrival of Clinton, and the fall of Charleston. The latter event occurred in May of the following year, and Cornwallis was free to carry out his plan for the subjugation of the country. Sending Tarleton before him, the very month of the surrender of the city, the war of devastation was carried to the border of the State, to the very home of Jackson. The action at the Waxhaws was one of the bloodiest in a series of bloody campaigns, which ended only with the final termination of hostilities. It was a massacre rather than a battle, as American blood was poured forth like water. The mangled bodies of the wounded were brought into the church of the settlement, where the mother of the young Jackson, then a boy of thirteen, with himself and brother—he had but one now, Hugh having already joined the patriots and fallen in the affair at Stono—attended the sick and dying. That "gory bed" of war, consecrated by the spot where his father had worshipped, and near which he reposed in lasting sleep, summoned the boy to his baptism of blood. He was not the one to shrink from the encounter. We accordingly find him on hand

at Sumter's attack, in the following August, on the enemy's post at Hanging Rock, accompanying Major Davies' North Carolina troop to the fight, though he does not appear to have engaged in the battle. A few days after, Gates was defeated at Camden, and Mrs. Jackson and her children fled before the storm of war to a refuge in the northern part of the district. The escape was but temporary, for, on her return in the spring, her boys were entangled, as they could not well fail to be in that region, in the desultory, seldom long intermitted partisan warfare which afflicted the Carolinas. In the preparation for one of the frequent skirmishes between Whig and Tory, the two brothers were surprised, escaped in flight, were betrayed and captured. It was on this occasion that the scene, often narrated, occurred, of the indignity offered by the British officer, met by the spirited resistance of the youth. Andrew was ordered by the officer, in no gentle tone, to clean his boots. He refused peremptorily, pleading his rights as a prisoner of war, an argument which brought down a rejoinder in a sword-thrust on head and arm raised for protection, the marks of which the old hero bore to his last day. A similar wound, at the same time, for a like offence, was the cause of his brother's death. Their imprisonment at Camden was most cruel; severely wounded, without medicine or care, with but little food, exposed to contagion, they were brought forth by their mother, who followed them and managed their exchange. Few scenes of war can be fancied, more truly heroic and pitiful than the picture presented by Mr. Parton, in his faithful biography of this earnest, afflicted, patriotic mother receiving her boys from the dungeon, "astonished and horrified" at their worn, wasted appearance. The elder was so ill as not to be able to sit on horseback without help, and there was no place for them in those troubled times but their distant home. It was forty miles away. Two horses, with difficulty we may suppose, were procured. "One she rode herself. Robert was placed on the other, and held in his seat by the returning prisoners, to whom his devoted mother had just given liberty. Behind the sad procession, poor Andrew dragged his weak and weary limbs, bareheaded, barefooted, without a jacket." Before the long journey was thus painfully accomplished, "a chilly, drenching, merciless rain" set in, to add to its hardships. Two days after, Robert died, and Andrew was, happily, perhaps, insensible to the event in the delirium of the small pox, which he had contracted in prison. What will not woman undertake of heroic charity? This mother of Andrew Jackson had no sooner seen her surviving boy recovered by her care, than she set off with two other matrons, on foot, traversing the long distance to Charleston to carry aid and consolation to her nephews and friends immured in the deadly prison-ships in the harbor. She accomplished her errand, but died almost in its execution, falling ill of the ship fever at the house of a relative in the vicinity of the city. Thus sank into her martyr's grave, this woman, worthy to be the mother of a

hero, leaving her son Andrew, "before reaching his fifteenth birth-day, an orphan; a sick and sorrowful orphan, a homeless and dependent orphan, an orphan of the Revolution."[1]

The youth remained with one of the Crawfords till a quarrel with an American commissary in the house—this lad of spirit would take indignity neither from friend nor foe—drove him to another relative, whose son being in the saddler's trade, led him to some six months' engagement in this mechanical pursuit. This was followed by a somewhat eager enlistment in the wild youthful sports or dissipations of the day, such as cockfighting, racing and gambling, which might have wrecked a less resolute victim; but his strength to get out of this dangerous current was happily superior to the force which impelled him into it, and he escaped. He even took to study and became a schoolmaster, not over competent in some respects, but fully capable of imparting what he had learnt in the rude old field schools of the time. We doubt not he put energy into the vocables, as the row of urchins stood before him, and energy, like the orator's action, is more than books to a schoolmaster.

A year or two spent in this way, not without some pecuniary profit, put him on the track of the law, for which there is always an opening in the business arising from the unsettled land titles of a new country, to say nothing of those personal strifes and traditions which follow man wherever he goes. The youth—he was yet hardly eighteen—accordingly offered himself to the most eminent counsel in the region—that is, within a hundred miles or so—alighting at the law office of Mr. Spence McCay, a man of note at Salisbury, North Carolina. There he passed 1785 and the following year, studying probably more than he has had credit for, his reputation as a gay young fellow of the town being better remembered, as is natural, than his ordinary office routine. He had also the legal instructions of an old warrior of the Revolution, brave Colonel Stokes, a good lawyer and mixture of the soldier and civilian, who must have been quite to Andrew Jackson's taste. Thus fortified, with the moderate amount of learning due his profession in those days, he was licensed and began the practice of the law.

His biographer, Mr. Parton, pleased with having brought him thus far successfully on the stage of life, stops to contemplate his subject at full length. His points may be thus summed up: "A tall fellow, six feet and an inch in his stockings; slender, but graceful; far from handsome, with a long, thin, fair face, a high and narrow forehead, abundant, reddish-sandy hair, falling low over it—hair not yet elevated to the bristling aspect of later days—eyes of a deep blue, brilliant when aroused, a bold rider, a capital shot."

As for the moral qualities which he adds to these physical traits, the prudence associated with courage and

[1] Parton's Life of Jackson, I. 95. We may here make a general acknowledgment for the aid we have received in this sketch from Mr. Parton's exhaustive narrative. He has far exceeded all previous biographers in the diligence of his investigations, and those who write after him of Jackson must needs follow in his steps.

"that omnipotent something which we call a presence," which faithful Kent saw in his old discrowned monarch Lear, as an appeal to service and named "authority,"—it is time enough to make these reflections when the man shall have proved them by his actions. He will have opportunity enough.

After getting his "law," the young advocate took a turn in the miscellaneous pursuits of the West, as a storekeeper at Martinsville, in Guildford County, keeping up his connection with his profession, it is reported, by performing the executive duties of a constable. He has now reached the age of twenty-one, when he may be said fairly to have entered upon his career, as he received the appointment of solicitor or public prosecutor in the western district of North Carolina, the present Tennessee. This carried him to Nashville, then a perilous journey through an unsettled country, filled with hostile Indians. He arrived at this seat of his future home, whence his country was often to summon him in her hour of need, in October, 1788, and entered at once vigorously on the practice of his profession, which was very much an off-hand, extempore affair, requiring activity and resolution more than learning, especially in the main duties of his office as collector of debts. A large extent of country was to be traversed in his circuits of the wilderness, on which it was quite as important to be a good woodman as a well-informed jurist. Indeed, there was more fear of the Indian than of the Opposite Counsel. Jackson had the confidence of the mercantile community behind him, and discharged his duties so efficiently, and withal was so provident of the future which his keen eye foresaw, that he prospered in his fortunes, and in a few years became a considerable landed proprietor.

In 1791 an event occurred which became subsequently a matter of frequent discussion, and which certainly required some explanation. Andrew Jackson married at Natchez, on the Mississippi, Mrs. Robards, at the time not fully divorced from her husband, though both Jackson and the lady believed the divorce had been pronounced. The error, after the sifting which the affair received when it became a ground of party attack, and the blazing light of a Presidential canvass was thrown upon it, is easily accounted for. The circumstances of the case may be thus briefly narrated: A Colonel Donelson, one of the founders of Nashville, brought with him to that settlement, not many years before, his daughter Rachel, who at the time of Jackson's arrival was married to a Mr. Robards, of Kentucky. The young "solicitor" found the pair living with the lady's mother, Mrs. Donelson, in whose house Jackson became an inmate. Robards appears to have been of a jealous temperament, and moreover of unsettled habits of living. At any rate, he had his home apart from his wife, and we presently find him, in the second winter after Jackson's arrival, applying as a Kentuckian, to the Virginia legislature for a divorce. He procured an order for the preliminary proceedings, which were understood, or rather misunderstood by the people of Tennessee, as

an authoritative separation. With this view of the matter, as the explanation is given, the marriage took place. The divorce was legally completed in 1793. When Jackson then learnt the true state of the case he had the marriage ceremony performed a second time. During the whole of the affair from the beginning, though he acted as a friend of the lady, he appears to have conducted himself toward her with the greatest propriety. Indeed, a certain innate sense of delicacy and pure chivalrous feeling toward woman, was always a distinctive trait of his character. It was constantly noticed by those most intimate with him, as a remarkable characteristic, in a man roughly taking his share in the wild pursuits and dissipations of the day. He was no doubt early an admirer of the lady, whose gay, spirited qualities and adventurous pioneer life were likely to fascinate such a man, and made no secret of his contempt for the husband, threatening on one occasion, when he was pestered by his jealousies, to cut out his ears. The story of his marriage was of course variously interpreted, but he allowed no doubtful intimations of the matter in his presence. It was a duel or war to the knife when any hesitation on that subject was brought to his hearing.

The region into which Jackson had emigrated, having passed through its territorial period, when the solicitor became attorney general, reached its majority in a State name and government of its own in 1796. He was one of the delegates to the convention at Knoxville, which formed the constitution of Tennessee, and one of the two members of each county, to whom was intrusted the drafting of that instrument. When the State was admitted into the Union, Andrew Jackson was chosen its first, and, at that time, only representative to Congress. He took his seat at the beginning of the session, at the close of the year, and was consequently present to receive the last opening message of George Washington, it being usual in those days for the President to meet both houses together at the commencement of their sitting, and deliver his speech in person—what is now the President's message. In like manner, according to the usage of the English Parliament, a reply was prepared and voted upon by each house, which was carried in person by the members to the President's mansion. The reply, in this instance, proposed in the House of Representatives by the Federalist committee, was thought too full an indorsement of the policy of the administration, and met with some opposition from the Republican minority, Andrew Jackson appearing as one of twelve, by the side of Edward Livingston, and William B Giles, of Virginia, voting against it. He did not speak on the question, and his vote may be regarded simply as an indication of his party sentiments, though, had he been an ardent admirer of Washington, he might, spite of his Tennessee politics, have voted with Gallatin for the original address. That he did not, does not imply necessarily any disaffection to Washington; but there was probably little of personal feeling in the matter to be looked for from him. The

independent life of the South and West had never leaned, as the heart of the Eastern and Atlantic regions, upon the right arm of Washington. The only question upon which he spoke during the session was in favor of assuming certain expenses incurred in an Indian expedition in his adopted State; and the resolution which he advocated was adopted. His votes are recorded in favor of appropriations for the navy, and against the black mail paid to Algiers. His success in the Indian bill was well calculated to please his constituents, and he was accordingly returned the next year to the Senate. It was the first session of the new administration, and all that is told of his appearance on the floor is the remark of Jefferson in his old age to Daniel Webster, that he had often seen him, from his Vice President's chair, attempt to speak, and "as often choke with rage." Mr. Parton adds to this recollection the bare fact that he made the acquaintance of Duane of the "Aurora," Aaron Burr and Edward Livingston. He retired before the end of the session, and resigned his seat. Private affairs called him home; but he could not have been well adapted to senatorial life, or he did not like the position, else he would have managed to retain it. It was an honor not to be thrown away lightly by an ambitious young man.

We next behold him chosen by the legislature a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee—a post, one would think, of severer requisitions than that of United States senator, since a member of a legislative body may give a silent vote or be relieved of an onerous committee, while the occupant of the bench is continually called upon to exercise the best faculties of the mind. It is to Jackson's credit that he held the position for six years, during which, as population flowed into the State and interests became more involved, the requisitions of the office must have been continually becoming more exacting. Its duties carried him to the chief towns of the State, where he was exposed to the observation of better read lawyers than himself. As no record was kept of his decisions, we have to infer the manner in which he acquitted himself from what we know of his qualifications. He no doubt made himself intelligible enough on simple questions and decided courageously and honestly what he understood; but in any nice matter he must have been at fault from want of skill in statement, if we may judge of his talents in this respect by his printed correspondence, which is ill spelt, ungrammatical and confused.

His personal energy, however, doubtless helped him on occasion, as in the famous anecdote of his arrest of Russell Bean. This strong villain, infuriated by his personal wrongs, was at war with society, and bade defiance to justice. It was necessary that he should be brought before the court where Jackson presided, but it was pronounced impossible to arrest him. The sheriff and his posse had alike failed, when the difficulty was solved by the most extraordinary edict which ever issued from the bench. "Summon me," said the judge to the law officer. It

was done and the arrest was made. It is curious to read of a judge of the Supreme Court planning duels and rough personal encounter with the governor of the State, as we do of Judge Jackson in his quarrel with Governor Sevier. No stronger evidence could be afforded of the imperfect social condition of the country. It was a rude, unfinished time, when life was passed in a fierce personal contest for supremacy, and wrongs real and imaginary were righted at sight by the pistol. This period of Jackson's career, including the ten years following the retirement from the bench, are filled with prodigious strife and altercation. The duelling pistols are always in sight, and dreary are the details of wretched personal quarrels preliminary to their use.

The first of these encounters in which Jackson was a principal occurred as early as 1795, when he was engaged in court and challenged the opposite counsel on the spot for some scathing remark, writing his message on the blank leaf of a law book. Shots were exchanged before the parties slept. The most prominent of Jackson's altercations, however, was his duel with Dickinson, a meeting noted among narratives of its class for the equality of the combat, and the fierce hostility of the parties. It was fought in 1806, on the banks of Red River in Kentucky. Charles Dickinson was a thriving young lawyer of Nashville, who had used some invidious expressions regarding Mrs. Jackson. These were apologized for and overlooked when a roundabout quarrel arose out of the terms of a horse race, which, after involving Jackson in a caning of one of the parties, and his friend Coffee in a duel with another, ended in bringing the former in direct collision with Dickinson. A duel was arranged. The principals were to be twenty-four feet apart, and take their time to fire after the word was given. Both were excellent shots, and Dickinson, in particular, was sure of his man. So certain was Jackson of being struck, that he made up his mind to let his antagonist have the first fire, a deliberate conclusion of great courage and resolution, based on a very nice calculation. He knew that his antagonist would be quicker than himself at any rate, and that if they fired together his own shot would probably be lost in consequence of the stroke he must undoubtedly receive from the coming bullet. He consequently received the fire, and was hit as he expected to be. The ball, aimed at his heart, broke a rib and grazed the breast bone. His shoes were filling with blood as he raised his pistol, took deliberate aim, re-adjusted the trigger as it stopped at half cock, and shot his adversary through the body. Dickinson fell, to bleed to death in a long day of agony. Jackson desired his own wound to be concealed, that his opponent might not have the gratification of knowing that he had hit him at all. Such was the courage and such the revenge of the man.[1]

After leaving the judgeship, Jackson —he was now called General Jackson,

[1] The details of this affair with all its preliminaries, occupy forty octavo pages of Mr. Parton's narrative—a curious and most instructive picture of the times.

having been chosen by the field officers major general of the State militia in 1801, gaining the distinction by a single vote—employed himself on his plantation, the Hermitage, near Nashville, and the storekeeping in which he had been more or less engaged since his arrival in the country. In partnership with his relative, Coffee, he was a large exchanger of the goods of the West for the native produce, which he shipped to New Orleans; and it was for his opportunities of aiding him in procuring provisions, as well as for his general influence, that Colonel Burr cultivated his acquaintance in his western schemes in 1805, and the following year. General Jackson, at first fascinated by the man, who stood well with the people of the country as a republican, introduced him into society and entertained him at his house; but when suspicion was excited by his measures, he was guarded in his intercourse, and stood clearly forth on any issue which might arise, involving the preservation of the integrity of the Union. On that point no friendship could bribe him. Accordingly he offered his services to President Jefferson, and, receiving orders to hold his command in readiness, there was great military bustle of the major general in Nashville, raising and reviewing companies, to interrupt the alarming proceedings of Colonel Burr on the Ohio. When it was found that there was nothing formidable to arrest, Jackson's feeling of regard for Burr revived, he acquitted him of any treasonable intent, and resolutely took his part during the trial at Richmond.

On the breaking out of the war with England, in 1812, General Jackson was one of the first to tender his services to the President. He called together twenty-five hundred volunteers and placed them at the disposal of the Government. The proffer was accepted, and in December Jackson was set in motion at the head of two thousand men to join General Wilkinson, then in command at New Orleans. The season was unusually cold and inclement; but the troops, the best men of the State, came together with alacrity, and by the middle of February were at Natchez, on the Mississippi. Jackson's friend and relative, Colonel Coffee, led a mounted regiment overland, while the rest descended the river. Colonel Thomas H. Benton also appears on the scene as General Jackson's aid. At Natchez, the party was arrested by an order from Wilkinson, and remained in inaction for a month, when a missive came from the War Department disbanding the force. Thus was nipped in the bud the ardent longing of the general, and the promise of one of the finest bodies of men ever raised in the country. Jackson, taking the responsibility, resolved that they should not be dismissed till, as in duty bound, he had returned them home. He accordingly led them back by land, and so solicitous was he for their welfare by the way, so jealous of their rights, carelessly invaded by the government, that his popularity with the men was unbounded. The fiery duellist, "sudden and quick in quarrel," gained by his patient kindness and endurance on that march, the endearing appellation,

destined to be of world-wide fame—Old Hickory.

He had taken, as we have said, the responsibility in bringing home the troops. This involved an assumption of their debts by the way, for it was not certain, though to be presumed, that the government would honor his drafts for the expenses of transportation. It did not. The paper was protested and returned upon his hands. In this strait, Colonel Benton, going to Washington, undertook the management of the affair, and by a politic appeal to the fears of the administration, lest it should lose the vote of the State, secured the payment. As he was about returning to Nashville, warmed by this act of friendship, he received word from his brother that General Jackson had acted as second in a duel to that brother's adversary—a most ungracious act, as it appeared, at a moment when the claims of gratitude should have been uppermost. The explanation was that Carroll, who received the challenge, was unfairly assailed, and appealed, as a friend, to the generosity of Jackson to protect him. Taking a duel very much as an everyday affair, the latter probably thought little of the absent Benton. The meeting came off, and Jesse Benton was wounded. An angry letter was written to Jackson by his brother, who came on to Nashville, venting his wrath in the most denunciatory terms—for Benton's vocabulary of abuse, though not more condensed, was more richly furnished with expletives than that of his general. This coming to the hearing of Jackson, he swore his big oath, "by the Eternal, that he would horsewhip Tom Benton the first time he met him." The Bentons knew the man, did not despise the threat, but waited armed for the onset. It came off one day at the door of the City Hotel in Nashville. There were several persons actors and victims in the affair. These are the items of the miserable business. The two Bentons are in the doorway as Jackson and his friend Colonel Coffee approach. Jackson, with a word of warning to Benton, brandishes his riding-whip; the Colonel fumbles for a pistol; the General presents his own, and at the instant receives in his arm and shoulder a slug and bullet from the barrel of Jesse Benton, who stands behind. Jackson is thus dropped, weltering in his blood with a desperate wound. Coffee thereupon thinking Tom Benton's pistol had done the work, takes aim at him, misses fire, and is making for his victim with the butt end, when an opportune cellar stairway opens to the retreating Colonel, who is precipitated to the bottom. Meanwhile Stokely Hays arrives, intent on plunging the sword, which he drew from his cane, into the body of Jesse Benton. He deals the thrust with unction, but striking a button, its force is lost and the weapon shivered. A struggle on the floor then ensues between the parties, the fatal dagger of Hays being raised to transfix his wounded victim, when it is intercepted by a bystander, and the murderous and bloody work is over. Such was the famous Benton feud. It laid Jackson ingloriously up for several weeks, and drove Colonel Benton to Missouri. There was a long interval of mutual

hostile feeling, to be succeeded by a devoted friendship of no ordinary intensity.

This Benton affray took place on the 4th of September, 1813. A few days before, on the 30th of August, occurred the massacre by the Creek Indians of the garrison and inhabitants at Fort Mimms, a frontier post in the southern part of Alabama. A large number of neighboring settlers, anxious for their safety, had taken refuge within the stockade. The assailants took it by surprise, and though the defenders fought with courage, but few of its inhabitants escaped the terrible carnage. The Indians were led by a redoubtable chieftain, named Weathersford, the son of a white man and a Seminole mother, a leader of sagacity, of great bravery and heroism, and of no ordinary magnanimity. He was unable, however, to arrest, as he would, the fiendish atrocities committed at the fort. Women and children were sacrificed in the horrible rage for slaughter, and the bloody deed was aggravated by the most indecent mutilations. A cry was spread through the Southwest similar to that raised in our own day in India, at the Sepoy brutalities. Vengeance was demanded alike for safety and retribution. On the 18th of September the news had reached Nashville, four hundred miles distant, and General Jackson was called into consultation as he sat, utterly disabled with his Benton wounds, in his sick-room. It was resolved that a large body of volunteers should be summoned, and, ill as he was, he promised to take command of them when they were collected. Still suffering severely, before they were ready to move he joined them at Fayetteville, the place of meeting. He arrived in camp the seventh of October, and began his work of organizing the companies. Everything was to be done in drill and preparation for the advance into a wilderness where no supplies were to be had; yet in four days, a report having reached him that the enemy were approaching, he led his troops, about a thousand men, an afternoon march of thirty-two miles in six hours to Huntsville. The Indians, however, were not yet at hand, and joining Colonel Coffee, whom he had sent forward with a cavalry command, on the banks of the Tennessee, he was reluctantly compelled to wait there too long a time for his impatience, till something could be done in providing stores, in which the army was lamentably deficient. A post was established on the river named Fort Deposit, whence Jackson, still inadequately provided, set out, on the twenty-fifth of the month, on his southward march, and carried his force to an encampment at Ten Islands, on the Coosa River. There Coffee was detached to attack a body of Indians at their town of Talluschatches. He performed the service with equal skill and gallantry; and though the Creeks, as they did throughout the war, fought with extraordinary valor, urged on by religious fanaticism, he gained a brilliant victory. One of the incidents of the bloody field was the accidental slaughter of an Indian mother clasping her infant to her breast. The child was carried to Jackson, who

had it tenderly cared for, and finally taken to his home. The boy, named Lincoyer, was brought up at the Hermitage, and suitably provided for by the general.

The next adventure of the campaign was an expedition led by Jackson himself to relieve a camp of friendly Indians at Talladega, invested by a large band of hostile Creeks. The very night on which he received the message asking aid, brought by a runner who had escaped from the beleaguered fort in disguise, he started with a force of two thousand men, eight hundred of whom were mounted, and in a long day's march through the wilderness traversed the intervening distance, some thirty miles, to the neighborhood of the fort. The dawn of the next morning saw him approaching the enemy—a thousand picked warriors. Disposing the infantry in three lines, he placed the cavalry on the extreme wings, to advance in a curve and inclose the foe in a circle. A guard was sent forward to challenge an engagement. The Indians received its fire and followed in pursuit, when the front line was ordered up to the combat. There was some misunderstanding, and a portion of the militia composing it retreated, when the general promptly supplied their place by dismounting a corps of cavalry kept as a reserve. The militia then rallied, the fire became general, and the enemy were repulsed in every direction. They were pursued by the cavalry and slaughtered in great numbers, two hundred and ninety being left dead on the field and many more bore the marks of the engagement. The American loss was fifteen killed and eighty-five wounded. The friendly Creeks came forth from the fort to thank their deliverers, and share with them their small supply of food.

This was emphatically, contrary to all the rules of war, a hungry campaign. On his return to his camp, to which, having been fortified, the name Fort Strother was given, Jackson found the supplies which he had urgently demanded, and which he so much needed, not yet arrived. His private stores, which had been bought and forwarded at his expense, were exhausted to relieve the wants of his men. He himself, with his officers, subsisted on unseasoned tripe, like the poor and proud Spanish grandee in the Adventure of Lazarillo de Tormes, eulogizing the horse's foot, maintaining that he liked nothing better. The story is told of a starving soldier approaching him at this time with a request for food. "I will give you," said the general, "what I have," and with that he drew from his pocket a few acorns, "my best and only fare."[1]

Food, food, was the constant cry of Jackson in his messages to the rulers in the adjoining States. It was long in coming, and in the meanwhile the commander, eager to follow up his successes and close the war, was condemned to remain in inactivity—the hardest trial for a man of his temper. Scant subsistence and the hardships common to all encampments brought discontent. The men longed to be at home, and symptoms of revolt began to appear. The militia actually com-

[1] Eaton's Life of Jackson, p. 66.

menced their march backward; but they had reckoned without their leader. On starting they found the volunteers drawn up to oppose their progress, and abandoned their design. Such was the force of Jackson's authority in the camp, that when these volunteers, who were in reality disappointed that the movement did not succeed, attempted in their turn to escape, they were in like manner met by the militia. The occasion required all Jackson's ingenuity and resolution, and both were freely expended. His iron will had to yield something in the way of compromise. Appealing to his men, he secured a band of the most impressible to remain at Fort Strother, while he led the rest in quest of provisions toward Fort Deposit. The understanding was that they were to return with him when food was obtained. They had not gone far when they met a drove of cattle on their way to the camp. A feast was enjoyed on the spot; but the men were still intent on going homeward. Nearly the whole brigade was ready for motion, when Jackson, who had ordered their return, was informed of their intention. His resolution was taken on the instant. He summoned his staff, and gave the command to fire on the mutineers if they attempted to proceed. One company, already on the way, was thus turned back, when, going forth alone among the men, he found the movement likely to become general. There was no choice in his mind but resistance at the peril of his life, for the men once gone, the whole campaign was at an end. Seizing a musket, he rested the barrel on the neck of his horse—he was unable, from his wound, to use his left arm—and threatened to shoot the first who should attempt to advance. An intimation of this kind from Jackson was never to be despised. The men knew it, and returned to their post. They yielded to the energy of a superior mind, but they were not content. Their next resource was, an assertion of the termination of their year's enlistment, which they said would expire on the tenth of December; but here they were met by the astute lawyer, who reminded them that they were pledged to serve one year out of two, and that the year must be an actual service in the field of three hundred and sixty-five days. The argument, however, failed to convince, and as the day approached the men were more resolute for their departure. They addressed a courteous letter to their commander, to which he replied in an earnest expostulatory address. "I know not," he said, "what scenes will be exhibited on the tenth instant, nor what consequences are to flow from them here or elsewhere; but as I shall have the consciousness that they are not imputable to any misconduct of mine, I trust I shall have the firmness not to shrink from a discharge of my duty." The appeal was not heeded, and on the evening of the ninth the signs of mutiny were not to be mistaken. The general took his measures accordingly. He ordered all officers and soldiers to their duty, and stationed the artillery company with their two pieces in front and rear, while he posted the militia on an eminence in advance. He himself rode along

the line and addressed the men, in their companies, with great earnestness. He talked of the disgrace their conduct would bring upon themselves, their families and country; that they would succeed only by passing over his dead body: while he held out to them the prospect of reinforcements. "I am too," he said, "in daily expectation of receiving information whether you may be discharged or not; until then, you must not and shall not retire. I have done with entreaty; it has been used long enough. I will attempt it no more. You must now determine whether you will go, or peaceably remain: if you still persist in your determination to move forcibly off, the point between us shall soon be decided." There was hesitation. He demanded a positive answer. Again a slight delay. The artillerist was ordered to prepare the match. The word of surrender passed along the line, and a second time the rebellious volunteers succumbed to the will of their master. These, it should be stated, were the very men, the original company, whom Jackson had carried to Natchez, and for whose welfare on their return he had pledged his property. But in vain he reminded them of the fact, and appealed to their sense of generosity to remain in the service. He gave them finally the choice to proceed to Tennessee or remain with him. They chose the former, and he let them go.

The men he had left with him were enlisted for short periods, or so understood it. There was little to build upon for the campaign, and he was even advised by the Governor of Tennessee, to abandon the prosecution of the war, at least for the present, or till the administration at Washington should provide better means for carrying it on. This was not advice, desperate as appeared the situation, to be accepted by Jackson. His reply was eminently characteristic—charged with a determined self-reliance which he sought to infuse into his correspondent. "Take the responsibility" is written all over it. "If you would preserve your reputation," he writes, "or that of the State over which you preside, you must take a straightforward, determined course; regardless of the applause or censure of the populace, and of the forebodings of that dastardly and designing crew, who, at a time like this, may be expected to clamor continually in your ears. The very wretches who now beset you with evil counsel, will be the first, should the measures which they recommend eventuate in disaster, to call down imprecations on your head, and load you with reproaches. Your country is in danger: apply its resources to its defence! Can any course be more plain? Do you, my friend, at such a moment as the present, sit with your arms folded and your heart at ease, waiting a solution of your doubts and a definition of your powers? Do you wait for special instruction from the Secretary of War, which it is impossible for you to receive in time for the danger that threatens?" The governor had said that his power ceased with the call for troops. "Widely different," replies Jackson, "is my opinion. You are to see that they come when they are

called. Of what avail is it," he urges with an earnestness savoring of sarcasm, 'to give an order if it be never executed, and may be disobeyed with impunity? Is it by empty mandates that we can hope to conquer our enemies and save our defenceless frontiers from butchery and devastation? Believe me, my valued friend, there are times when it is highly criminal to shrink from responsibility or scruple about the exercise of our powers. There are times when we must disregard punctilious etiquette and think only of serving our country." He also presented, in like forcible terms, the injurious effects of abandoning the frontiers to the mercy of the savage. The governor took the advice to heart, pointedly as it was given; he ordered a fresh force of twenty-five hundred militia into the field, and seconded General Jackson's call upon General Cocke for the troops of East Tennessee. Meantime, however, Jackson's force at Fort Strother was reduced to a minimum; the militia, enlisted for short terms, would go, and there was great difficulty in getting new recruits on to supply their places. The brave Coffee failed to reënlist his old regiment of cavalry. There was a strange want of alacrity through the early period of this war, in raising and disciplining the militia. With a proper force at his command, duly equipped and supplied, Jackson would have brought the savages to terms in a month. As it was, nearly a year elapsed; but the fighting period, when he was once ready to move, was of short duration.

While he was waiting for the new Tennessee enlistments. he determined to have one brush with the enemy with such troops as he had. He accordingly set in motion his little force of eight hundred raw recruits on the fifteenth of January, on an excursion into the Indian territory. At Talladega he was joined by between two and three hundred friendly Cherokees and Creeks, with whom he advanced against the foe, who were assembled on the banks of the Tallapoosa, near Emuckfau. He reached their neighborhood on the night of the twenty-first, and prepared his camp for an attack before morning. The Indians came, as was expected, about dawn; were repulsed, and when daylight afforded the opportunity, were pursued with slaughter. There was another sharp conflict about the middle of the day, which ended in a victory for the Americans, at some cost to the conquerors, who, ill prepared to keep the field, moved back toward the fort. Enotochopco Creek was reached and crossed by a part of the force, when the Indians fell upon the rear guard, who turned and fled; the artillery, however, still left on that side of the river, gave the savages a warm reception, when they were pursued by the cavalry, which had recrossed the stream.

By this time the country was roused to some adequate support of its general in the field. At the end of February, Jackson was reinforced by the arrival at Fort Strother of a force from East and West Tennessee of about five thousand men. By the middle of the next month he was in motion, terribly in earnest for a short and summary ex-

tirpation of the savages. The execution of John Woods, a Tennessee youth who had shown some insubordination in camp, was a prelude to the approaching tempest. The commander thought it necessary to the unity and integrity of the service. Fortunately for the purposes of this new invasion, the chief warriors of the nation assembled themselves at a place convenient enough for defence, but where defeat was ruin. It was at Tohopeka, an Indian name for the horse-shoe bend of the Tallapoosa, an area of a hundred acres inclosed by the deep waters of the river and protected at its junction with the land by a heavy breastwork of logs pierced for musketry and skillfully arranged for defence. Within this inclosure, at the time of Jackson's arrival, on the twenty-seventh of March, with less than three thousand men, including a regiment of regulars under Colonel Williams, were assembled some eight or nine hundred warriors of the Creeks. The plan of attack was thus arranged. Sending General Coffee to the opposite side of the river to effect a diversion in that quarter, Jackson himself directed the assault on the works at the neck. He had two field pieces, which were advantageously planted on a neighboring eminence. His main reliance, however, was at close quarters with his musketry. On the river side General Coffee succeeded in inclosing the bend and cutting off escape by the canoes, which he captured by the aid of his friendly Indians, and used as a means of landing in the rear of the enemy's position. This success was the signal for the assault in front. Regulars and volunteers, eager for the contest, advanced boldly up. Reaching the rampart, the struggle was for the port-holes, through which to fire, musket meeting musket in the close encounter. "Many of the enemy's balls," says Eaton, "were welded between the muskets and bayonets of our soldiers. Major Montgomery, of Williams's regiment, led the way on the rampart, and fell dead summoning his men to follow. Others succeeded and the fort was taken. In vain was the fight kept up within, from the shelter of the fallen trees, and equally hopeless was the attempt at escape by the river. No quarter was asked, and none given, for none would be received. Women and children were the only prisoners. It was a desperate slaughter. Nearly the whole band of Indians perished, selling their lives as dearly as possible. The American loss was fifty-five killed and about thrice the number wounded; but the Cherokee dead were to be counted by hundreds. Having struck this fearful blow, Jackson retired to Fort Williams, which he had built on his march, and issued, as was his wont—he was quite equal to Napoleon in this respect—an inspiriting address to his troops. If the words are not always his, the sentiment, as his biographer suggests, is ever Jacksonian. Somebody or other was always found to give expression to his ardent ejaculations, which need only the broad theatre of a European battlefield to vie with the thrilling manifestoes of Bonaparte. "The fiends of the Tallapoosa will no longer murder our women and children, or disturb

the quiet of our borders. Their midnight flambeaux will no more illumine their council-house, or shine upon the victim of their infernal orgies." The gratifying event was nearer even than the general anticipated. He looked for a further struggle, but the spirit of the nation was broken. Advancing southward, he joined the troops from the south at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, the "Holy Ground" of the Indians, where he received their offers of submission. The brave chieftain, Weathersford, voluntarily surrendered himself. A portion of the Indians fled to Florida. Those who were left were ordered to the northern parts of Alabama, Fort Jackson being established at the confluence of the rivers to cut off their communication with foreign enemies on the seaboard. The war had originally grown out of the first English successes and the movements of Tecumseh on the northern frontier, and was assisted by Spanish sympathy on the Gulf.

Jackson was now at liberty to return to Nashville with the troops who had shared his victories. He had of course a triumphant reception in Tennessee, and his services were rewarded at Washington by the appointment of major general in the army of the United States, the resignation of General Harrison at the moment placing this high honor at the disposal of the government. It was an honor well deserved, earned by long and patient service under no ordinary difficulties—difficulties inherent to the position, aggravated by the delays of others, and some, formidable enough to most men, which he carried with him bound up in his own frame. We so naturally associate health and bodily vigor with brilliant military achievements that it requires an effort of the mind to figure Jackson as he really was in these campaigns. We have seen him carrying his arm in a sling, unable to handle a musket when he confronted his retiring army; but that was a slight inconvenience of his wound compared with the gnawing disease which was preying upon his system. "Chronic diarrhœa," says his biographer, "was the form which his complaint assumed. The slightest imprudence in eating or drinking brought on an attack, during which he suffered intensely. While the paroxysm lasted he could obtain relief only by sitting on a chair with his chest against the back of it and his arms dangling forward. In this position he was sometimes compelled to remain for hours. It often happened that he was seized with the familiar pain while on the march through the woods at the head of the troops. In the absence of other means of relief he would have a sapling half severed and bent over, upon which he would hang with his arms downward, till the agony subsided."[1]

In July, General Jackson was again at the South on the Alabama, presiding at the treaty conference with the Indians. The terms he proposed were thought hard, but he was inexorable in requiring them. The treaty of Fort Jackson, signed on the tenth of August, stripped the Creeks of more than

[1] Parton's Jackson, I. 547–8.

half of their possessions, confining them to a region least inconvenient to the peaceful enjoyment of the neighboring States. "As a national mark of gratitude," the friendly Creeks bestowed upon General Jackson and his associate in the treaty, Colonel Hawkins, three miles square of land to each, with a request that the United States Government would ratify the gift: but this, though recommended to Congress by President Madison, was never carried into effect.

While the treaty was still under negotiation, Jackson was intent on the next movement of the war, which he foresaw would carry him to the shores of the Gulf. He knew the sympathy of the Spaniards in Florida with the English, and was prepared for the designs of the latter against the southern country. Having obtained information that British muskets were distributed among the Indians, and that English troops had been landed in Florida, he applied to the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, for permission to call out the militia and reduce Pensacola at once. The matter was left to the discretion of the commander, but the letter conferring the authority did not reach him for six months. In the mean time he felt compelled to take the management of the war into his own hands. Fully aware of the impending struggle, he was in correspondence with Governor Claiborne of Louisiana, putting him on his guard, and with Maurequez, the Spanish governor of Pensacola, calling him to a strict account for his tampering with the enemy. To be nearer the scene of operations, he removed, immediately after the conclusion of the treaty, to Mobile, where he could gain the earliest intelligence of the movements of the British. Learning there, in September, of a threatened visit of the fleet under the orders of Colonel Nichols to Mobile, he called loudly upon the governors of the adjoining States for aid, and gave the word to his adjutant, Colonel Butler, in Tennessee, to enlist and bring on his forces. They responded eagerly to the call, for the name of Jackson was now identified with glory and victory, which they were ambitious to share. His old friend, General Coffee, was their leader. Before they arrived, the fort at the mouth of the bay was put in a state of defence under the command of Major Lawrence, of the United States infantry. In the afternoon of the fifteenth of September it was his fortune to maintain the post against a bombardment by the British fleet of Captain Percy which recalls both the attack and success of the defenders at Fort Sullivan, in the war of the Revolution. What Moultrie and his brave men did on that day in repelling the assault of Sir Peter Parker and his ships was now done by Lawrence at Fort Bowyer. "Don't give up the fort" was his motto, as "Don't give up the ship" had been uttered by his namesake on "the dying deck" of the Chesapeake, the year before. The fort was not given up. Percy's flagship, the Hermes, was destroyed, and the remainder of his command returned, seriously injured, to Pensacola.

General Jackson rejoiced in this victory at Mobile, and waited only the

arrival of his forces to carry the war home to the British in Florida. At the end of October, General Coffee arrived with twenty-eight hundred men on the Mobile River, where Jackson joined him, and mustering his forces to the number of three thousand, marched on the third of November against Pensacola. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining forage on the way, the cavalry was dismounted. The troops had rations for eight days. On his arrival before the town, being desirous as far as possible of presenting his movements in a peaceful light, General Jackson sent a messenger forward to demand possession of the forts to be held by the United States "until Spain, by furnishing a sufficient force, might be able to protect the province and preserve unimpaired her neutral character." On approaching the fort the bearer of the flag was fired on and compelled to retire. Aware of the delicacy of his self-imposed undertaking, before proceeding to extremities he sent a second message to the governor, by a Spanish corporal who had been captured on his route. This time, word was brought back that the governor was ready to listen to his proposals. He accordingly sent Major Piere a second time with his demands. A council was held, and they were refused. Nothing was then left but to proceed. The town was gained by a simple stratagem. Arranging a portion of his troops as if to advance directly on his road, he drew the British shipping to a position on that side, when, by a rapid march, he suddenly presented his main force on the other. He consequently entered the town before the movement could be met. A street fight ensued, and a barrier was taken, when the governor appeared with a flag of truce. General Jackson met him and demanded the surrender of the military defences, which was conceded. Some delay, however, occurred, which ended in the delivery of the fortifications, of the town, and the blowing up of the fort at the mouth of the harbor. Having accomplished this feat, the British fleet sailed away before morning. Whither were they bound? To Fort Bowyer and Mobile in all probability, and thither Jackson, leaving the Spanish governor on friendly terms behind him, hastened his steps. Tarrying a few days for the British, who did not come, he took his departure for New Orleans, with his staff, and in a journey of nine days reached the city on the first of December.

If ever the force of a single will, the safety which may be provided for an imperilled people by the confidence of one strong right arm, were fully illustrated, it would seem to be in the military drama which was enacted in this and the following month on the banks of the Mississippi. Andrew Jackson was the chief actor. Louisiana had brave men in her midst, numerous in proportion to her mixed population and still unsettled condition, but whom had she, at once with experience and authority, to summon on the instant out of the discordant materials a band strong enough for her preservation? At the time of General Jackson's arrival a large fleet of the enemy

was hovering on the coast amply provided with every resource of naval and military art, bearing a host of the veteran troops of England, experienced in the bloody contests under Wellington—an expedition compared with which the best means of defence at hand for the inhabitants of New Orleans resembled the resistance of the reeds on the river bank to Behemoth. It was the genius of Andrew Jackson which made those reeds a rampart of iron. He infused his indomitable courage and resolution in the whole mass of citizens. A few troops of hunters, a handful of militia, a band of smugglers, a company of negroes, a group of peaceful citizens stiffened under his inspiration into an army. Without Jackson, irresolution, divided counsels, and surrender, might, with little reproach to the inhabitants, under the circumstances, have been the history of one fatal fortnight. With Jackson all was union, confidence and victory.

The instant of his arrival he set about the work of organization, reviewing the military companies of the city, selecting his staff, personally examining the approaches from the sea and arranging means of defence. He was determined that the first step of the enemy on landing should be resisted. This was the inspiration of the military movements which followed, and the secret of his success. He did not get behind intrenchments and wait for the foe to come up, but determined to go forth and meet him on the way. He was not there so much to defend New Orleans as to attack an army of insolent intruders and drive them into the sea. They might be thousands, and his force might be only hundreds, but he knew of but one resolve, to fight to the uttermost, and he pursued the resolution as if he were revenging a personal insult.

Events came rapidly on as was anti cipated, an attack was made from the fleet upon the gunboats on Lake Borgne. They were gallantry defended, but compelled to surrender. This action took place on the fourteenth of December. Now was the time, if ever, to met the invading host. The spirit of Jackson rose, if possible, yet higher with the occasion. Well knowing that not a man in the city could be spared, and the inefficiency, in such emergencies, of the civil authority, he resolve to take the whole power in his own hands. On the sixteenth, he proclaimed martial law. Its effect was to concentrate every energy of the people with a single aim to their deliverance. Two days after, a review was held of the State militia, the volunteer companies, and the battalion of free men of color, when a stirring address was read, penned by the general's secretary, Edward Livingston—a little smoother than Old Hickory's bulletins in the Alabama wilderness, but not at all uncertain. The Tennessee, Mississippi and Kentucky recruits had not yet arrived; but they were on their way, straining every nerve in forced marches to meet the coming danger. Had the British moved with the same energy, the city might have fallen to them. It was not till the twenty-first, a week after their victory on the lake, that they began their advance, and pushed a portion of

their force through the swamps, reaching a plantation on the river bank, six miles below the city, on the forenoon of the twenty-third. It was past midday when word was brought to Jackson of their arrival, and within three hours a force of some two thousand men was on the way to meet them. No attack was expected by the enemy that night; their comrades were below in numbers, and they anticipated an easy advance to the city the next morning. They little knew the commander with whom they had to deal. That very night they must be assailed in their position. Intrusting an important portion of his command to General Coffee, who was on hand with his brave Tennesseans, charged with surrounding the enemy on the land side, Jackson himself took position in front on the road, while the Carolina, a war schooner, dropped down on the river opposite the British station. Her cannonade, at half-past seven, throwing a deadly shower of grape-shot into the encampment, was the signal for the commencement of this night struggle. It was a fearful contest in the darkness, frequently of hand to hand individual prowess, particularly where Coffee's riflemen were employed. The forces actually engaged are estimated on the part of the British, including a reinforcement which they received, at more than twenty-three hundred; about fifteen hundred Americans took part in the fight. The result, after an engagement of nearly two hours, was a loss to the latter of twenty-four killed, and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded and missing. The British loss was much larger, sustaining as they did the additional fire of the schooner.

Before daylight, Jackson took up his position at a canal two miles distant from the camp of the enemy, and consequently within four of the city. The canal was deepened into a trench, and the earth thrown back formed an embankment, which was assisted by the famous cotton bales, a device that proved of much less value than has been generally supposed. A fortnight was yet to elapse before the final and conclusive engagement. Its main incidents were the arrival of General Sir Edward Pakenham, the commander-in-chief, with General Gibbs, in the British camp, on the twenty-fifth, bringing reinforcements from Europe; the occupation by the Americans of a position on the opposite side of the river protecting their camp; the destruction of the Carolina by red hot shot on the twenty-seventh; an advance of the British, with fearful preparation of artillery, to storm the works the following day, which was defeated by the Louisiana sloop advantageously posted in the river, and the fire from the American batteries, which were every day gaining strength of men and munitions; the renewal of the attack with like ill success on the first of January; the simultaneous accession to the American force of over two thousand Kentucky riflemen, mostly without rifles; a corresponding addition to the enemy on the sixth, and a general accumulation of resources on both sides, in preparation for the final encounter. On the eighth of January, a last attempt was made on the American front, which

extended about a mile in a straight line from the river along the canal into the wood. The plan of attack, which was well conceived, was to take possession of the American work upon the opposite bank of the river, turn its guns upon Camp Jackson, and under cover of this diversion scale the embankment, and gain possession of the battery. The first was defeated by the want of means, and loss of time in getting the necessary troops across the river; the main attack, owing to some neglect, was inadequately supplied with scaling ladders, and the troops were marched up to slaughter from the murderous fire of the artillerymen and riflemen from behind the embankment. Throughout the whole series of engagements, the American batteries, mounting twelve guns of various calibre, were most skilfully served. The loss on that day of death was to the defenders but eight killed and thirteen wounded; that of the assailants in killed, wounded and missing exceeded, in their official returns, two thousand.[1] A monument in Westminster Abbey attests the regret of the British public for the death of the commander-in-chief, a hero of the Peninsular war, the lamented Pakenham.

Ten days after, having endured various hardships in the meantime, the British army, under the direction of General Lambert, took its departure. On the twenty-first, Jackson broke up his camp with an address to his troops, and returned to New Orleans in triumph. On the twenty-third, at his request, a *Te Deum* was celebrated at the cathedral, when he was received at the door, in a pleasant ceremonial, by a group of young ladies representing the States of the Union.

The conduct of Jackson throughout the month of peril, whilst the enemy was on the land, was such as to secure him the highest fame of a commander. He had not been called upon to make any extensive manœuvres in the field, but he had taken his dispositions on new ground with a rapid and profound calculation of the resources at hand. His employment of Lafitte and his men of Barrataria, the smugglers whom he had denounced from Mobile as "hellish banditti," is proof of the sagacity with which he accommodated himself to circumstances, and his superiority to prejudice. They had a character to gain and turned their wild experience of gunnery to most profitable account at his battery. His personal exertions and influence may be said to have won the field; and it should be remembered in what broken health he passed his sleepless nights, and days of constant anxiety.

The departure of the British did not relax the vigilance of the energetic Jackson. Like the English Strafford, his motto was "thorough," as the good people of New Orleans learnt before this affair was at an end. He did not abate, in the least, his strict military rule, till the last possible occasion for its exercise had gone by. It was continued when the enemy had left, and through days and weeks when assurance of the peace news was established to every mind but his own. He

[1] Dawson's Battles of the United States, II. 419.

chose to have certainty, and the "rigor of the game." In the midst of the ovations and thanksgivings, in the first moments of exultation, he signed the death warrant of six mutineers, deserters, who as long before as September, had construed a service of the old legal term of three months as a release from their six months' engagement; and the severe order was executed at Mobile. In a like spirit of military exactitude, New Orleans being still held under martial law, to the chafing of the citizens, he silenced a newspaper editor who had published a premature, incorrect bulletin of peace; banished the French citizens who were disposed to take refuge from his jurisdiction in their nationality; arrested an important personage, M. Louaillier, a member of the Legislature, who argued the question in print; and when Judge Hall, of the United States Court, granted a writ of habeas corpus, to bring the affair to a judicial investigation, he was promptly seized and imprisoned along with the petitioner. The last affair occurred on the fifth of March. A week later, the official news of the peace treaty was received from Washington, and the iron grasp of the general at length relaxed its hold of the city. The civil authority succeeded to the military, when wounded justice asserted its power, in turn, by summoning the victorious general to her bar, to answer for his recent contempt of court. He was unwilling to be entangled in legal pleadings, and cheerfully paid the imposed fine of one thousand dollars. He was as ready in submitting to the civil authority now that the war was over, as he had been decided in exacting its obedience when the safety of the State seemed to him the chief consideration. Thirty years after, the amount of the fine, principal and interest was repaid him by Congress.

The reception of the victorious defender of New Orleans, on his return to Nashville, and subsequent visit, in autumn, to the seat of government, was a continual ovation. On his route, at Lynchburgh, in Virginia, he was met by the venerable Thomas Jefferson, who toasted him at a banquet of citizens. The administration, organizing anew the military defence of the country, created him major general of the southern division of the army, the whole force being arranged in two departments, of which the northern was assigned to General Brown.

It was not long before the name of Jackson was again to fill the public ear, and impart its terrors alike to the enemy and to his own government. The speck of war arose in Florida, which, what with runaway negroes, hostile Indians, filibustering adventurers, and the imbecility of the Spanish rule, became a constant source of irritation to the adjoining American States. There were various warlike preliminaries, and at last, towards the end of 1817, a murderous attack by the Seminoles upon a United States boat's crew ascending the Appalachicola. General Jackson was called into the field, charged with the suppression of the war. Eager for the service, he sprang to the work, and conducted it in his own fashion, "taking the responsibility" throughout, summoning volunteers

to accompany him from Tennessee without the formality of the civil authority, advancing rapidly into Florida after his arrival at the frontier, capturing the Spanish fort of St. Marks, and pushing thence to the Suwanee. General M'Intosh, the half-breed who accompanied his march, performed feats of valor in the destruction of the Seminoles. At the former of these places, a trader from New Providence, a Scotchman named Arbuthnot, a superior member of his class, and a pacific man, fell into his hands; and in the latter, a vagrant English military adventurer, one Ambrister. Both of these men were held under arrest, charged with complicity with the Indian aggressions, and though entirely irresponsible to the American commander of this military raid, were summarily tried under his order by a court-martial on Spanish territory, at St. Marks, found guilty, and executed by his order on the spot. He even refused to receive the reconsideration of the court of its sentence of Ambrister, substituting stripes and imprisonment for death. Ambrister was shot, and Arbuthnot hung from the yard-arm of his own vessel in the harbor. During the remainder of Jackson's life, these names rang through the country with a fearful emphasis in the strife of parties. Of the many difficulties in the way of his eulogists, this is, perhaps, the most considerable. His own explanation, that he was performing a simple act of justice, would seem, with his previous execution of the six mutineers, to rest upon a partial study of the testimony; but this responsibility should of course be divided with the members of his court-martial. The chief remaining events of the campaign were an angry correspondence with the governor of Georgia, in respect to an encroachment on his authority in ordering an attack on an Indian village, and the capture of Pensacola, in which he left a garrison.

Reckoning day with the government was next in order. The debate in Congress on the Florida transactions was long and animated, Henry Clay bearing a conspicuous part in the opposition. The resolutions of censure were lost by a large majority in the House. The failure to convict was a virtual vote of thanks. Fortified by the result, the general, who had been in Washington during the debate, made a triumphal visit to Philadelphia and New York. At the latter place he was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, which, a topic for one of the poets of the "croakers" at the time, has become a matter of interest since, in the discussion growing out of a provision of the general's will. He left the gift to the bravest of the New York officers in the next war. It was finally bestowed, in 1850, upon General Ward B. Burnett, the colonel of a New York regiment distinguished in the Mexican war. The original presentation took place at the City Hall, in February, 1819.

The protracted negotiations with Spain for the purchase of Florida being now brought to an end by the acquisition of the country, General Jackson was appointed by President Monroe the first governor of the Territory. He was present at the formal cession at

Pensacola, on the 17th of July, 1821, and entered upon his new duties with his usual vigor—a vigor in one instance, at least, humorously disproportioned to the scene, in a notable dispute with the Spanish governor, in the course of which there was a fresh imbroglio with a United States judge, and the foreign functionary was ludicrously locked up in the calaboose—all about the delivery of certain unimportant papers. On a question of authority, it was Jackson's habit to go straight forward without looking to see what important modifying circumstances there might be to the right or left. It was a military trait which served him very well on important occasions in war, and subsequently in one great struggle, that of the Bank, in peace; but in smaller mixed matters, it might easily lead him astray. For this Don Callava's comedy, we must refer the reader to Mr. Parton's full and entertaining narrative—not the most imposing, but certainly not the least instructive portion of his book. The Florida governorship was not suited to the demands of Jackson's nature; his powers were too limited and restricted; the irritation of the Spanish quarrel was not calculated to lighten his disease, and Mrs. Jackson was at his side to plead the superior claims of home. Thither, after a few months' absence, he returned, doubtless greatly to the relief of the Secretary of State, Mr. Adams, who said at the time to a friend, "he dreaded the arrival of a mail from Florida, not knowing what General Jackson might do next."[1] The remainder of General Jackson's life may be regarded as chiefly political; it is rather as a man of action in politics, than as a theoretical statesman, in any sense, that he is to be considered. He had certain views in public affairs apart from the army, which were more matters of instinct than of reflection or argument. The two great trophies of his administrations, his course towards South Carolina in the preservation of the Union, and his victory over the interests of the United States Bank, were of this character. They were both questions likely to present themselves strongly to his mind. He had an old republican antagonism to paper money, and the corruptions of a large moneyed corporation allied to the government, and having once formed this idea, his military energy came in to carry it out through every available means at his disposal.

His availability for the Presidency was based upon his popularity with the people wherever they had fairly come in contact with him. The people, above all other qualities, esteem those of a strong, earnest, truthful, straightforward character. They admire force and unity of purpose, and require honesty. Jackson had these requisites in perfection. There was no mistaking his single aim. It had been displayed on a field where nothing is hidden from the popular eye, where it is even disposed to exaggeration of what it fairly takes in. In producing a candidate for popular favor in an ordinary election, a great deal is to be done, in common cases, in bringing the public to an understanding of his claims. His reputa-

[1] Parton's Jackson, II. 639.

tion has, in a measure, to be manufactured. Voters have to be schooled to his appreciation. But Jackson's fame was already made—made by himself. Various things of great importance to the nation were, at different times, to be done, and Jackson had accomplished them. He had freed the land from the savage, and swept the invader from the soil. He had been charged with some errors, but, granting the worst, they had no taint of selfishness or fraud. If he was over rigorous in punishing deserters, and punctilious in his military authority, it was a public necessity which nerved his resolution. A few might be sufferers by his ill-directed zeal, but the masses saw only the splendor of a righteous indignation. It was for them the work was done, and the penalty incurred. His worst private vice was that of a duellist, which is always more apt to be associated with principles of honor, than its frequent incentive, unworthy self-assertion.

It is not at all surprising that such a man should be summoned to the Presidency. He was nominated by the legislature of his own State in 1823, which sent him again to the Senate, and he was highest on the list of the candidates voted for the following year—he had ninety-nine out of two hundred and sixty-one votes—when the election was carried into the House of Representatives, and Adams was chosen by the influence of Henry Clay. At the next election, he was borne triumphantly into the office, receiving more than double the number of votes of his antagonist, Mr. Adams. The vote was one hundred and seventy-eight to eighty-three. At the election of 1832, the third time Jackson's popularity was tested in this way, the vote stood for Clay forty-nine, for Jackson two hundred and thirty-nine.

The record of these eight years of his Presidential service, from 1829 to 1837, is the modern history of the democratic party, of the exertions of its most distinguished representatives, of the establishment of its most cherished principles—its anti-bank creed in the overthrow of the national bank, and origination of the subtreasury system, which went into operation with his successor—the reduction of the tariff—the opposition to internal improvements—the payment of the national debt. In addition to the settlement of these long agitated questions, his administration was signalized by the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia, and the Creeks from Florida; while its foreign policy was candid and vigorous, bringing to a satisfactory adjustment the outstanding claims on France and other nations, and maintaining friendly relations with England. In all these measures, his energetic hand was felt, but particularly was his peculiar character manifested in his veto of 1832, and general conduct of the bank question, the collection of the French indemnity, and his enforcement of the national authority in South Carolina. The censure of the Senate on the 28th March, 1834, for his removal of the deposits of the public money from the bank as "an assumption of authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both"—a censure supported by the ex-

traordinary coalition of Calhoun, Clay and Webster, measures the extent of the opposition his course encountered in Congress; while the Expunging Resolution of 1837, blotting out that condemnation, indicates the reception and progress of his opinions with the several States in the brief interim. The personal attack made upon him in 1835, by a poor lunatic at the door of the Capitol, "a diseased mind acted upon by a general outcry against a public man," [1] may show the sentiment with which a large portion of the press and a considerable popular party habitually treated him.

The love of Andrew Jackson for the Union deserves at this time more than a passing mention. It was emphatically the creed of his head and heart. He had no toleration for those who sought to weaken this great instinct of nationality. No sophism could divert his understanding from the plainest obligations of duty to his whole country. He saw as clearly as the subtlest logician in the Senate the inevitable tendencies of any argument which would impair the allegiance of the people of the States to the central authority. He could not make such a speech as Webster delivered on the subject, but he knew as well as Webster the abyss into which nullification would plunge its advocates. His vigorous policy saved his own generation the trials to which ours has been subjected. Had his spirit still ruled at the proper moment in the national administration, we too might have been spared the untold evils of a gigantic rebellion. It is remarkable that it was predicted by him—not in its extent, for his patriotism and the ardor of his temperament would not have allowed him to imagine a defection so wide-spread, or so lamentable a lack of energy in giving encouragement to its growth—but in its motive and pretences. When nullification was laid at rest, his keen insight saw that the rebellious spirit which gave the doctrine birth was not extinguished. He pronounced the tariff only the pretext of factious and malignant disturbers of the public peace, "who would involve their country in a civil war and all the evils in its train, that they might reign and ride on its whirlwinds, and direct the storm." Disunion and a southern confederacy, and not the tariff, he said, were the real objects of the conspirators, adding, with singular sagacity, "the next pretext will be the negro or the slavery question." [1]

Eight years of honorable repose remained to the victor in so many battles, military and political, after his retirement from the Presidency. They were passed in his seat near Nashville, the home of his happy married life, but no longer cheered by the warm-hearted, sincere, devout sharer of his many trials. That excellent wife had been taken from him on the eve of his first occupation of the Presidential chair, and her memory only was left, with its inviting lessons of piety, to temper the passions of the true-hearted old man as

[1] Benton's Thirty Years' View, I. 523.

[1] Letter to the Rev. Andrew J. Crawford. Washington, May 1, 1833.

he resigned himself to religion and the cares of another and better world. He had early adopted, as his own son, a nephew of his wife, and the child grew up always fondly cherished by him, bore his name and inherited his estate. "The Hermitage," the seat of a liberal hospitality, never lacked intimates dear to him. He had the good heart of Dr. Johnson in taking to his home and attaching to himself friends who grew strong again in his manly confidence. Thus, in the enjoyment of a tranquil old age, looking back upon a career which belonged to history, he met the increasing infirmities of ill health with pious equanimity, a member of the Presbyterian church, where his wife had so fondly worshipped—life slowly ebbing from him in the progress of his dropsical complaint—till one summer day, the eighth of June, 1845, the child of the Revolution, an old man of seventy-eight, closed his eyes in lasting repose at his beloved Hermitage.

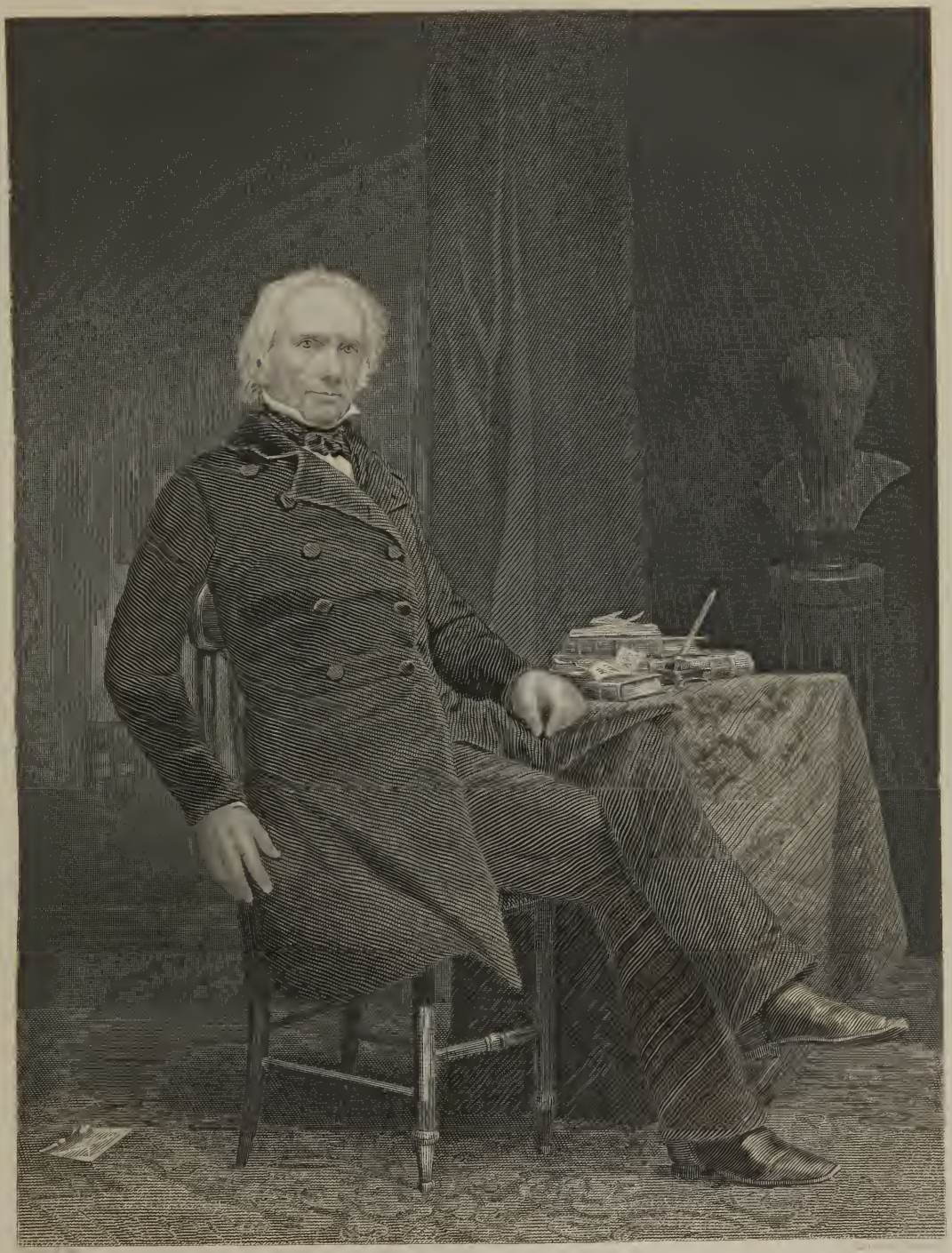
The genius and peculiarities of Andrew Jackson afford a tempting subject for the pen of the essayist. His resolute will, strong, fierce and irresistible, resting upon a broad honesty of nature, was paramount. It was directed more by feeling and impulse than by education and reflection; consequently there was a spice of egotism even in its purest resolves, and it sometimes took harsh ways to good ends. Somehow or other it generally had the sanction of success. The integrity of his public life, the great national measures with which his name is identified, will throw into obscurity, on the page of history, his personal weaknesses—the violence of his temper, his oaths, his quarrels and occasional seeming want of magnanimity. Strange that so finished and courteous a gentleman should at times have been so rude!

An apology has been found in the struggles of his early life, the rough frontier society into which he was introduced, and the lifelong irritations of disease. That in despite of these tangible defects, he should, through so great a variety of circumstances, civil and military, have controlled so many strong and subtle elements, and have found so many learned and able men to do his work and assist him in his upward path, is the highest proof of his genius.

HENRY CLAY.

A CURIOUS resemblance has been traced, by an ingenious writer, between many points in the personal career of Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson—leaving out, of course, the military life of the hero of New Orleans, and the remarkable success which seemed to be bound by some Jacksonian law to everything which he undertook. The main points of the comparison are their youthful fortunes, the absence of any very definite education, the choice of the bar for a profession, the early appearance of each in a new western region, their rapid advancement with its growth in political life, their popularity and rule in two adjacent States. "Both early impressed themselves upon the community around them, and were distinguished for the same personal characteristics. Both rose at once to posts of honor and distinction; and at an early age enrolled their names, and to the last preserved them, among the first and highest of the republic. Both were men of quick perception, of prompt action, of acute penetration, of business capacity, of masculine common sense, of quick and unerring judgment of men, of singular fertility of resources, of remarkable power to create or avail themselves of circumstances, of consummate tact and management. Both were distinguished for grace and ease of manners, for happy and polished address, and for influence over the wills and affections of those who came within the circle of their acquaintance and associations. Both were of lithe, sinewy and slender physical conformation, uniting strength with activity and great powers of endurance with a happy facility of labor. Both were men of the warmest affections, of the gentlest and most conciliating manners in social intercourse when they wished to please, of truth and loyalty and steadfastness in friendship, bitter and defiant in their enmities, of extraordinary directness in their purposes, of patient and indefatigable temper in following out their ends or waiting for their accomplishment. Neither could brook a rival or opposition, and each had the imperial spirit of a conqueror not to be subdued, and the pride of leadership which could not follow. They were Americans both, intensely patriotic and national, loving their whole country, its honor, its glory, its institutions, its union, with a love kindled early and quenched only in death."[1] These are the coincidences. Our narrative

[1] Party Leaders, by J. G. Baldwin. p. 282–3.



H Clay

will show the points of divergence, which were many.

Henry Clay, the seventh of a family of eight children, was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover County, Virginia, in a rural district abounding in swamps and hence known as "The Slashes," a term which gave the man a popular designation in the Presidential campaigning days. His father, of English descent, a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. John Clay, a native of Virginia, died when his son was in his childhood, in his fifth year; just as the Revolutionary war was brought to its close in Virginia, leaving the boy to the care of his mother. The orator of after days once recalled in a speech an incident of his childhood, how his mother's house was visited by the troops of Tarleton, and of their "running their swords into the new-made grave of his father and grandfather, thinking they contained hidden treasures." The mother was poorly provided with the means for the education of her numerous young family, and the only early instruction her son Henry received was in the rude log cabin school-house where but the simplest rudiments were taught. His teacher, Peter Deacon, an Englishman, like many others an involuntary emigrant, in consequence of his fault or misfortune—"under a cloud," as it is said—conducted the child "as far as Practice," in the old time-honored elements.

The "Mill-boy of the Slashes," the electioneering sentimental watchword to which we have just alluded, dates from this period. "It had its foundation," says his biographer, Mr. Colton, "in the filial and fraternal duty of Henry Clay, who, after he was big enough, was seen whenever the meal barrel was low, going to and fro on the road between his mother's house and Mrs. Darricott's mill on the Pamunkey River, mounted on a bag that was thrown across a pony that was guided by a rope-bridle; and thus he became familiarly known by the people living on the line of his travel as the "Mill-boy of the Slashes."

So the boy grew up in rude country life till, at the age of fourteen, his mother contracting a second marriage with a gentleman of character, Mr. Henry Watkins, and removing with her husband to Kentucky, he was left behind in a situation in a retail store at Richmond. He was not long in the employment, for we find him the next year, through the agency of his stepfather, who appears to have appreciated the lad, engaged in the office of Mr. Peter Tinsley, clerk of the High Court of Chancery. His time was so well spent here, gaining the reputation of an intelligent, studious youth, intent upon his book, while others were at their games or dissipations, that he was so fortunate as to secure the attention of no less a personage than the venerable Chancellor Wythe, who, it will be remembered, also exercised an important influence over the early years of Jefferson. The chancellor, whose trembling hand needed assistance, struck by the ability of the youth, employed him as his amanuensis, a position which brought him directly into contact with the superior resources of one of the most cultivated and

refined minds in Virginia. The chancellor was a good linguist, eminently skilled in composition, and of a friendly turn to impart his knowledge to his assistant; so that the copyist became in a measure his privileged pupil. The legal reports and comments which he took down from the chancellor's dictation must also have imparted some familiarity with the law. From Mr. Tinsley's office young Clay went to reside with Mr. Robert Brooke, at that time attorney general of the State, with whom he advanced sufficiently far in the study of the law to secure a license in the Court of Appeals to practise the profession. With this certificate, the only property which he possessed, he set out, at the close of 1797, to seek his fortune in Kentucky. Alighting at Lexington, then a small village, but the most important place in the region, he opened an office and began his career as an advocate. His quickness of parts and ready adaptability gave him immediate success. Nature had bestowed upon him a fine voice, and those mental and physical harmonies indispensable to the orator. His genius led him to cultivate a habit of speaking, which with experience and development ripened into the highest eloquence. His method early in life was daily to read in some historical or scientific book, and deliver the information which he thus acquired in a set speech, alone by himself in the woods or fields, or some lonely barn "with the horse and ox for his only auditors." He was candid enough to declare this in after life to a class of law students, a positive assertion of what may always be suspected, that eminent success, even with men of genius, is never without some such patient skill and labor in the acquisition of its powers. Even the rich nature of Henry Clay, which lived and breathed in eloquence, required some training of its wonderful faculties. The anecdote is told of his carrying his private practice into a debating society, and commencing: "Gentlemen of the Jury," with some embarrassment, when he at once, on striking into the subject, carried his hearers along on a tide of eloquence and argument.

A speaker of these persuasive powers, skilful, ready, fluent, infusing enthusiasm into his argument, became naturally engaged in criminal practice, in the defence of life, where a jury might be moved by his impressive eloquence. He was eminently successful in such cases, always, it is said, even in the most desperate, saving the life of his client. His ability in civil cases was equally marked, for he had always a rare executive talent in whatsoever he undertook.

It was inevitable that talents such as he possessed, in a new country where personal influence is everything, should draw him into the sphere of public life. We accordingly find him, the very year of his removal to Kentucky, engaged in the discussion of the provisions for the State constitution then being adjusted. He strongly advocated a clause for the gradual emancipation of slaves, fearless of the unpopularity to which he subjected himself. The following year his eloquent voice was heard at a pub-

lic gathering in denunciation of the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. The audience was addressed by Mr. George Nicholas, a leading member of the bar, who was followed by Mr. Clay. The topic, involving a strong popular appeal to liberty, was well suited to his ability; and so powerfully did he hold the attention of the assembly, that he carried it for a time beyond the point of applause—to breathless silence. Both speakers were drawn by the people through the town in triumph.

Four years after this, Mr. Clay was chosen a member of the Kentucky legislature from the county of Fayette, and distinguished himself in the proceedings of that body, his practice of the law meanwhile growing in importance. It was a maxim with him never to refuse his professional assistance to any client who might stand in need of a disinterested and fearless advocate, a resolution which was tested in a memorable instance, in his appearing in an assault and battery case, in behalf of a tavern-keeper of Frankfort, against Col. Daviess, the United States district attorney. Mr. Clay pushed his adversary with his accustomed boldness, and was challenged by the colonel. Ready as Jackson himself to meet an antagonist in this way, he waived any court privileges which he might have pleaded, and accepted it. The affair, however, was happily terminated by the interposition of friends. There was a like generosity, in a case of greater interest, in his defence of Aaron Burr, for which he would accept no fee, thinking it an occasion for generosity toward an eminent man in misfortune. He first, however, received a pledge in writing from Burr that he had no treasonable intent in his proceedings, and, finding afterward that he had been deceived, received Burr so coldly when he next met him, some time after in New York, that the acquaintance could not be renewed.

In 1806, Mr. Clay was chosen by the legislature of Kentucky to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, taking his seat, unchallenged, before his thirtieth year, the period required by the Constitution. He engaged at once actively in the business of the session, advocating thus early in his Congressional course, a system of internal improvements—which became afterwards so important a test of his political career. The term which he had been elected to supply having nearly expired on his entrance, he was but a single session in the Senate, after which he was again returned to the Kentucky legislature, where he had the opportunity, pleading for the common law with rare eloquence and feeling, to defeat an illiberal motion to exclude English law precedents from the courts of the State. When the first measures of Jefferson's administration on the embargo were taken, on occasion of the promulgation of the British Orders in Council, he introduced resolutions strongly approving of the foreign policy of the government. They were carried by a vote of sixty-four to one, Mr. Humphrey Marshall constituting the minority. Shortly after, this gentleman expressing contempt for a proposition made by Mr Clay for mem-

bers to assist the measures of the time by dressing themselves in garments of native manufacture, a quarrel between them ensued, which resulted in a hostile meeting. Shots were twice exchanged, Mr. Marshall in the first instance and Mr. Clay in the second being slightly wounded.

At the close of 1809, Mr. Clay again took his seat in the Senate, a second time chosen to fill a vacancy. The first speech which he delivered was afterwards referred to for its advocacy of an American policy. It was on an incidental amendment to an appropriation for munitions of war, giving preference to certain articles of native growth and manufacture. He also supported Mr. Madison in his assertion of the claims of the country to western Florida as an integral portion of the Louisiana cession, taking occasion to denounce the threatened wrath of England. "Is the rod of British power," he asked, "to be forever suspended over our heads? Whether we assert our rights by sea or attempt their maintenance by land—whithersoever we turn ourselves, this phantom incessantly pursues us." His report in favor of the preëmption rights of settlers on the public lands may also be mentioned as an indication of his future policy. At the next session, the subject of the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank being before Congress, he spoke in opposition to the measure, on the ground of the old Republican party, with which he was thus far identified.

The term for which he was elected to the Senate having expired, and his services being needed in the more popular branch of the legislature, at the appearance of the cloud of war already on the horizon, he was, in 1811, elected a member of the House of Representatives. To meet the exigency of the times, Congress was summoned a month in advance, in November. On the first ballot on taking his seat, Henry Clay was chosen speaker, a distinguished honor for a new member, and a rare proof of the sagacity of the members. At the next Congress the honor was repeated, and on three other occasions in the House of Representatives. His apt, ready, graceful talents, his prompt courtesy, and readiness in all parliamentary duties, made him, of all men, the most suitable for the office. His views in reference to the vindication of the country by a spirited foreign policy were well understood, and he carried them out in his appointment of the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which Porter of New York was placed at the head, and John C. Calhoun, who presently succeeded him on his retirement, second. Mr. Clay spoke earnestly in favor of the increase of the army and navy, and advocated the new embargo as "a direct precursor of war." He was one of the young and fiery spirits of the country in the House—a leader with Calhoun—in vindicating and stimulating the declaration of war, and its earnest prosecution. War was declared in June, and, shortly after, Congress adjourned. At its next session Mr. Clay, on the eighth of January, 1813, delivered a speech in defence of the new army bill, which has been consi-

dered one of his most eloquent efforts. Unhappily it is imperfectly reported, but enough remains to mark his mastery of the occasion.

Having thus so greatly distinguished himself in the prosecution of the war, when a prospect of peace was opened, through the friendly assistance of the Russian government, he was chosen envoy extraordinary, in conjunction with Mr. Jonathan Russell, to join his confederates, Messrs. Gallatin, Bayard and Adams, who were already in Europe, in the negotiations. He accepted this duty, took leave of the House as speaker in an appropriate address, in January, 1814, sailed from New York immediately after, and was with his colleagues at Ghent at the opening of negotiations.

The general concurrence of the envoys in the proceedings which took place, leaves little for special mention of Mr. Clay's part, beyond his resolute refusal to renew the concession of the treaty of 1783 of the mutual right of navigation of the Mississippi. He thought the purchase of Louisiana had since greatly altered the question, and that the river had become as peculiar a part of the United States as the Hudson or the Potomac. On the other hand, the old treaty had given to the Americans certain fishing privileges on the coast of British America, which hung upon the same tenure as the claim to the navigation of the Mississippi, namely, the treaty of Paris. The conflict of these pretensions divided the commissioners, when Mr. Clay partially gave his consent to set off one against the other.

The British, however, were not willing to adopt the alternative, and both were dropped. In personal intercourse with the British commissioners, Mr. Goulburn and Lord Gambier, Mr. Clay seems to have borne a chief part. It fell to him to explain the awkward circumstance of the publication in America of an early part of the negotiations which was returned to England, while the treaty was yet pending. A story is told, also, of his receiving one morning at Brussels, by his servant, a package of newspapers, a usual courtesy, from the British negotiators, but this time rendered more interesting by the papers containing an account of the burning of Washington. He not long after took occasion to send a file of newspapers in return, having some intelligence on the subject of the Indians which was required in the negotiation —the same papers repaying the Washington item with a narrative of McDonough's affair at Lake Champlain. The anecdote is of no great importance, but it exhibits the sensitiveness of the American negotiators. Clay said afterwards, when he heard at Paris of the battle of New Orleans, the treaty having been some time before concluded, "Now, I can go to England without mortification."

At this visit to Paris, the period of Bonaparte's exile at Elba, Mr. Clay was received with great favor in society. Among other distinguished persons whom he met was Madame de Stael, at a ball given by M. Hottinger, the banker, on occasion of the peace between the United States and Great Britain, when the following dialogue oc-

curred: "Ah!" said she, "Mr. Clay, I have been in England, and have been battling your cause for you there." "I know it madame; we heard of your powerful interposition, and we are very grateful and thankful for it." "They were very much enraged against you," said she; "so much so that they at one time thought seriously of sending the Duke of Wellington to command their armies against you!" "I am very sorry, madame," replied Mr. Clay, "that they did not send his Grace." "Why?" asked she, surprised. "Because, madame, if he had beaten us we should only have been in the condition of Europe without disgrace. But if we had been so fortunate as to defeat him, we should greatly have added to the renown of our arms." She afterwards introduced Mr. Clay to the duke at her own house, and related the conversation. The duke replied, that "if he had been sent on the service, and he had been so fortunate as to gain a victory, he would have regarded it as the proudest feather in his cap."[1] On passing over to England, after the ratification of the treaty, Mr. Clay was equally well received by Lord Castlereagh. England was then in good humor with the victory of Waterloo, which had just been fought. Before it was ascertained what had become of Bonaparte, Mr. Clay was one day at dinner with the nobleman just mentioned, and the possible flight of the emperor to America was touched upon. "If he goes there will he not give you a great deal of trouble?" said Lord Liverpool to the American envoy. "Not in the least, my lord," was the reply: "we shall be very glad to receive him; we would treat him with all hospitality, and very soon make a good democrat of him."

Mr. Clay arrived again at New York, in September, was welcomed in the city at a public entertainment, and pursued to his home in Kentucky by the hospitality and enthusiasm of the people. The members of his district had already elected him to Congress, but some doubts arising as to the legality of the proceeding, he was again unanimously chosen. On his appearance, in December, at the opening of the House, he was a third time, by a large majority, seated in the speaker's chair. It is pleasing to note the constancy and unanimity with which this honor was conferred on this accomplished man through a series of years, at the meetings of successive Congresses. His new duties proved not less important than those which he had left behind him in bringing the war to a conclusion by a treaty of peace. That war had been accomplished; there now remained the revival of the country after the wearisome conflict, the readjustment of its finances, the establishment of its industry. These became especially the arts of our statesman, loud as his voice had been for war, and well adapted as his genius was for its active pursuit. It is said that at one time, at the beginning of the struggle, President Madison thought of calling him into the field as commander in chief of the American forces.

[1] Sargent's Life of Clay, p. 19.

He doubtless would have made a brave and resolute officer, and his courage and rare executive talent might have anticipated the honors and reaped the rewards destined for his Tennessee rival. But it was not in war that his laurels were to be gained. They were to be earned in quite a different field. While Jackson passes down to posterity as the defender of New Orleans, Henry Clay will be remembered as the friend to labor and industry, the father of the American System.

In the Congress of 1816, Mr. Clay began that policy of internal improvements, protection to manufactures, and bank advocacy which became the distinguishing tests of the great party of which he was to be so long the leader —a party enjoying many triumphs and some sore defeats, which was to live mainly through him, yet by which he was to be denied in its period of authority, when the Presidency was in its power, his well-earned reward. It must be admitted, however, that the struggle was long, and that no party devotion could be stronger than that manifested by the Whigs to their beloved leader. The change of his views on the subject of a United States Bank, of which, having formerly, as we have seen, been the opponent—we have seen it stated that his speech of 1811 was the stronghold of Jackson's memorable opinions on that subject—he now became the zealous advocate, is to be accounted for on the principle of that old philosophical adage, "The times are changed, and we are changed with them." A national bank seemed, in 1816, the only solution of the financial difficulties of the times, the low state of the public credit and the general disorganization of the currency. It was accepted as such by President Madison, who recommended the measure, and by Mr. Calhoun, who devoted himself zealously to the subject, and introduced the bill to the House. Mr. Clay supported it.

At the next election Mr. Clay, for the first and only time in his long career as a representative of the people of his State in Congress, was subjected to the test of canvassing for his seat. A bill had been introduced in the House for which Mr. Clay voted, providing an annual salary of fifteen hundred dollars for members in place of the old six dollars a day, and giving to the speaker a salary of three thousand dollars. This provoked opposition in Kentucky, and Mr. Clay was obliged to take the stump. Mr. Pope was his competitor. Several good stories are related of the canvass—one of a characteristic western dialogue with an old hunter, whom the candidate circumvented by a judicious appeal to his rifle. "Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay. "Yes." "Did it ever flash?" "Once only." "Did you throw it away on that account?" "No, I picked the flint and tried it again." "Have I ever flashed but upon the compensation bill?" "No." "Will you throw me away?" "No, no; I will pick the flint and try you again." A story coupled with this in the campaign biographies is still better. It should be premised that Mr. Pope, the opposition candidate,

had in his early days lost an arm. There was an Irish barber in Lexington, one Jeremiah Murphy, whom Clay on some occasion had helped out of prison, who was observed, contrary to the loquacious habits of his race, to be silent on the subject of his vote. A friend of Clay was bent upon sounding him, and at length obtained an answer. "I tell you what, docthur, I mane to vote for the man that can put but one hand into the treasury." Clay was elected over his opponent, and took his seat, again to be elected Speaker in the new Congress. It was the first session under the administration of Mr. Monroe, and is signalized in the history of Mr. Clay by his efforts in behalf of the recognition by the government of the political independence of the South American Republics. He undertook this championship with a chivalric earnestness, and resolutely as ever political knight errant tilted for a favorite measure, pursued it to the end and victory. He had broken ground on this theme in his speech on the state of the Union, in January, 1816; he now followed it up at every opportunity, when the conduct of Spain in the Florida claim was under discussion, and when an appropriation for the Commissioners of Inquiry sent to South America was before the House. He would have a minister accredited to the Independent Provinces of La Plata. His speech on this occasion, singled out as one of his masterpieces, was delivered in March, 1818; but the end he desired was not gained. He did not lose sight of it; but it was not till February, 1821, that he had the satisfaction of introducing his resolution pledging the House to the support of the President when he should deem it expedient to recognize the independence of the Provinces, and, after battling it in a private debate, seeing it at last triumphant. The President acted in accordance with the intimation in bringing the matter directly before the House, which adopted the measure with but one dissenting voice.

The conduct of this question was highly creditable to Clay's disinterested feeling. "His zeal in the cause," as his biographer remarks, "was unalloyed by one selfish impulse, or one personal aim. He could hope to gain no political capital by his course. He appealed to no sectional interest, sustained no party policy, labored for no wealthy client, secured the influence of no man, or set of men, in his championship of a remote, unfriended and powerless people."[1] In a like spirit, some years after, in 1823, he brought his eloquence to the aid of Mr. Webster, in his advocacy of the recognition of Greece in her struggle for independence. In reference to the threatened danger from the measure to our commerce in the Mediterranean, he said "a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and eradicate our humanity. Ah, sir, 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade and lose its liberties?"

In the discussion of the Missouri

[1] Sargent's Clay, p. 25.

question, Mr. Clay bore a prominent part. He was opposed to the exclusion of slavery, and labored earnestly to impress his views upon the House, which, by a small majority, maintained the contrary opinion. We first hear of him at this time in connection with a word with which his fame was to be afterwards identified—Compromise. The House, after accepting the unrestricted admission of the State in the Missouri bill, and what is known as the Missouri Compromise, establishing the northern limit of slavery, became irritated by a clause in the Missouri constitution, proposing to exclude free negroes and mulattoes from the State. To meet this difficulty, and any question of the violation of the right of citizenship which might be involved in the condition, Mr. Clay, as chairman of a committee which he had proposed, brought forward a resolution admitting the State, provided that no law was to be passed preventing the settlement of persons citizens of any other State. The resolution was negatived at the time, but he shortly after moved a joint committee of the House and Senate, which was accepted and the admission adjusted substantially on his basis.

Before this question was determined, Mr. Clay, anxious to give attention to his fortunes at home, had resigned his seat in the House, but was prevailed upon to retain it till the conclusion of this struggle, one of the severest in the annals of Congressional warfare. He then retired and devoted himself to his professional labors for nearly three years, when he was again elected, without opposition, to the House of Representatives, of which he became yet once more Speaker. It was the time of Lafayette's passage through the country, in 1824, and when the chieftain visited Washington, it fell to the Speaker to welcome him to the House. Most gracefully was the duty discharged, in an address which, though brief, was charged with flowing eloquence. Few, if any, of the orators in Congress could, like Mr. Clay, in so few words, embark his audience on a swelling tide of sentiment. Set off by his musical utterance, the charm was doubly assured. "The vain wish has been sometimes indulged," was his language in this admired composition, "that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place—to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the controlling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you find us unaltered, and that is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to

your departed friend, the Father of his Country, and to you and your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity."

The popularity of Mr. Clay, the nationality of his views, and above all, his constant devotion to public life, marked him out, distinctly as Andrew Jackson himself, in the line for the Presidency. In the election of 1824 both were for the first time in the field, John Quincy Adams, and Crawford, of Georgia, being the other candidates. Clay was nominated by his friends in Kentucky, and other western States. The electoral vote was ninety-nine for Jackson, eighty-four for Adams, forty-one for Crawford, and thirty-seven for Clay—the votes of Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, and four from New York. No one having the necessary majority, the choice, according to the provision of the Constitution, was to be made by the House of Representatives from the three highest. Mr. Clay was consequently excluded, but he held the control of the election in the vote of Kentucky, which was cast for Adams, and consequently against Jackson, Crawford being removed from the arena by a fatal illness. This preference of Adams by Clay was considered a violation of party allegiance by his democratic friends, and naturally rendered him odious to the disappointed Jacksonites, whose principle, controlled by the iron will of their chief, was always to be unsparing to their political opponents.

The storm rose still higher when Mr. Clay accepted office under Adams as Secretary of State—an error of policy, as he afterwards admitted, for it drew upon him a charge of bargaining and corruption, of being bought over to the interests of the candidate whom his vote had elected, by this prize of office. Conscious of his own integrity in the matter, he said, when the administration he had served had long passed away, he had "underrated the power of detraction and the force of ignorance." If the detractors had stopped to consider, they might have found honorable grounds for his preference. He had already placed himself in a certain antagonism to Jackson by his speech in 1819, in the House, in favor of rebuking the assumptions of power by the military chieftain in the Seminole war; and though his course on that occasion was purely patriotic, with no unfriendly feeling to the man, his judgment of his qualifications for the Presidency could not fail to be influenced by the issue. He doubtless also looked upon Adams as one more likely to pursue his own favorite policy of internal improvements and domestic manufactures. As for any bargain in the case, it was disproved by Clay's avowed preference of Adams to Jackson before the occasion arose. Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Adams should, on his own account, seek to support his adminis-

tration by the services of such a man as Mr. Clay, in the office of Secretary of State.

For the time, however, the enemies of the new secretary had the ear of the public. An occasion arose in the second year of the administration which brought the matter to a personal issue. We have seen Mr. Clay's advocacy of the independence of the South American Republics. In accordance with his old views, he was now bent upon a further association with their cause in the promotion of a great cis-Atlantic American policy in the appointment of a delegation to the congress at Panama, which was invited by the Mexican and Central American representatives at Washington. John Randolph, whose genius had often been in opposition to Mr. Clay, opposed the measure with the full force of his argument and invective. In a speech in the Senate he went so far as to throw out an intimation that the "invitation" to action proceeded from the office of the Secretary of State, and in an allusion of great bitterness, denounced the union of Adams and Clay as "a coalition of Blifil and Black George, a combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the blackleg." The venom of the attack, pointing a charge of fraud with such cunning emphasis, brought from Mr. Clay a challenge. It was accepted by Randolph, and the duel was fought on the banks of the Potomac. The first fire of neither took effect, though both shots were well aimed. At the second, Mr. Clay's bullet pierced his antagonist's coat. Randolph, as he had all along intended, though he was diverted from this course in the first instance, fired his pistol in the air, upon which Mr. Clay advanced with great emotion, exclaiming, "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."[1] It was a duel which should not have been fought; there was no hate between two such chivalrous opponents, who understood one another's better qualities, and the joy at the harmless termination of the affair was sincere on both sides. Years after, when Randolph was about leaving Washington for the last time, just before his death, he was brought to the Senate. "I have come," he said, as he was helped to a seat while Clay was speaking, "to hear that voice." The courtesy, burying long years of political controversy, was met at the conclusion of his remarks with his accustomed magnanimity by the orator. "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir," he said, as he approached him. "No, sir," was the reply; "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you." The sun of that brilliant existence, a checkered day of darkness and splendor, went not down upon his wrath. It was the spring of 1833 when this memorable incident occurred, the period when Mr. Clay was advocating the compromise of the tariff, to save the country from what appeared to him impending civil war. Randolph, in one of his county Virginia speeches, had previously pointed to the

[1] Garland's Life of John Randolph, II. 260.—Benton's Thirty Years' View, I. 76.

Kentucky orator for this service. "There is one man," said he, "and one man only, who can save this Union: that man is Henry Clay. I know he has the power; I believe he will be found to have the patriotism and firmness equal to the occasion." [1]

Previously to that, however, a new administration was to enter on the scene. Mr. Clay, having filled the office of Secretary of State with eminent usefulness to the country, particularly in the management of the foreign questions of trade and negotiation which arose, retired with the ill-fated Adams to make way for the victorious hero of New Orleans. The retirement of the secretary, however, in face of the new power, was not without its consolations in the tributes of his friends and the public. On his way to his home at Ashland—he had married on his first arrival in the country, and had now a rising family around him—he was received everywhere with enthusiasm. The citizens of Lexington, following the example of other towns on his route, gave him a complimentary banquet.

Like honors were paid the politician in retirement, on occasion of a family visit to New Orleans, at that city and along his route. Powers like his, however, were not long to rest unused in the service of the State. At the close of 1831 he was elected to the Senate, and, about the same time, nominated for the Presidency by the National Republican Convention at Baltimore. In the Senate he advocated the recharter of the United States Bank, which was carried, and then vetoed by the President. He also set forth at length the principles of his American system of Protection, in the discussion on the tariff, which ended favorably to his policy. Some amendments were made, relieving non-protected articles, but the concession did not satisfy the growing hostility of the South. The South Carolina Nullification resolutions passed in November, 1832, were followed by the famous Proclamation of Jackson in December, and the Force Bill in the Senate of the ensuing January. At this moment, realizing the prediction of Randolph already cited, Clay in February introduced his Compromise bill, providing for a gradual reduction of the obnoxious tariff. It was accepted in the emergency by all parties in the country and the threatened storm passed over.

In the mean time the Presidential election had occurred, demonstrating an extraordinary advance in the popularity of the omnipotent Jackson. The contest was between him and Clay, the latter receiving, out of two hundred and eighty-eight, but forty-nine votes—those of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky. Thus, strongly fortified, Jackson commenced his second term, inaugurating his new rule by his much discussed act, the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States. It created a storm of opposition, as a violent, unconstitutional act, which found vent in the Senate in Mr. Clay's resolution of censure, introduced at the opening of the new Congress, and with some modifica-

[1] Garland's Randolph, II. 362.

tion adopted in the following March; the famous resolution which became the subject of Mr. Benton's slow and pertinacious hostility till he triumphed in the passage of his Expunging Act. Not even the eloquence of Clay, exerted to the last, could resist the well ordered drill of the Jackson parliamentary forces. Previously to the winter session of 1833, Mr. Clay made a visit to the northern cities of the seaboard, extending his journey as far as Boston. It was one continued popular triumph. Had he occupied the Presidential chair he could have received no more attention. There was always something in the man which inspired the enthusiasm of the people.

In 1835 Mr. Clay was enabled to render a signal service to the country by the interposition of his report as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, checking the prompt measures of Jackson for the recovery of the debt due from France, and giving that nation an opportunity of reconsidering its legislation—a delay which resulted in the payment of the debt, in place of a fierce and expensive war. A third time did Mr. Clay thus perform the part, in Congress, of the great pacificator. On the conclusion of his senatorial term he was again chosen, and continued in the office to the completion of the new period in 1842. Harrison meanwhile had come into office, having received the nomination of the Harrisburg Convention over Clay, who was a popular candidate, and Mr. Tyler had, in a short month, fallen heir to the Presidency. The whig party, led by Clay, was for a time in the ascendant, but its measures were steadily resisted by the new President.

It would be unjust to the memory of Henry Clay, in the briefest narrative of his career, not to pause at his solemn, affecting leave-taking of the Senate. It was inspired throughout by feeling and manly courtesy, and, delivered with his graceful elocution, affected his audience to tears. No act of the kind was ever performed with more genuine emotion. The rich nature of the man, ardent, lofty, sympathetic, was poured forth in one continued strain of touching eloquence. He spoke of his long public duties, of the trials and rewards of his career, of the motives which had nerved him and of the kindness with which he had been received. His tribute to Kentucky was an outburst of gratitude which the State should cherish among her proudest records. "Everywhere," said he, "throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired

by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber? I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago: I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod, with those of her gallant and patriotic sons."

His apology for any offence he might have committed in the heat of debate was uttered as he only could utter it, when he turned for a moment to the contemplation of the nobler struggles of eloquence the Senate had witnessed. In conclusion, he invoked "the most precious blessings of heaven" upon all and each, and "that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards, the cordial greeting of their constituents, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' And now," he ended, "Mr. President and senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell."

The farewell was honestly taken, but it was not to be long or lasting. He returned home, visited New Orleans again in the winter, and, as formerly, was called upon to address the public in advocacy of the measures with which he was identified. He was again looked to as a candidate for the Presidency, with the most earnest anticipations of his success. He was nominated at Baltimore by the Convention; Mr. Polk was arrayed in opposition to him on the Texas annexation question, and he was a third time defeated. His course was a manly one. He had spoken out frankly on the Texas issue, as involving a war with Mexico, and his prediction came to pass. He had the proud satisfaction of saying, "I had rather be right than President." The vote stood one hundred and seventy for Mr. Polk and one hundred and five for Mr. Clay—the large votes of Pennsylvania and New York being gained by small majorities. The entire popular vote stood for Polk, 1,336,196; for Clay, 1,297,912, with a small vote for Birney, the abolition candidate—so near did Mr. Clay come to the Presidency and fail of reaching it. His friends, the large party which he represented, would have rallied upon him in

1848, but the party movers had been taught the value of expediency, and the magic of a military reputation. Clay was strong on the first ballot in the Convention, but General Taylor received the nomination, and was borne into the office, like Harrison, soon to yield it to the universal Conqueror.

Mr. Clay, during this time, was living in comparative retirement at Ashland, engaged in the occasional practice of his profession, and receiving the visits of his friends. He had a singular proof of their kindness in the unexpected payment of a mortgage on his estate. It became known that he was involved by the loan of his name. A subscription was taken up in the chief Atlantic cities, and at New Orleans, and the full amount—more than twenty-five thousand dollars—deposited to his credit in the Northern Bank of Kentucky. Other evidences of kindness poured in upon him, consolatory to his years and trials—for he was now to reap the bitter fruit of the Mexican war, certainly not of his planting, in the death of his son Henry, at the battle of Buena Vista. About this time, carrying out a resolve previously formed, he attached himself to the Episcopal church, was baptized and confirmed and partook the sacrament.

In 1849, having been elected for the full term, he was seated again in the Senate of the United States. His Compromise Resolutions of 1850, touching the new territorial questions arising out of the Mexican war, were the last great parliamentary efforts of his career. He proposed that California should be admitted without restriction as to the introduction or exclusion of slavery; that "slavery not existing by law, and not likely to be introduced into any territory acquired by the United States from the republic of Mexico, it was inexpedient for Congress to provide by law either for its introduction into, or exclusion from, any part of said territory; and that appropriate territorial governments ought to be established by Congress in all of said territory not assigned as the boundaries of the proposed State of California, without the adoption of any restriction or condition on the subject of slavery;" that "it is inexpedient to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, while that institution continues to exist in the State of Maryland, without the consent of that State, without the consent of the people of the District, and without just compensation to the owners of slaves within the District; but that it is expedient to prohibit within the District the slave trade, in slaves brought into it from States or places beyond the limits of the District, either to be sold therein as merchandise, or to be transported to other markets, without the District of Columbia."

In another resolution he declared more effectual provision should be made for the restitution and delivery of persons held to service or labor in any State, who may escape into any other State or Territory in the Union, and that "Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct trade in slaves between the slaveholding States; but that the admission or exclusion of

slaves, brought from one into another of them, depends exclusively upon their own particular laws." Such, with a stipulation for the debt and boundaries of Texas, were the provisions with which Mr. Clay sought to put at rest the formidable agitation which arose out of the slavery question. The admission of California, the adjustment of the Texas debt, the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Utah, the prohibition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and the Fugitive Slave Law, were all in accordance with these recommendations.

In the Congress of 1850–51, under the Presidency of Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Clay was in his seat, battling for his old issues of the tariff and internal improvements. In the following year he returned once more to the Senate, too ill and enfeebled to take any active part in its proceedings. The consumption which was wearing out his life soon confined him to his room, where his last act partaking of a public nature was his reception of the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. He complimented the zealous orator on his fascinating eloquence, "fearing," he said, "to come under its influence, lest his faith might be shaken in some principles in regard to the foreign policy of this government, which he had long and constantly cherished." The principles which he feared might be endangered were those recommended by Washington's Farewell Address, advising no interference beyond the influence of our example with the internal difficulties of Europe. "Far better," he said, "is it for ourselves, for Hungary and for the cause of liberty, that adhering to our wise, pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

The brief remaining record is of the sick chamber, the wasting of bodily strength, the solicitude of friends, the ministrations of religion, of which this noble hearted man, accustomed to rule Senates and control the policy of the nation, was as penitent, resigned, humble a participant as any in the thronged myriads whom the eloquence of his voice had ever reached. He died, the aged patriot, at the full age of seventy-five, at his lodgings in the National Hotel of Washington, "with perfect composure, without a groan or struggle," June 29, 1852.

In the announcement of his death to the Senate, his colleague, Mr. Joseph R. Underwood, touched upon his patriotic services lightly, for it was not necessary to recall them in that assembly, and dwelt upon the many genial qualities of the man, his courage and courtesy, the strength with which he would contend, the ease with which he might be conciliated, his fine business tact, his "nice, discriminating taste for order, symmetry and beauty," the world wide range of his sympathies, extending from home, friends and country; his winning eloquence. "His physical and mental organization," said this speaker, giving expression to the recollections of thousands, "eminently qualified him to become a great and impressive ora-

tor. His person was tall, slender, and commanding; his temperament ardent, fearless and full of hope; his countenance clear, expressive and variable—indicating the emotion which predominated at the moment with exact similitude.[1] His voice, cultivated and modulated in harmony with the sentiment he desired to express, fell upon the ear like the melody of enrapturing music. His eye beamed with intelligence, his gestures and attitudes were graceful and natural. These personal advantages won the prepossessions of an audience, even before his intellectual powers began to move his hearers; and when his strong common sense, his profound reasoning, his clear conceptions of his subject in all its bearings, and his striking and beautiful illustrations, united with such personal qualities, were brought to the discussion of any question, his audience was enraptured, convinced and led by the orator as if enchanted by the lyre of Orpheus."

[1] The person of Mr. Clay was thus described by his biographer, Mr. Colton, in 1845: "Mr. Clay is a tall man, six feet and one inch; not stout, but the opposite; has long arms and a small head; always erect in standing, walking or talking; in debate, still more erect; has a well shaped head, and a dauntless profile; an uncommonly large mouth, upper lip commanding, nose prominent, spare visage, and blue eyes, electrical when kindled; forehead high, sloping backward in a curvilinear line, that bespeaks the man; hair naturally light, and slow to put on the frosts of age; withal, displaying a well-formed person and imposing aspect, with which, it is supposed, an amateur or connoisseur in human shape and countenance would not be likely to find much fault."

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

This eminent statesman, like his contemporary, Andrew Jackson, was of Irish parentage. His grandfather, James Calhoun of Donegal, with many of the inhabitants of that northern portion of the country a Presbyterian in faith, came to America in the year 1733, bringing with him his son Patrick, a boy six years old. The family first landed in Pennsylvania, were then settled for a time in Wythe County, in the western region of Virginia, whence they were driven by the Indian disturbances attendant upon the opening of the old French war, to emigrate further, to South Carolina. In this province they established themselves at a spot which became known as the Calhoun settlement, in the Abbeville district on the upper waters of the Savannah, then a remote frontier territory. This southern removal took place in 1756, after the defeat of General Braddock, when Virginia lay open to Indian hostilities. It proved in the end an exchange of a single peril for others far more formidable. In South Carolina the family were destined to encounter not merely the Indian in the fierce contests with the Cherokee, in which Patrick Calhoun gained a name among the resolute border heroes of that wild warfare, but the savage Briton and the deadly civil struggle of their own land. The upper country on the Savannah, bordering on Georgia, was the scene, during the Revolutionary war, of fierce and protracted conflicts, fought out, not in the great issues of single battles; but in the unintermitted, murderous strife of constant invasion. In the years, however, intervening between the two struggles, the Calhoun family managed to make good their position in their settlement, so that they were enabled to maintain it against all opposition, though at a fearful cost. Patrick Calhoun, in 1770, married Martha Caldwell, of Virginia, also of Irish Protestant parentage. Three of her brothers were victims or sufferers in the Revolutionary contest. One was murdered by the Tories by the side of his burning dwelling; another fell fighting for his country at Cowpens; a third was imprisoned a long time by the English at St. Augustine.

This horrid strife was just closing in the lingering of the conflict in South Carolina, already determined by the surrender at Yorktown, when John Caldwell Calhoun, the youngest but one of a family of five children, was born at the family settlement, March 18, 1782. The unsettled state of the

J. C. Calhoun

country at the period of his childhood, of course, offered little or no opportunity for what is too exclusively called education. There was not an academy in the whole region, and but an occasional schoolmaster of any description, and he was not likely, when found, to be of the best. The boy, however, had the instruction of the vigorous race among whom he was born, men strengthened in their resolves and tutored in their rights by the severe lessons of the Revolution. The mind of a keen, intelligent boy was not likely to stagnate with such recent traditions lying thickly about him. He had, too, in the loving example of his father, a man of great energy and resolution, in the full maturity of life, a constant source of strength. Such influences as these, however, though all-important in the formation of character, are of little avail to the higher usefulness of life, without the positive instruction of books and learning. They are opportunities which can be brought into action only by literary culture. In vain does the wind pursue its strong career over the buoyant depths of the ocean, unless it be fettered to the sails of the bark, skilfully constructed to avail itself of those natural forces.

The young Calhoun, happily, was not without some of these learned appliances, though his education in his boyhood was irregular and he was mostly self-taught—a term which we apply to what one learns from printed volumes, and a hundred different sources, without the interposition of a schoolmaster or professor—as if the words of the greatest minds of the past and present in books, and the actions of men, were not more direct and forcible instruction than the average hireling pedagogue. Be this as it may, in the present case the boy was left to find his own way at first into the pleasant fields of literature. He was sent at thirteen to the school of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Waddell, in a neighboring county in Georgia; but all teaching was speedily interrupted there by the breaking up of the establishment in consequence of the death of the preceptor's wife. Fortunately for the youth, who remained on the spot, there was a small circulating library in the house, in charge of his brother-in-law, the clergyman, to which he had free access; and here we may see the early natural bent and force of the boy's mind. It was not to poetry or romance that he directed his attention, but to history, of which he devoured all that the library contained—Rollin, Robertson's Charles V. and America, Voltaire's Charles XII.—not a large stock, but sufficient to furnish the mind of an earnest, reflecting boy. There was Cook's Voyages also to give wings to his imagination, and enough metaphysics in Brown and Locke to stimulate the reasoning faculties which were to be the prominent mark of the man. The young student became so improved in these books, all of which he consumed in fourteen weeks, that his health began to suffer, "his eyes became seriously affected, his countenance pallid, and his frame emaciated." His mother, hearing of these difficulties, sent for him home, where, occupying himself with the duties of the farm—

his father was now dead, and his brothers absent—he recovered his health, and in four years' sturdy employment in rural pursuits and amusements strengthened his constitution for his future labors.

He now appeared far more likely to follow the life of a planter than to enter the Senate of the United States, when his elder brother, James, who was in a counting-house at Charleston, coming home in the summer of 1800, urged him to aim at one of the professions. His answer was characteristic. He said his "property was small and his resolution fixed: he would far rather be a planter than a half-informed physician or lawyer. With this determination he could not bring his mind to select either without ample preparation; but if the consent of their mother should be freely given, and he (James) thought he could so manage his property as to keep him in funds for study preparatory to entering his profession, he would leave home and commence his education the next week."[1] The conditions were agreed to, the arrangements made and John returned again to his brother-in-law the clergyman, who had married again and resumed his school. He was eighteen when he thus recommenced, if, indeed, he may not be said to have begun, his systematic studies. He pursued them with such vigor that in two years he entered the junior class of Yale College, under the presidency of Dr. Dwight, and graduated with honor in 1804, in the beginning of his twenty-third year. To this mature age may doubtless be attributed much of the benefit which he received from his instruction. The soil, not altogether unprepared for its reception, had lain fallow to produce a more certain and bountiful crop. In the college traditions of his powers, his strength in argument is remembered. He was thus early attached to the republican or democratic party, and the story is told of his employing the hour of instruction in disputation with the president, arising out of the text of Paley, on the source of power, which he maintained to be in the people. Dr. Dwight is said to have been so much struck with his ability as to declare that "the young man had talent enough to be President of the United States," an augury which, at one time, came to be thought on the eve of fulfillment. The topic of the discourse which he prepared for Commencement was also indicative of his future career. It was, "The qualifications necessary to constitute a perfect statesman."

From New Haven, Calhoun passed to the law school of Judge Reeves and Judge Gould at Connecticut, where he pursued his studies with eagerness and left a fragrant memory of his skill in disputation and public speaking. He then completed his law studies in the office of Mr. De Saussure, of Charleston, and Mr. George Bowie, of his native district of Abbeville. His seven years' apprenticeship to learning being thus accomplished "according to his determination when he commenced his education," he was admitted to the bar and began practice at Abbeville,

[1] Life of John C. Calhoun (Harpers, 1843), a well written narrative, to which we are mainly indebted for the facts in this sketch.

continuing to reside in the old family homestead. He rose at once to eminence on the circuit, and speedily in the councils of his country.

The event to which his first entrance upon public life is referred, was one which, coming as the culmination of a long series of injuries received since the peace of 1783, from Great Britain, stirred up the popular feeling of the country to a height of excitement difficult at the present day to appreciate. We allude to the assault of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake, in June, 1807—the date, it will be observed, of Mr. Calhoun's entrance on the practice of the law. Meetings were held to express the public indignation in various parts of the country, and among other places, in Abbeville. Calhoun, young, ardent, inheriting the blood of resistance from his father, was on hand to give expression to the general voice. He prepared the resolutions of the assembly, and supported them by a vigorous speech. The people caught him up as their representative, and their votes carried him into the State legislature at the next election. He served two sessions, establishing his character as a sagacious politician and earnest man for the times, when, in the autumn of 1810, he was elected to the twelfth Congress of the United States. He went to Washington an avowed supporter of the war policy; and it was by his energy, as much as that of any man, that this policy was carried into effect. Henceforth he is devoted to public life, and lives and breathes in the councils of the nation. He was placed on the Committee of Foreign Relations, and spoke on the portion of the President's message which fell to the consideration of that body. He was at the outset second on the committee when the retirement of its chairman, Mr. Porter, placed him at its head. His reports in this influential position led the war movement of the country. In his speech of December 12, 1811, on the proposition of the enlistment of an additional force of ten thousand regular troops, in reply to the remarks of John Randolph, he thus happily met the charge—often thrown out in those times when the choice of going to war appeared to be whether France or Great Britain should be taken as the antagonist—of hatred to England. "The gentleman from Virginia is at a loss to account for what he calls our hatred to England. He asks, how can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves and descending from a common ancestry? Sir, the laws of human affection are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, potent indeed must be the cause which has overpowered it. Yes, there is a cause strong enough; not in that occult courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the

cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for Chatham? It is his ardent patriot-triotism, the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called upon to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate." Another passage which has been much admired, will show the quick, fertile, intellectual processes which the young orator introduced into the dry discussions of the House. It is from his speech of June 24, 1812, on the proposition to repeal the Non-importation Act. Gliding into this portion of his subject, the consideration of the general worth of the embargo, by an admirable touch of irony he acquits it of being a "pusillanimous" measure: "To lock up the whole commerce of this country; to say to the most trading and exporting people in the world, 'you shall not trade, you shall not export;' to break in upon the schemes of almost every man in society, is far from weakness, very far from pusillanimity."

He then objects to the restrictive system, that it is not suited to the genius of the people, the government, or the geographical character of the country. "No passive system," he says, "can suit such a people, in action superior to all others, in patience and endurance inferior to many." As for the government, it is "founded on freedom and hates coercion," while the geography of the country renders the prevention of smuggling impossible. He next exhibits the government rendered odious by the embargo, and with great subtilty contrasts the pressure with the burdens of war. "The privation," he says, "it is true, may be equal or greater; but the public mind, under the strong impulses of such a state, becomes steeled against sufferings. The difference is great between the passive and active state of mind. Tie down a hero and he feels the puncture of a pin; but throw him into battle, and he is scarcely sensible of vital gashes. So in war. Impelled alternately by hope and fear, stimulated by revenge, depressed with shame or elevated by victory, the people become invincible. No privation can shake their fortitude, no calamity can break their spirit. Even where equally unsuccessful, the contrast is striking. War and restriction may leave the country equally exhausted; but the latter not only leaves you poor, but, even when successful, dispirited, divided, discontented, with diminished patriotism, and the manners of a considerable portion of your people corrupted. Not so in war. . . . Sir, I would prefer a single victory over the enemy, by sea or land, to all the good we shall ever derive from the continuation of the Non-importation Act. The memory of a Saratoga or a Eutaw is immortal. It is there you will find the country's boast and pride, the inexhaustible source of great and heroic actions. But what will history say of restriction? What examples worthy of imitation will it furnish posterity? What pride, what pleasure will our children find in the events of such times? Let me not be considered as

romantic. This nation ought to be taught to rely on its own courage, its fortitude, its skill and virtue, for protection. These are the only safeguards in the hour of danger. Man was endowed with these great qualities for his defence. There is nothing about him that indicates that he must conquer by enduring. He is not incrusted in a shell; he is not taught to rely on his insensibility, his passive suffering, for defence. No, no; it is on the invincible mind, on a magnanimous nature, that he ought to rely. Herein lies the superiority of our kind; it is these that make man the lord of the world. It is the destiny of our condition that nations should rise above nations, as they are endowed in a greater degree with these shining qualities."

By such words as these was the nation stimulaed to its exertions in the second war with Great Britain, and such eloquence will ever be in request on like occasions from the lips of youthful orators when peaceful policy is to be thrown aside and heroic energy excited. Nor was it necessary only that the country should be aroused; the confidence of the war party was to be sustained; and, throughout the struggle, in all its vicissitudes, to the end, the trumpet tones of Calhoun, no less than his cool argumentative discussion, were heard animating to renewed effort.

In his speech of February 25, 1814, on the Loan Bill, he discussed with masterly vigor the aggressive maritime and commercial policy of England, and the rights of other nations to be preserved in an armed neutrality. "Why," said he, "should I consume time to prove her maritime policy? Who is there so stupid as not to see and feel its effect? You cannot look toward her shores and not behold it. You may see it in her Parliament, her prints, her theatres, and in her very songs. It is scarcely disguised. It is her pride and boast. . . . The nature of its growth indicates its remedy. It originated in power, has grown in pro portion as opposing power has been removed, and can only be restrained by power. Nations are, for the most part, not restrained by moral principles, but by fear. It is an old maxim that they have heads, but no hearts. They see their own interests, but do not sympathize in the wrongs of others." Then, briefly noticing the part the country, standing alone, had borne in the preservation of the rights of neutrals, he turns to assure fainting courage of the result of perseverance, spite of the increased power of Great Britain, left free by the cessation of her struggle with France. "But, say our opponents, their efforts are vain and our condition hopeless. If so, it only remains for us to assume the habit of our condition. We must submit, humbly submit, crave pardon, and hug our chains. It is not wise to provoke where we cannot resist. But let us be well assured of the hopeless nature of our condition before we sink into submission. On what do our opponents rest their despondent and slavish belief? On the recent events in Europe? I admit they are great, and well calculated to impose on the imagination. Our enemy never presented a more imposing exterior

His fortune is at the flood. But I am admonished by universal experience that such prosperity is the most fickle of human conditions. From the flood the tide dates its ebb; from the meridian the sun commences his decline. There is more of sound philosophy than fiction in the fickleness which poets attribute to fortune. Prosperity has its weakness, adversity its strength." If she has overcome France, he said, she has lost her great stronghold in the "French influence;" if she has gained victories, they were purchased only by an exhausting conflict. The armed neutrality yet remained. European nations, every day more commercial, will demand the freedom of the seas, and make common cause against the monopoly of Great Britain. "No," was his eloquent exclamation, "the ocean cannot become property. Like light and air, it is unsusceptible of the idea of property. Heaven has given it to man equally, freely, bountifully; and all empires attempted to be raised on it must partake of the fickleness of its waves." This is eloquence, not far-fetched or dependent upon pomp of expression, armed with devices to startle or confound the listener, but the quick, fiery, impetuous utterance springing from the heart of the subject, with its living ornaments inwoven with the very fibre of the discourse. Nor will the strong, forcible Saxon of this speech be overlooked. It is a model of pure English undefiled.

We might linger over passages like these, growing out of the abundant energy with which the war was defended and pursued by Calhoun in Congress, calling the reader's attention to this most important portion of the orator's career, which has been somewhat thrown out of mind by the far different discussions of his later life, which have engrossed the attention of a new generation; but we must pass on with our brief narrative. The war being ended, questions of financial policy arose, schemes and propositions of banks, in the treatment of which a wise adjustment was to be made between an adequate provision for the necessities of the public and the private interests which always attach themselves to such institutions. The acute mind and incorruptible national policy of Calhoun were here again in the ascendant. He resisted such features as he thought unsound; but waiving the constitutional scruples of his party, gave his support to what he thought indispensable to meet the emergency. As chairman of the committee on national currency, he introduced the bill in 1816 to establish a National Bank. In like manner he supported the tariff of the same year, and the bill to promote internal improvements in the following. This was the last of his important labors in the House of Representatives, from which he was called to another sphere of public duty in the cabinet of President Monroe, as Secretary of War.

It is said that his political friends in South Carolina attempted to dissuade him from accepting this appointment, thinking that "his mind was more metaphysical than practical," and that a rising orator would be lost to the House while the administration would gain

but an indifferent man of business; and that he himself would "lose reputation in taking charge of a department, especially one in a state of such disorder and confusion as the War Department was then." Plausible as these considerations appeared, one important item was left out in the account, the ability and conscientiousness of a man of true genius. A high order of intellectual faculties will always naturally draw in its train the performance of inferior duties—if the morality of any duty can be called inferior. The skilful analysis, the shrewd suggestion, the acute inquiry which can conduct a debate as Calhoun conducted it, argue powers fully equal to the disentanglement of a complicated imbroglio of finance. When Mr. Calhoun entered the War Department it was in utter disorder, without even the services of its old chief clerk, that useful functionary who is expected to keep the wheels of business moving through successive administrations, having vacated his post. The new Secretary, though he had inspired the movements of fleets and armies, was utterly unpracticed in the handling of military affairs; yet such was the result of his sagacious insight, careful investigation, and his methodical mind, that he perfected a system of organization for the regulation of the department which remains in force to this day. He infused his energy into all the details of administration, reviving the Military Academy, establishing frontier posts, setting on foot surveys, and originating the system of medical observations which have gained a wide repute in our army statistics. His financial management was such that he reduced forty millions of unsettled accounts, many of them of long standing, to three millions, diminished the expenses in various ways, and introduced such accountability into the system that in the disbursements of four millions and a half in one year there was not a single defalcation nor the loss of one cent to the government. Let this purity be remembered as a badge of the most eminent men of the country who have illustrated the national annals by their powers of intellect. Genius is sometimes disgraced by the lack of honesty, but fraud has no place in the history of those worthy to be called the fathers of the American State.

Mr. Calhoun held the office of Secretary of War for seven years, till his election to the Vice-Presidency, in the administration of John Quincy Adams, at the termination of which he was continued in the same office through the first term of President Jackson. This period may be called the troubled era of his political life. He was disaffected to the administration of Adams at the beginning, and that of Jackson at the close; and to the ordinary disagreements of party in the latter instance was added the hostility of a personal feud resting on the charge of ancient opposition to the President in Mr. Monroe's cabinet, in the occurrences of the Seminole war. From this period date the nullification doctrines and proceedings which play so important a part in Mr. Calhoun's political history. He furnished arguments and gave strength to the theory, which he

based on an interpretation of the old Virginia Resolutions of 1789, of the right of a State to take the cause in its own hands, and interpose to arrest what it might consider a violation of its own proper privileges by the General Government—a doctrine which, applied by the minority in South Carolina to the tariff of 1828, was met by the practical conduct and authoritative declaration of President Jackson, in his celebrated Proclamation supporting the laws and authority of the Union.

Mr. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency to become the successor, in the Senate, of Robert Y. Hayne. He took his seat on the eve of the introduction of the celebrated Force Bill, levelled at the movement in South Carolina. The crisis was one well calculated to draw forth his best powers, as he stood the representative, on the floor over which he had so long presided, of the obnoxious political heresy of "nullification." In the debate which ensued, the closing struggle was between him and Webster, on the interpretation and powers of the Constitution, whether, as an independent authority, a fundamental law of the land, an obligation binding upon the people, or a compact between States. Calhoun's speech on this occasion, delivered on the 26th February, 1833, is considered one of his master efforts. Its mischievous heresy, laid at rest for a time, has in our own day reappeared in the progressive development of Secession—a gigantic sectional crime, which we cannot but think the parent of the doctrine would have shrunk from.

Throughout the period of General Jackson's administration, he continued in opposition; at war with the President's alleged "executive usurpations" in his series of bank measures, joining Clay and Webster in the vote of censure in the Senate, and resolutely opposing the "Expunging Resolution" so pertinaciously urged by Senator Benton, by which they were blotted from the record. "This act," said he, in the closing scene of the last mentioned affair, "originates in pure, unmixed, personal idolatry. It is the melancholy evidence of a broken spirit, ready to bow at the feet of power. The former act (the removal of the deposits) was such a one as might have been perpetrated in the days of Pompey or Cæsar; but an act like this could never have been consummated by a Roman senate until the times of Caligula and Nero." When the long contest over the United States Bank was succeeded by the creation of the Independent Treasury in the administration of Van Buren, Mr. Calhoun gave that measure his earnest support, setting forth at length his views on the currency in several speeches, characterized by his masterly power of analysis. This apparent desertion of the whigs, with whom he had acted in the bank contest with Jackson, drew upon him an attack from Mr. Clay, to which he replied in a vindication, compared by an admirer to the celebrated oration of Demosthenes, for the Crown, in answer to the assaults of Æschines.

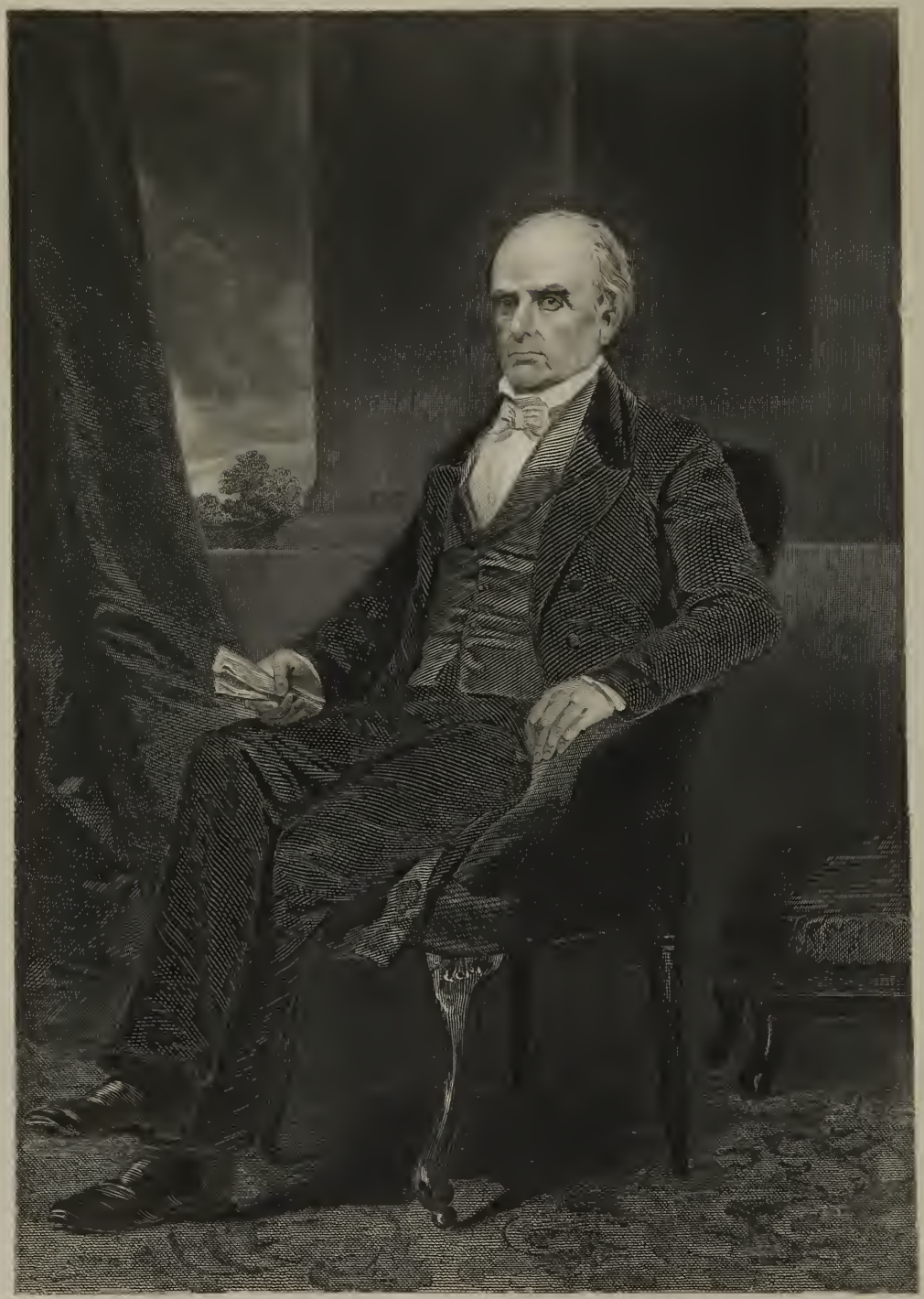
Mr. Calhoun continued in the Senate till 1843, when he declined a reëlection. He was, however, soon brought into public life again as the successor

of Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, under President Tyler, in 1844, a period of official duty which he employed in paving the way for the admission of Texas. On the expiration of Tyler's term, he again took his seat in the Senate, where he became the opponent of the war with Mexico. In the slavery discussion which arose out of the conquest, he stood forward as the uncompromising supporter of the slave interest, maintaining the necessity of an equilibrium between the two portions of the country, the North and the South. His theory in this relation is unfolded at length in his posthumous work, the employment of the last years of his life, the "Disquisition on Government, and Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States," edited by Mr. Richard K. Cralle, and published under the direction of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina. His theory of State Rights is argued in this composition with his accustomed force of argument and felicity of expression, the discussion ending in a curious proposition to protect the claims of the minority by "a reorganization of the executive department; so that its powers, instead of being vested, as they now are, in a single officer, should be vested in two; to be so elected as that the two should be constituted the special organs and representatives of the respective sections, in the executive department of the government; and requiring each to approve all the acts of Congress before they shall become laws." His latest effort in the Senate, on the 13th March, was in some remarks growing out of the discussion on the slavery question. He was taken home exhausted, and died at his residence at Washington the last day of March, 1850, having just completed his sixty-eighth year. His disease was a pulmonary affection, aggravated by difficulty at the heart.

The faculties of Calhoun were eminently intellectual. He had little regard for the merely rhetorical or ornamental, and it is the highest proof of his oratory that he succeeded in rousing his hearers by the simple force of argumentative appeal.

"His mind," said that eminent associate of his best days in the capitol, his fellow member of the oratorical triumvirate, one with whom and against whom he had contended, who had rejoiced in his aid and felt his steel, Daniel Webster, in his obituary remarks in the Senate, "was both perceptive and vigorous. It was clear, quick and strong. The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner in which he exhibited his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities which have enabled him through such a long course of years to speak often, and yet always command attention." He noticed also the unmixed devotion of his life to

political duties, of his zealous occupation in serious employment, "seeming to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends," while he celebrated the charms of that conversational talent, and the delight of its possessor to exercise it, particularly in company with the young. The eulogy ended with a tribute to "the unspotted integrity and unimpeached honor" of the man and statesman. "If he had aspirations, they were high and honorable and noble. There was nothing grovelling or low or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for the species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the Republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or selfish feeling." Consistent with this generous eulogy of his high toned public career is the tenor of the great senator's private life. His liberal hospitality and heartfelt enjoyment of the beauties of nature at his seat, Fort Hill, surrounded by his family, in the mountain region of his native State, his kindness to his friends and dependants, his fondness for agriculture, all stamp the man of genuine simplicity of mind.



Dom^l. Webster

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The great orator of New England, and eminent statesman and publicist of the whole country, was descended from a race of honest yeomen in America who traced their ancestry to an ancient Scottish origin. The first of the family in America appears to have been one Thomas Webster, who was settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1636. From him Daniel Webster traced his direct descent. He was his great-great-grandfather. His son Ebenezer was the father of one who bore the same name, who was the parent of a third Ebenezer, the father of the orator. This last-mentioned Ebenezer was a small farmer in Kingston, New Hampshire, a man of fine personal appearance, of energy and character, and self-taught, rising to positions of trust and confidence among his townspeople. He was called upon in his youth to fight the battles of the Crown in the wars with France, and served with distinction in the famous company of Rangers commanded by Colonel Rogers, who gave so good an account of themselves in the region of Lake Champlain and on the borders of Canada. On the conclusion of peace, in 1763, and the consequent opening of the frontier to settlement, he became one of an adventurous party which advanced to a new location on the Merrimac. The place was so distant at that time that, in the words of his eloquent son, many years afterwards, when Ebenezer Webster "*lapped on*, a little beyond any other comer, and had built his log cabin and lighted his fire, his smoke ascended nearer to the North Star than that of any other of his majesty's New England subjects. His nearest civilized neighbor on the north was at Montreal."

At this spot, which took the name of Salisbury, Daniel was born, the fruit of a second marriage, January 18, 1782. His mother, Abigail Eastman, was a woman of much force of character, and of a self-relying instinct. To her and his father, Daniel was alike indebted for that opportunity of distinction in the world which he so diligently improved. When the Revolution came on, Captain Webster, like many another hero of the seven years' war, took the field in the service of his countrymen. He was in the engagement at White Plains, and a major under the famous Stark, at Bennington.

The first education of Daniel was at the hands of his mother or elder sisters. He said that he never could recollect a time when he could not read the Bible. He had also his share in the humble

instructions of the district schoolmaster, who had found his way even to that remote region. He probably owed little to such teachers, for they had nothing to impart but reading and writing, which did not always include correct spelling. For such association as he had with them, however, the pupil was not ungrateful, when, more than half a century afterward, venerable Master Tappan reminded him of his existence and of these early lessons. The great lawyer then recalled how the schoolmaster had once taken his turn of migratory living at his father's house, and cordially assisted his preceptor in his old age. A few books which had found their way to a village library at Salisbury, founded by the lawyer and clergyman of the place and his father, were far more profitable instructors. The "Spectator" was among them, and the young Daniel took delight in the stirring ballad of Chevy Chase, the verses of which he picked out from the setting of criticism in which Addison had imbedded them. Isaac Watts he had by heart, and Pope's "Essay on Man," brought home by his father in a pamphlet, was at once added to this stock of rhymes. The seed fell into an eager soil. He tells us how he met, a few years later, with Don Quixote, and that he was so entranced with "that extraordinary book," so great was its power over his imagination, that he never closed his eyes till he had finished it.

Here, however, the education of the youth might have been arrested had he not shown signs of a feeble constitution, which was judged too little serviceable for the plough. Like his elder brother, Ebenezer, he would have been assigned to the farmer's duty. But other visions doubtless interfered. In one of the statesman's letters recalling these early scenes, he tells us of the arrival, one hot day in July, about the close of Washington's administration, of a member of Congress who came up to his father and himself at work together in the field. The contrast struck the parent between the rising man of the State, honorably paid, and his own life of ill-requited toil. "My son," said the father, "that is a worthy man—he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was; but I missed it, and now I must work here." "My dear father," was the reply, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest." And I remember to have cried, and I cry now—it is Daniel Webster, in one of his later years, writing—at the recollection. "My child," said the father, "it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge; but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities—*learn*, *learn*, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone and which have made me an old man before my time."

This was the spirit with which, mounting his horse and placing his son on another, he conducted him to the Phillips Academy, at Exeter, presided over by that eminent instructor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, and then in the first enjoyment of the posthumous bounty of its disinterested founder. The youth had recently completed his fourteenth year, and, if we may judge from the modest narrative which he has himself left in a fragment of autobiography, does not appear to have exhibited any extraordinary precocity. On the contrary, he manifested a repugnance and apparent inability to do at all what he was celebrated in after life for doing so much better than others: he could not be induced by any appeal, and even the chagrin of his own mortifications, to go through a simple declamation in presence of the school. He was utterly unable, when his name was called, to raise himself from his seat. "When the occasion was over," he adds, "I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification." He had good teachers, men who became eminent in the professions, among them Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who heard his first recitations in Latin; and he formed thus early many friendships which lasted through life. After nearly a year at Exeter, he was placed in charge of the Rev. Samuel Wood at Boscawen, not far from his father's residence. This gentleman pursued education for the love of it, and for the reward it brought him in the elevation of a Christian community. His fees were always trifling, and he had, on occasion, no unwillingness to relinquish them altogether, for the greater glory of the commonwealth, provided only he sent sons to his favorite Dartmouth. He thus forwarded, from under his own roof, more than a hundred to the institution.

As the father of young Webster accompanied him on the way to his new home with this kind preceptor, he intimated the intention of sending him to college. The promise was welcomed with fear and joy, and a depth of emotion most honorable to the recipient. In our day, when facilities of this kind are so freely extended, it is not easy to appreciate the kind and degree of gratitude thus awakened in an ingenuous youth. "The very idea," wrote the thankful son in the fulness of his reputation, "thrilled my whole frame. My father said he then lived but for his children, and if I would do all I could for myself, he would do what he could for me. I remember that I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father, so great, I could only press his hands and shed tears. Excellent, excellent parent! I cannot think of him, even now, without turning child again."

With his new instructor, Daniel read Virgil and Cicero, and was warmed by the latter to an enthusiasm for oratory which never afterwards failed him. "With what vehemence did I denounce Catiline! with what earnestness struggle for Milo!" Put thus upon the track—his preparation was little more—he entered Dartmouth College as a freshman in August, 1797. He was a diligent, earnest student, and became

highly esteemed for his proficiency, especially in the rhetoric and belles lettres departments. There is evidence of this in the fact that he gained his support for a year by superintending a little weekly newspaper, for which he made the selections and to which he occasionally contributed, and in his delivery, in his junior year, in 1800, of a Fourth of July oration before the good people of Hanover. The address was printed, and remains to witness, in its sounding periods, to his patriotic fervor, which even then did not overlook the blessings of constitutional government. The young orator would doubtless have shone with equal distinction, the following year, on taking his degree, had he not thrown himself out of his appointment by one of those altercations not uncommon with the arrangement of these college exercises. The Faculty, out of regard for his English attainments, assigned him the second part, an English Oration or Poem, in place of the Latin Salutatory. Disappointed with this order, he took no part in the Commencement exercises, though he delivered at the time an oration on "The Influence of Opinion," before the leading college Society, which gained him great applause.

He left College, however, with a higher claim to self respect than any admiration of a promiscuous audience. The very year on which he graduated he had been instrumental in bringing his elder brother Ezekiel to the spot, and leaving him there on the high road to professional eminence equalling his own subsequent achievements. It was while in his sophomore year, during a vacation at home, that the thought of thus benefiting his brother was seriously taken up by him. A whole night was passed in bed between the two youths in consultation on the subject, neither closing his eyes; but daylight brought the decision with it, and it was in consequence of the earnest appeal of Daniel that Ezekiel was taken from the plough and placed under the tutelary care of the beneficent clergyman, Samuel Wood. Thence he passed to college, and we shall see how handsomely his brother seconded his advice by contributing to his support while there.

Immediately on graduating, Daniel entered the law office of his father's neighbor, Thomas W. Thompson, a man of some note in his day as a member of the State legislature, and a Senator in Congress, but he was presently called off from his legal studies by the necessity of making some pecuniary provision for himself, and in this strait accepted the offer of a school at Fryeburg, in Maine. He was led to this step by what was then, to him, the munificent salary of three hundred and fifty dollars a year, "no small thing," he says, "for I compared it not with what might be before me, but what was actually behind me"—a proper method, by the way, of estimating one's fortunes, which would lead to a more general content. In addition to this he continued to get something more of consequence by copying deeds for the registry of the newly created county of Oxford. As exact penmanship was always a troublesome labor to him, we

may estimate his diligence. Thirty years, he afterward said, had not taken the ache of that exercise out of his fingers.

His first vacation, in May, 1802, was passed in carrying his quarter's salary to his brother at Hanover, thus devoting his first earnings to an act of fraternal friendship. He left Fryeburg in the autumn, and resumed the study of the law with his father's friend, Mr. Thompson. Like Story, he began with the apex of professional application, Coke upon Littleton, and such early and obscure authorities, and was grievously disheartened by the process, till luckily, one day, falling upon Espinasse's law of Nisi Prius, he found that he could understand what he read. He always, he said, felt greatly obliged to that gentleman for his intelligible labors. At the proper time Webster as a law student did not shun the more laborious literature of the profession. He was meanwhile assisted at Salisbury by his father's limited income as judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the county.

His brother Ezekiel having now graduated, after eking out his support through three years of college life, which he made to do the work of four, by winter school teaching, it had become necessary, writes Daniel, for one of us to "undertake something that should bring us a little money, for we were getting to be 'heinously unprovided.'" The younger brother accordingly set off for Boston, secured a teacher's place in that city for Ezekiel, who in turn invited the elder thither with the promise of pecuniary assistance, while he prosecuted his law studies. In this way these brothers labored for one another. Daniel accordingly proceeded to Boston, with the intention of making his way into the law. He had no letters of introduction, and the future ruler of the Boston bar failed in his first attempts to gain admission to an office to study. He however made a vigorous attempt with an eminent man who had been employed in England in the diplomatic service of the country, and who rose to be governor of Massachusetts, Christopher Gore. In the interview the youth was thrown upon his best address, and succeeded in securing the coveted opening. A good library was now accessible to him, with an opportunity which he availed himself of, of attending the higher courts.

He read diligently, and made notes of his observations. In 1805 he was admitted to practice in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas. It was not, however, without a relinquishment of immediate benefit which cost him an effort. Not long before the completion of his legal studies, an office fell vacant in his father's court, which he was selected to fill. It was a clerkship with an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Here was wealth for the family to be clutched at with eagerness. His father thought it a great prize gained, and so did the son, who was hastening to enter this "opening paradise," when he encountered the advice of Mr. Gore. This learned counsellor and man of experience took the matter very coolly, said it was undoubtedly a complimentary offer, and that

he should acknowledge it with all civility—in other words, his monitor wisely pointed out to him the steady path and sure rewards of his profession, in preference to the immediate but uncertain tenure of office. "Go on," was his memorable advice, worthy, in these days of office-seeking and its melancholy adjuncts, of being written in letters of gold on our page—"go on and finish your studies: you are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favor; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession, make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear." Fortified with this invigorating counsel, the youth went down to his father and somewhat startled the kind old gentleman, in the first flush of the promised acquisition, by declining it in favor of his future prospects. Was the boy's talk empty flattery, or was it prophecy? The father, in his reply, seemed uncertain. "Well, my son," said he, and it was all that he said on the subject, "your mother has always said that you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which; I think you are now about settling that doubt for her." The first return of the youth for this paternal solicitude, when he reached his admission to the bar, was settling himself by the side of his father, in the neighboring village of Boscawen, in the practice of his profession. He thus solaced, by his company, the last year of that parent's life.

Two years and a half were spent in this limited field of legal practice, when he removed to Portsmouth, relinquishing his local business to his brother, who was then commencing a career at the bar, which soon led to great distinction in his State, and would, doubtless, have made him as well known to the nation at large, had his life been prolonged. At Portsmouth, Daniel married, in 1808, Miss Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a clergyman of valued New England lineage, and there he continued to reside till 1817. In this enlarged sphere, he appears to have met with immediate success, entering at once, not indeed upon a very lucrative practice, but sharing the honors of the bar of New Hampshire with some of its most distinguished adepts. He was employed chiefly on the circuit of the Superior Court, where, as leading counsel, he frequently became the antagonist of Jeremiah Mason, then in the height of his vigor. The emulation of the young lawyer with this distinguished counsellor, with whom he was often associated as well as in opposition, was blended with the warmest friendship. He often recurred to this period in after life, and when it became his lot, many years later, to perform the final act of courtesy, in pronouncing a eulogy on the decease of his friend, it was in no feigned or guarded words that he spoke. Restrained by "proprieties of the occasion," he would not, he said, in the course of his noble tribute, give utterance to the personal feelings which rose in his heart, in recalling "a sincere, affectionate and unbroken friendship, from the day when I commenced my

own professional career to the closing hour of his life. I will not say," he added, "of the advantages which I have derived from this intercourse and conversation, all that Mr. Fox said of Edmund Burke; but I am bound to say, that of my own professional discipline and attainments, whatever they may be, I owe much to that close attention to the discharge of my duties, which I was compelled to pay for nine successive years, from day to day, by Mr. Mason's efforts and arguments at the same bar; and I must have been unintelligent, indeed, not to have learned something from the constant displays of that power, which I had so much occasion to see and to feel."

Mr. Webster's residence, at Portsmouth, saw his introduction into public life. Passing over the usual preliminary experience of service in the State legislature, he was at once, in November, 1812, elected by the Federal party, to which he was attached, to the Congress of the United States. On taking his seat, in May, 1813, he was appointed by the speaker, Henry Clay, on the important Committee of Foreign Affairs. War with England had just been declared, and the news of the repeal of the obnoxious French Decrees and English Orders in Council, which had so grievously injured the commerce of the country, and deeply irritated the mind of the nation, had just come to hand. It was in offering a resolution, in reference to the Berlin and Milan Decrees, calling out the motives of the contest, that Webster, early in the session, delivered his maiden speech. It was listened to, among others, by Chief Justice Marshall, who predicted the future importance of the orator, destined, he wrote to a friend, to become "one of the very first statesmen in America, and perhaps the very first." No full report of the speech has been preserved, but sufficient of it is known to justify the conclusion of Mr. Edward Everett, who sums up its merits, in language, as he intimates, applicable to the whole course of the orator's subsequent parliamentary efforts. He speaks of the "moderation of tone, precision of statement, force of reasoning, absence of ambitious rhetoric and high flown language, occasional bursts of true eloquence, and, pervading the whole, a genuine and fervid patriotism." Whenever he spoke, these were his characteristics, which at once gained him the respect of the wisest judgments in the House, which at that time held an unusual number of eminent men.

Though opposed to some of the prominent measures of the administration of Madison, he was not its factious opponent. He was ardent for the maintenance of the rights of his country, though he differed with the party in power as to the best means of securing them. He thought the force of the nation was weakened by attempts at invasion on the frontiers, and maintained that a well manned navy was a better defence for the seaboard than an embargo which strangled a commerce that otherwise would only be open to assault. In fine, Webster exhibited thus early that moderation of statesmanship, which marked his subsequent course. In the language of his friend and eulogist

whom we have just cited: "It was not the least conspicuous of the strongly marked qualities of his character as a public man, that at a time when party spirit went to great lengths, he never permitted himself to be infected with its contagion. His opinions were firmly maintained and boldly expressed; but without bitterness from those who differed from him. He cultivated friendly relations on both sides of the House, and gained the personal respect even of those with whom he most differed." It is a lesson not to be lost sight of by politicians, or any who would serve the country where its diverse interests are in hostile array.

Mr. Webster was reëlected to Congress in 1814, and the war being now ended, entered with zeal into the measures of reorganization of the material interests of the country. His profession at home, too, was making larger demands upon his attention, while his private affairs had suffered by the destruction of his house and property in a conflagration at Portsmouth. This, with the general progress of his fortunes, determined him upon taking up his residence in Boston, a measure which, of course, withdrew him from his New Hampshire constituency, and his seat in Congress, while this temporary absence from Washington enabled him to occupy himself in several important professional cases. Foremost among them, the first of a series memorable in the annals of the bar, was his final argument before the Supreme Court, at the seat of government, in defence of Dartmouth College against the interference of the State legislature. His maintenance, on that occasion, of the inviolability of corporate rights, followed by the decision of the Court, pronounced by Chief Justice Marshall, established collegiate and other property on an unassailable foundation. The fervor of his appeal, as he pronounced this lofty argument for the college in which he had been educated, is said to have affected the sensibilities of his audience—an audience not accustomed to much personal agitation. But we see nothing of this in the severe Spartan brevity of the legal points of the argument as preserved in his writings, though we may well credit it on the testimony of Mr. George Ticknor who tells us, "many betrayed strong emotion, many were dissolved in tears."

This final hearing of the question took place in 1818, two years after Mr. Webster had made his home in Boston. It was followed by other cases of equal professional distinction, but the great Dartmouth question, marking his entrance upon the Supreme Court of the nation, is the great landmark of his legal career.

In the revision of the constitution of Massachusetts, in 1820, Mr. Webster was chosen one of the delegates from Boston, and the observation made by his biographer, Mr. Everett, is worthy of note, that "with the exception of a few days' service, two or three years afterward, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, this is the only occasion on which he ever filled any political office under the State government, either of Massachusetts or New Hampshire." He

rose rapidly in law and politics to the highest positions. His speeches in the Convention on "Qualifications for Office," in which, while maintaining the sanction of religion, he advocated the remission of special tests of religious belief, the "Basis of the Senate," supporting a property representation in the apportionment of electoral districts, according to their taxation, and the "Independence of the Judiciary," are included in his collected works.

It was in this same year, 1820, that Mr. Webster delivered the first of those anniversary and occasional discourses, which, equally with his forensic and political exertions, gave him his great popular reputation. He had, indeed, previously delivered various addresses, but his Plymouth oration, on the first settlement of New England, gave importance to these efforts, and has raised a department of oratory, in his own hands and that of others of distinguished merit, to a high and distinctive place in the literature of the country. This discourse was pronounced on the twenty-second of December, two hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Opening, as was his wont, with a few dignified general reflections, looking into the philosophy of common truths applicable to his subject, he proceeded to present the cause of emigration, which he found in religious fervor and love of independence; the peculiarities of the settlement as distinguished from other instances of colonization, reviewing the colonies of Greece and Rome, and their social and military principles, and then descending to the trading establishments of modern times; after that, taking up the retrospect of the century just ended, with the progress of New England through the Revolution in political and civil history, he proceeded with some observations on the nature and constitution of government in the country. The general diffusion of wealth, with its interests and responsibilities, and the provision for education, he found to be the motive and safeguard of republican institutions. He closed with an invocation worthy the best days of ancient oratory. "Advance then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth."

Other passages might be cited from this discourse, in proof of the speaker's great capacity for oratory. His description, near the commencement, of the day of Marathon, and of the fears and

hopes inspired in the breast of the traveller, whom he carries back in imagination to the pregnant moments of the decisive contest, whom he fancies trembling for the destiny of civilization, in his overwhelming anxiety, "as if it were still uncertain, doubting whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and the world." Still more impressive, perhaps, is his picture, with its subtle undercurrent of home application, of Rome childless in the midst of her colonies, with no son of hers succeeding when the parent state should totter and fall. We read of Rome, but our thoughts are on England and America. "It was not given to Rome," is the language of this sublime theme, "to see, either at her zenith or in her decline, a child of her own, distant, indeed, and independent of her control, yet speaking her language and inheriting her blood, springing forward to a competition with her own power, and a comparison with her own great renown. She saw not a vast region of the earth peopled from her stock, full of states and political communities, improving upon the models of her institutions and breathing in fuller measure the spirit which she had breathed in the best periods of her existence; enjoying and extending her arts and her literature; rising rapidly from political childhood to manly strength and independence; her offspring, yet now her equal; unconnected with the causes which might affect the duration of her own power and greatness; of common origin, but not linked to a common fate; giving ample pledge that her name should not be forgotten, that her language should not cease to be used among men; that whatsoever she had done for human knowledge and human happiness should be treasured up and preserved; that the record of her existence and her achievements should not be obscured, although, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, it might be her destiny to fall from opulence and splendor; although the time might come when darkness should settle on all her hills; when foreign or domestic violence should overturn her altars and her temples; when ignorance and despotism should fill the places where laws and arts and liberty had flourished; when the feet of barbarism should trample on the tombs of her consuls, and the walls of her Senate-house and Forum echo only to the voice of savage triumph."

In passages like these, and throughout the orations of Webster, the subordination of language to matter will be noticed; we have ever the most important thoughts and impressive utterances in the plainest words.

Mr. Webster again entered Congress in 1823, sacrificing, doubtless, large pecuniary returns from his profession to the service of the State. His legal arguments were, however, only interrupted, not relinquished; he found time to debate in the Capitol, and plead in the Supreme Court, and certainly no regret is to be expressed that he listened to the counsel of friends, and the more imperative call of his own interests to political life. Commanding statesmanship was his forte and passion,

and he lived and breathed freely in the higher atmosphere of government. The first question which prominently engaged his attention in the House of Representatives was the state of Greece, then engaged in her life struggle with the Ottoman power. The topic had been brought before Congress in the messages of Monroe, and although little more was to be done than utter an eloquent expression of opinion on the floor of Congress, that little, in Mr. Webster's utterance, became a voice of prophecy. His speech on the Revolution in Greece, delivered in January, 1824, was an emphatic declaration of public law and right between the oppressor and oppressed, and its declarations at this moment, where not overridden by insuperable claims of expediency, are sanctioned by the practice of the great courts of Europe. Free governments, it is now getting to be understood, as the policy of the great Italian movement witnesses, are the guaranties of prosperous international intercourse. Despotism, and not freedom, is now understood to be the dangerous incendiary torch, and the principles of this decision will be found in the speech of Mr. Webster.

The next year gave him occasion for another public exercise of his oratory, in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. Lafayette was present at the delivery of the address, and the accessories in every way were of the most imposing character. The orator again seized the vital elements of his subject. Half a century had elapsed since the spot had been consecrated by the blood of its defenders. Mr. Webster, after paying due honor to the military struggle, turned to the peaceful triumphs of government and arts during the period, in conclusion striking the key note of his earlier and later efforts in his plea for harmony and union. "Let our conceptions," said he, "be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." Eighteen years afterward, on the completion of the monument, he was again called upon as the orator of the day. He had in the meantime risen to the high position of Secretary of State; years and family changes had made their mark upon his life; but they had not abated, they had only imparted a deeper tone to his eloquence. His review of the elements and progress of colonial life was worthy of the master historian, and show how well he would have succeeded in this mode of composition, had he turned his attention to it. He had eminently an historic mind. Every day events presented themselves to him in their causes and consequences with a certain processional grandeur. He always looked to moral influences, and here found them written legibly in the material granite. "We wish," he said, in his first oration, "that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce n all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his na-

tive shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." In the same spirit in his second discourse he says: "The powerful shaft stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts to the full comprehension of every American mind and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

A eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, pronounced in Faneuil Hall in August, 1826, was the next of those popular discourses delivered by Mr. Webster, ranking with his Plymouth and Bunker Hill orations. The simultaneous death of these two great fathers of the state, on the preceding fourth of July, had deeply affected the mind of the country, and expectation was fully alive to the charmed words of the orator. In the course of this address occurs the description of eloquence often cited, commencing, "true eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech," and ending with the idea of Demosthenes, "in action, noble, sublime, godlike action." Here, too, occurs the famous feigned oration so familiar in the recitations of schoolboys, put into the mouth of Adams—words written with the emphasis and felicity of Patrick Henry—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. . . . It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now and Independence forever."

Mr. Webster had been continued, by new elections, in the House of Representatives—in some of them his vote was almost unanimous—when, in 1827, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. It was while on the journey to the Capitol to take his seat, at the close of the year, that his wife became so ill that he was compelled to leave her under medical treatment in New York. He speedily rejoined her, and in the month of January she breathed her last. Those who knew her well have recorded her virtues. She was of great amiability. Judge Story wrote of her "warm and elevated affections, her constancy, purity and piety, her noble disinterestedness and excellent sense," while a feminine hand, Mrs. Lee, has recalled similar traits of character. At the time of this calamity her husband was forty-six. He had many honors yet to reap, but youth and early manhood, with their fresh hopes and incentives, did not cross that grave. It was not long after, in the spring of 1829, that he was called to suffer another sorrow in the sudden death of his brother Ezekiel, who fell in full court at Concord, even while he was standing erect, engaged in speaking—stricken down in an instant by disease of the heart. "Coming so

soon after another awful stroke," he wrote to a friend, "it seems to fall with double weight. He has been my reliance through life, and I have derived much of its happiness from his fraternal affection."

His public duties were before him, and to them he turned. In the Senate, at the close of this year, 1829, commenced that celebrated debate on Mr. Foot's resolution on the sale of the public lands, which led to the passage at arms between Robert Y. Hayne, the senator from South Carolina, and Mr. Webster, who was looked up to as the champion of New England. The question involved a matter of delicacy between the two parties of the country—Jackson had then recently ousted Adams in the Presidency—in their relations to the West. Mr. Foot was from Connecticut, and the supporters of the Administration endeavored to set New England in an unfriendly attitude to the emigration to the new States. Mr. Hayne, a young man of brilliant talents, rapid and effective in onset, took part in the debate, and bore with severity upon New England, and personally upon Mr. Webster. There were two speeches on each side by the rival orators. The second by Mr. Webster is usually considered his greatest parliamentary oration. There were three objects, says Mr. Everett, to accomplish in this answer. Personalities were to be repelled, the New England States vindicated, and the character of the government as a political system maintained against theories of nullification. The speech was delivered on the 26th and 27th of January. As published in the author's works, it occupies seventy-two large, solidly printed octavo pages, yet it is said to have been listened to with unbroken interest. "The variety of incident," we are told, "and the rapid fluctuation of the passions, kept the audience in continual expectation and ceaseless agitation. There was no chord of the heart the orator did not strike as with a master hand. The speech was a complete drama of comic and pathetic scenes; one varied excitement—laughter and tears gaining alternate victory." The account is well supported by intelligent eye-witnesses, but the calm, unimpassioned reader must not look for all these emotions in his perusal of the printed pages. He must remember how much depended upon the occasion, the studiously aroused parliamentary crisis, the rising agitation between the North and the South, and above all, the personal emphasis of the speakers. Hayne's talents were of no common order; he was ingenious, inventive, full of matter, copious in language, easy and impressive in action. Mr. Webster, though some years his senior, was in the prime of life, with all that interest attaching to his appearance, his raven hair, dark, deeply set eyes, olive complexion, and general force and compactness which no physical weakness of his later days ever wholly deprived him of. Even his dress was carefully selected. He appeared in the blue coat and buff vest, the costume of the Revolution—an apparel often worn by him on subsequent oratorical occasions. He stood forth as a representative man, a

pledged combatant in the arena; and he was every way equal to the occasion. Stripped of what was accidental, enough remains in his speech to secure admiration. Its best remembered passages will always be its encomium of Massachusetts, and its closing appeal, as the orator shrinks from "the dark recess," and shudders at "the precipice of disunion." Rising grandly to imagery truly Miltonic, he exclaimed, "While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

When the progress of the nullification doctrine in South Carolina brought matters to a crisis with the government, Mr. Webster was again called upon to elucidate the constitutional history of the country in answer to the arguments of Mr. Calhoun. It was at the season of President Jackson's Proclamation, a moment of intense public excitement. A second time the New England orator was placed in a conspicuous position to assert a great national principle, and how well he maintained it let the voice of Madison, the father of the Constitution, answer. In accepting a copy of the speech, the venerable sage wrote from Montpellier, "Your late very powerful speech crushed 'nullification' and must hasten an abandonment of 'secession.'" This support of the cause of the President placed the orator high in the regards of the administration, and we have seen it intimated that overtures of a seat in the Cabinet were made him. There was good reason for this cordiality of feeling toward one who supplied the argument by his previous speeches for the noted Proclamation; but the course of Congressional life soon brought the parties at variance. The President's action towards the Bank of the United States called forth various speeches from Mr. Webster, who stood opposed to what he considered an assumption of power, by that high officer, not conferred by the

Constitution. The orator's arguments on this head were fully presented in his reply in the Senate to the Presidential 'protest,' objecting to the censure which had been passed, and fully setting forth the pretensions of the Government. As an incidental ornament to his discourse, Mr. Webster in this speech introduced that allusion to England, the extent of her power and authority, which has become in all latitudes "familiar as a household word." He is urging the necessity of sustaining a principle, and appeals to the course of our Revolutionary fathers. "On this question of principle," said he, "while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The next event which calls for notice in this account of Mr. Webster's career, is his visit to England in the spring of 1839. He was not long absent, but had the best opportunities of observation in the welcome he received in the highest quarters. His journey was extended to Scotland and France. He was always fond of agriculture, and the model farming of Great Britain had much of his attention. He spoke on this subject at the celebration at Oxford.

On his return he became deeply engaged in the political campaign which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the Presidency as the successor of Van Buren, and in return for his services was appointed Secretary of State in the new administration. He found, in the discharge of the duties of this office, many important questions waiting for adjustment, and it was his good fortune to conduct the nation with honor through the vexed boundary questions with England, which, at one time, seemed seriously to threaten hostilities. There were other matters of weight with foreign nations which he was called upon to negotiate, which are amply illustrated in his published diplomatic correspondence. Mr. Webster continued in office about two years under President Tyler, deferring party considerations to the public welfare in his negotiations. When these were happily adjusted he resigned. An interval of leisure from affairs of state was divided between his engagements in the services of his whig party and the demands of his profession. In 1845 he is again in the Senate, and had occasion to oppose the Mexican war, which he disliked in its inception, though he patriotically voted supplies to the army. A journey to South Carolina two years later, proved the hold he had upon the popular sympathy and intelligence. It was looked upon as a step to the Presidency. He had long served his party, and was entitled to its rewards. Expediency, however, fatal to so many servants of the public, came in the way, and General Taylor, the popular hero of the war, was pre-

ferred before him. On the early succession of Vice-President Fillmore to the office, Mr. Webster again became Secretary of State in 1850, and held the position to his death. A new Presidential election afforded his party one more opportunity of rewarding him by a nomination, but it was given to General Scott, and the old political hero, with a sigh at the ingratitude of party, continued to discharge the duties of his office to the last. The release was not long in coming. It came to him in the autumn of 1852, at his retirement at Marshfield, where some of the happiest hours of his later life had been spent in the enjoyment of the pursuits of agriculture, the refreshments of rural life, and the intimacy of his family and chosen friends. He died on the morning of Sunday, the 24th October, 1852.

Of the impression made upon the whole community by that event, it will be difficult to convey an adequate idea to another generation. During the later years of his life, Mr. Webster was much before the public. His voice had been heard in our large cities, and in many of the rural parts of the land, counselling in politics and national affairs; there was scarcely a liberal interest in which he had not taken part, in local and historical gatherings, agricultural meetings, openings of railroads, anniversaries of historical societies. Spite of the subtle inroads of disease, age sat lightly upon him, and the wear and tear of three score years and upwards had not done their frequent disheartening work, in impairing the energy of his mind. Its springs were as yet unbroken; assured position, and the ease of doing readily what he had done so often, perhaps gave greater pliancy to his movements. All that he said was uttered with point and energy, and his powers were with him to the end. He had lived in the company of great thoughts and great ideas, and their solace was not denied him, when the spirit, on the eve of its parting flight, most needed refreshment. The first voice from his dying chamber to the public was communicated, in terms singularly worthy of the occasion, by a friend, Professor Felton, of Harvard. "Solemn thoughts," was the language of this startling bulletin, which appeared in the "Boston Courier," of October 20, only four days before the final event, "exclude from his mind the inferior topics of the fleeting hour; and the great and awful themes of the future now seemingly opening before him—themes to which his mind has always and instinctively turned its profoundest meditations, now fill the hours won from the weary lassitude of sickness, or from the public duties, which sickness and retirement cannot make him forget or neglect. The eloquent speculations of Cicero on the immortality of the soul, and the admirable arguments against the Epicurean philosophy, put into the mouth of one of the colloquists in the book of Nature of the Gods, share his thoughts with the sure testimony of the Word of God." Many anecdotes are recorded of those last hours. It is fondly remembered, at Marshfield, how he caused his favorite cattle to be driven by his window when too feeble to leave his room

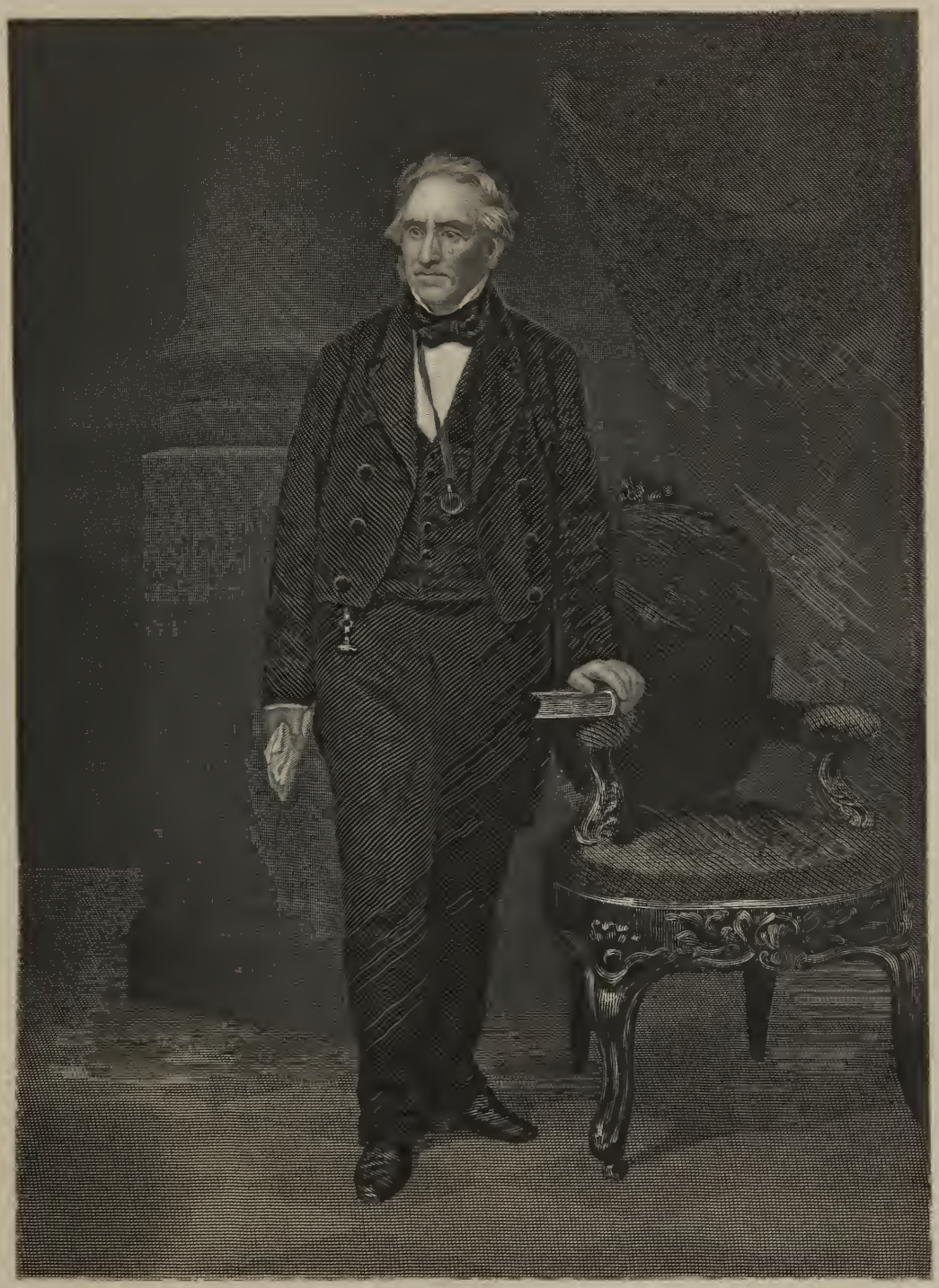
—and among the traditions of that dying chamber, are treasured his affection for his friend, Peter Harvey, and others with him, and the gentle consolation of some stanzas, which he had recited to him from that mournful requiem, the sad cadence of human life, the undying Elegy of the poet Gray. Conscious to the very end, he calmly watched the process of dissolution, and the last syllables he listened to were the sublime words of the Psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." His last words were, "I still live." By his own directions, his remains were entombed by the side of his first wife, and the children of his early days, in the old family burying ground on his estate, at Marshfield. His grave bears his name, and the text selected by himself, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

We should far transcend the limited space at our command, were we to attempt to notice the many tributes to the memory of Daniel Webster. The press, the pulpit, the bar, colleges, senates, cities, had their commemorations, and poured forth their eulogies. With the exception of Washington and Franklin, more, perhaps, of a personal character has been written about Webster, than of any of our public men. His life had been passed in the eye of the people, and a certain publicity naturally followed all that he said or did. In his strength and in his weakness, in all the minutiæ of his daily life, he was well known. All men who live much before the public, are necessarily something of actors; we all act our parts; he was constantly presenting his best. There was a certain greatness, as we have remarked, natural to the man, spite of his failings. His ordinary conversation had an air of grandeur. His look was full of dignity. His plain speech in his orations, in which simple strong Saxon greatly abounds, was an index of his matter and prevailing moods. He sought no effects which did not spring from the truthfulness of his subject. Rhetoric was his forte, but he used it sparingly in illustration of the sober groundwork of reason. In the happy phrase of his friend, Mr. Hillard, his eloquence was "the lightning of passion running along the iron links of argument." The full value and significance of his political career, with that of his great brethren in the Senate, remains yet to be adjusted in history, but his friends may fearlessly leave the apportionment of fame to posterity. But whatever the rank of Webster may hereafter be with the historian, the biographer will never lack material for a story of elevating interest in the narrative of his life, from the cradle to the grave.

THOMAS HART BENTON.

Of the class of working politicians of the country, the many men employed in the organization of party and the practical business of legislation, few have so risen above the rank of their fellows as the late Senator Benton. It is the fortune of these persons to occupy a large share of the public attention without being greatly distinguished; they are much oftener seen and heard than the limited set of people above them, the originators of their conceptions, the Clays, Calhouns, Websters, if the country is happy enough to possess such: to these fame is given, but the others must be contented with gratitude. Mr. Benton was through a long career a highly useful politician and in many things a representative; but it was only in the later portion of his career that the interest began to attach to him which is centered upon a great statesman. The illustrious triumvirate whose names we have mentioned may have thrown his merits into the shade; but we suspect that his worth grew with time, and that no man was more indebted to experience. "A progressive improvement in his oratory," says a writer in the opening number of the "Democratic Review," in 1837, "has been very evident within the last few years, his taste being purified from some bad habits of style, by which it was formerly disfigured. He may be said literally, according to the well known maxim of Cicero, to have made himself an orator, having had to struggle against the apparently natural disadvantage of an incorrect and false taste. We have heard the remark made by one of his friends, that his best speech will not be delivered for ten years yet to come." The estimate was well taken, and the prediction, we believe, was fulfilled to the letter, as his speeches grew in force and interest to the last.

Thomas Hart Benton was born in the State of North Carolina, near Hillsborough, in Orange County, March 14, 1782. His ancestors are spoken of with respect for their services in the Revolution when that portion of the country became the theatre of war; and the family of his mother, who bore the name of Hart, in particular has the distinction of taking part in the first venturous settlement of the region to the westward, with which the subject of our notice was to become so prominently identified. His father died when he was eight years old, but how far his early development was affected by the event we are not informed.



Thomas H. Benton

The article in Appleton's Cyclopædia, which, though brief, is the fullest account we have met with of the life of Benton, speaks of his education as imperfect, while we are told that he was for some time at a grammar school, and afterwards at the University at Chapel Hill. He was not, however, a graduate of the institution, in consequence of the removal of his mother to Tennessee, to settle on a tract of land belonging to his father's estate. In this new home he studied law, and rose rapidly in the profession. He was elected to the legislature, where he served only a single term, during which, continues our authority, "he procured the passage of a law reforming the judicial system, and of another giving to slaves the benefit of a jury trial, the same as white men."

At this time, too, he became intimate with Andrew Jackson, who had been raised to the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, and was Major General of the State militia. Benton, attracted by the bold, frank, engaging nature of the man, and further secured in his allegiance by various acts of sympathy and kindness on the part of one who might well stand, in his superior position, in the rank of patron to the youthful new-comer to the State, had been appointed one of his aids, and rendered important service to him in getting the Tennessee volunteers into the field at the outset of the great chieftain's military history. When this force was first organized, Benton was with it, holding the rank of colonel, a designation by which he was subsequently known through the whole course of his public career. They were destined to be devoted friends in many a future arduous political struggle as they had started in life in close intimacy; but this friendship was first to suffer an extraordinary interruption. The "feud with the Bentons" supplies the subject of one of the most striking chapters of Mr. Parton's biography of the hero of New Orleans; and to that biography the story of it properly belongs, since Jackson was both the aggressor and the chief sufferer. It is sufficient here to allude to it as a brutal rencontre, growing out of a ridiculous duel, in which, while Benton was away negotiating for the payment of the Tennessee troops at Washington, to relieve his friend from pecuniary responsibility, Jackson had borne the part of second to the antagonist of his brother, Jesse Benton. The case appears to have been exaggerated and misrepresented to Colonel Benton, who returned to Nashville denouncing his former friend in the bitterest terms. Jackson was hurt and annoyed, and determined to inflict personal chastisement upon Colonel Benton, and was about attempting to put his resolve in execution in the doorway of a hotel in Nashville, when his movements were arrested by a shot from Jesse Benton, which took effect in his shoulder and prostrated him on the instant. Colonel Benton, who had a temperament, when roused, hardly inferior to that of "Old Hickory," blustered and denounced, and broke the sword of his antagonist in the public square. The bitterest hate, not unnaturally, sprung up between the friends of Jack-

son, who lay weltering in his blood, and the infuriate young lawyer. In a letter written by the latter, cited by Mr. Parton, he says, "I am literally in hell here; the meanest wretches under heaven to contend with—liars, affidavit makers and shameless cowards. . . . The scalping-knife of Tecumsey is mercy compared with the affidavits of these villains. I am in the middle of hell, and see no alleviation but to kill or be killed; for I will not crouch to Jackson, and the fact that I and my brother defeated him and his tribe, and broke his small sword in the public square, will forever rankle in his bosom and make him thirst after vengeance." The two friends, thus summarily converted, by their reckless conduct, into the deadliest foes, did not meet again for ten years, when they found themselves together, fellow members on the floor of the United States Senate.

Meanwhile Colonel Benton, in this September, 1813, when the unhappy scenes we have just alluded to occurred, returned to his residence in Franklin, Tennessee, to receive shortly after the appointment of lieutenant colonel in the regular army. The war, however, was now approaching its end, and he had no opportunity of active service. He consequently, when peace was declared, resigned his commission, and removing to Missouri, established himself in this seat of his future political authority at St. Louis. He engaged in the practice of the law, and an aptitude for political life introduced him to the editorship of a newspaper, the "Missouri Inquirer." The course of politics in this new occupation proved scarcely smoother to him than the rough life that he had abandoned in Tennessee. He engaged, we are told, in frequent disputes, accompanied by various duels, in one of which he killed his opponent, Mr. Lucas, "an event he deeply deplored, and all the private papers relating to which he destroyed." It was the period of the memorable struggle for the admission of Missouri into the Union, in the discussion of which he bore a part, and as a defender of the Territory, supported its slavery constitution. On the conclusion of the protracted controversy he took his seat in the United States Senate as one of the first representatives of the new State.

Thenceforth for thirty years he continued to hold that responsible position, strengthening himself yearly by his studies and growing intimacy with Congressional life and friendships with many of the most eminent men of the country, till he rose to be one of the most active and influential members of that body. The record of the period which he published in the last year of his life, entitled "Thirty Years' View; or, a History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years, from 1820 to 1850," exhibits his course on every leading political question which arose during that important era. It contains his speeches—those which he thought best worth preserving—and various honorable tributes to the public men with whom he was associated, and glowing personal notices of his friends. Nothing is more pleasing in these reminiscences than his expressions of gratitude to those by whom he patterned

himself, from whom he took counsel and received encouragement at the beginning of his career. In his noble eulogy of Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, he says, "I have a pleasure in recalling the recollections of this wise, just and good man, and in writing them down, not without profit, I hope, to rising generations. Mr. Macon was the real Cincinnatus of America, the pride and ornament of my native State, my hereditary friend through four generations, my mentor in the first seven years of my senatorial, and the last seven of his senatorial life; and a feeling of gratitude and of filial affection mingles itself with this discharge of historical duty to his memory." Again, writing of the retirement of Rufus King, he says, "I felt it to be a privilege to serve in the Senate with three such senators as Mr. King, Mr. Macon, and John Taylor of Carolina, and was anxious to improve such an opportunity into the means of benefit to myself. With Mr. King it required a little system of advances on my part, which I had time to make, and which the urbanity of his manners rendered easy. He became kind to me; readily supplied me with information from his own vast stores, allowed me to consult him, and assisted me in the business of the State, of whose admission he had been the great opponent, whenever I could satisfy him that I was right." More than all this, Mentor counselled and Telemachus took in good part a suggestion which might have ruffled a less really sensible recipient. He advised him of a defect growing out of his temperament when heated by opposition, of his taking "under these circumstances an authoritative manner, and a look and tone of defiance, which sat ill upon the older members," advising him "to moderate his manner." True ability can always be estimated by its capacity of receiving instruction, come from what quarter it may, and Benton's teachable disposition enabled him gradually to become one of the smoothest, most elegant, equable speakers in the Senate.

His course at first, as indeed it was the great cause of his life ever afterwards, was identified with the interests of the West. The reduction of the price of lands to emigrants, the preëmption rights of actual settlers, the maintenance of the vast territorial limits, the improvement of means of communication to the Pacific were favorite objects for which he toiled and labored; and, partaking as they do of living practical interests will be remembered in his favor when many of the noisy debates of his senatorial career, upon which the public hung eagerly at the time, shall be forgotten. He tells us that the first seed of that passion for opening channels of trade across the continent, and thence to the great Eastern marts of the old world, to which so much of the time of his later years was devoted, was sown in his mind by "the philosophic hand of Mr. Jefferson," who, even before Lewis and Clark had traversed the western territory at his instigation, had directed Ledyard to this promising scene of exploration. In 1824 Benton brought in a bill for opening a road into New Mexico, partly traced through foreign territory, to facilitate the rising commerce

with that region. His lucid explanations of its value, assisted by precedents of the authoritative administration of Jefferson, whom he consulted on the subject at Monticello, secured its passage, and the road, he wrote thirty years afterward, when the political and commercial character of the country in question had undergone such important changes, "has remained a thoroughfare of commerce between Missouri and New Mexico, and all the western internal provinces ever since." From that day to the time of his death he was active in all that related to new channels of western communication; his exertions receiving a fresh impulse in the successive explorations and discoveries, which he greatly promoted, of his son-in-law, Colonel Fremont. His advocacy of a central line of railway communication extending directly westward from Missouri by the passes surveyed by Fremont, was plied not only by his writings, but by various public oratorical statements in leading Atlantic cities.

The most important political phases of what we may call the middle career of Colonel Benton's senatorial life, that portion which embraces the Presidencies of Jackson and Van Buren, are presented in connection with questions of banking and the currency. His support of Jackson in his warfare against the United States Bank was constant and unwearied, and raised him to the rank of a debater of the first class. The old "feud" which had separated the two men, violent as it was, with its horrid accessories, was felt to be accidental, and they grew together in a mutual respect and cordiality of feeling, which lasted to the dying moments of the General at the Hermitage, and has been fondly perpetuated in the writings of the survivor. One signal service, dear to the heart of the old chieftain, probably nobody but Benton would have had the zeal and perseverance to carry out. We allude to the famous "Expunging Resolution" passed in 1837, removing from the record of the Senate its resolution of 1834, condemnatory of the President's course on the removal of the deposits. For three years he battled this question in the Senate; announcing his intention, at the very outset, immediately on the censure being taken, to remove the hated sentence from the journal; reviving his declaration from time to time; taking every opportunity of assailing the obnoxious resolve. Like old Cato, of Rome, who ended every speech with the expression, "I am also of opinion that Carthage should be blotted out," Benton never forgot his Expunging Resolution. He followed it up with every resource of historical, parliamentary and constitutional argument, and when argument was at an end, his strong words of condemnation and remonstrance were never wanting. "Let this resolution for the condemnation of General Jackson," said he in 1835, the year after its passage, "be expunged from the journal of the Senate. Let it be effaced, erased, blotted out, obliterated from the face of that page on which it never should have been written. Would to God it could be expunged from the page of all history, and from the memory of all mankind!"

At length his hour of triumph came. The democratic vote in the Senate had been increased by the new elections, and in the last session of Jackson's administration was sufficiently strengthened to carry the measure. The resolution of censure had been originally adopted by a vote of twenty-six to twenty; it was cancelled by a vote of twenty-four to nineteen. With this majority at command, Benton proudly approached the consummation of the act upon which he had set all his powers of mind and will. Rising from technical Congressional argument to a vindication of the great measures of Jackson's administration, he closed his third great speech on the subject with the memorable sentence which has passed into the political vocabulary—"And now, sir, I finish the task which, three years ago, I imposed on myself. Solitary and alone, and amidst the jeers and taunts of my opponents, I put this ball in motion. The people have taken it up, and rolled it forward, and I am no longer anything but a unit in the vast mass which now propels it."

In his "Thirty Years' View," Benton has dwelt upon the closing act which was arranged for the sixteenth of January. His forces were well drilled for the final vote, and that there might be no disappointment in their meeting it, he caused unusual preparations to be made for holding the members together during the protracted night sitting, for it was intended that there should be no adjournment after the resolution was called until it was passed, and it was known that it would not pass without comment from the great orators who had always defended the original act. "Knowing," he writes, "the difficulty of keeping men steady to their work, and in good humor, when tired and hungry, the mover of the proceeding took care to provide, as far as possible, against such a state of things; and gave orders that night to have an ample supply of cold hams, turkeys, rounds of beef, pickles, wines and cups of hot coffee, ready in a certain committee-room near the Senate Chamber by four o'clock in the afternoon." The debate was opened and wore on through the day with long speeches from the whigs, who were bent on delay, with the hope that in some way the measure would miscarry. Night came on, the supper room was in operation with its powerful reinforcement of the animal spirits of the combatants, who resorted to it in small detachments, as they could be spared. In the words of the arch conspirator himself, "it became evident to the great opposition leaders that the inevitable hour had come: that the damnable deed was to be done that night, and that the dignity of silence was no longer to them a tenable position."

Thus driven to the wall, Calhoun advanced and began by denouncing the proposed measure as a violation of the Constitution, which required the journals to be "kept," and not to be destroyed. If one sentence, why not the whole? He then combated the act as an expression of the will of the people, referring it to "a combination of patronage and power." Finally, admitting the toils by which he was surrounded,

he expressed his abhorrence of the dictation, which he compared with the coercion of the Roman Senate in the days of imperial despotism. Henry Clay, the mover of the original resolution, also spoke, ending with an eloquent lament over the violated rights of the Senate. "The deed," said he, "is to be done—that foul deed which, like the blood-stained hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean's waters will never wash out." Webster followed, as the vote was about being taken, more moderate in language, but with a lofty feeling of pride, if not of contempt, as he contemplated what he thought an idle desecration. "We collect ourselves to look on," he said, "in silence, while a scene is exhibited which, if we did not regard it as a ruthless violation of a sacred instrument, would appear to us to be little elevated above the character of a contemptible farce." The vote was then taken, the result announced, and the secretary ordered to execute its intent. He accordingly introduced the original manuscript, and, agreeably to instructions which had been arranged beforehand, proceeded to surround the sentence with a square of black lines, and to write across its face the words, "Expunged by order of the Senate." In the conclusion of the narrative, Benton takes some credit to himself for his firmness in checking "a storm of hisses, groans and vociferations," which arose over his head in the gallery.

We have traced this proceeding with some particularity, as well because it was one which, perhaps more than any other, up to that time, made Benton widely known to the public, as for its illustration of the inveterate persistency of the man. Capable of endurance, in the enjoyment of robust health, and a stout physical frame, he possessed a strength of will which no labor could weary or force of opposition overcome. He was a diligent student, well read in the subjects which he discussed, and thoroughly trained as an orator in their disposition and use. His friendship for Jackson was a passion. Probably the Senate will never again witness such an instance of personal devotion as Benton exhibited in the patient tenacity and conquering fidelity of his Expunging Resolution.

The passage of the bill for equalizing the value of gold and silver, and legalizing the tender of foreign coin of both metals, which brought about a revival of the gold currency, was one of the measures connected with the bank agitation which was urged by Colonel Benton with his customary research and ability and a full share of his usual pertinacity. His persistence in the cry for gold is still remembered in the popular designation given to him of "Old Bullion." In the crisis which followed the bank embarrassments in 1837, he shared, with Jackson and Van Buren, the popular compliments of the copper political cent coun ters or tokens bearing such inscriptions as "I take the responsibility," "The Constitution as I understand it," "Ben tonian currency," "Mint drop." The Colonel himself pleasantly alludes to some of these demonstrations in his "Thirty Years' View, where he speaks

of the matter. "Gold," he says, as a first fruit of the bill, "began to flow into the country through all the channels of commerce: old chests gave up their hoards: the mint was busy, and in a few months, and as if by magic, a currency banished from the country for thirty years overspread the land and gave joy and confidence to all the pursuits of industry." This was one side of the picture: on the other was an outcry, which he attributes to the Bank influence, of officious persons alarming the ignorant with gilt counters and counterfeits, while the coin itself "was burlesqued in mock imitations of brass or copper, with grotesque figures and ludicrous inscriptions—the 'whole hog,' and the 'better currency,' being the favorite devices. Many newspapers expended their wit in its State depreciation. The most exalted of the paper money party would recoil a step when it was offered to them, and beg for paper. The name of 'gold humbug' was fastened upon the person supposed to have been chiefly instrumental in bringing the derided coin into existence; and he, not to be abashed, made its eulogy a standing theme—vaunting its excellence, boasting its coming abundance, to spread over the land, flow up the Mississippi, thence through the interstices of the long silken purse, and to be locked up safely in the farmer's trusty oaken chest." In the last sentence the orator repeats some of those glowing expressions which were bandied about at the time by political editors with the frequency of watchwords. He was not at all the man to be disheartened by caricature; on the contrary, he was likely to accept it as an indication of popularity; for no one thinks it worth while to travesty a thing in which the public takes no interest.

It would be of little value here to attempt to trace minutely the future political course of Colonel Benton, which must be studied by those who would understand the matter, in his numerous speeches and those of his contemporaries in the political history of his times. It may be enough generally to state that he defended the financial measures of Mr. Van Buren's administration in his advocacy of the Sub-Treasury; that he bore a distinguished part in the discussion of the Oregon boundary question, taking the moderate ground which was finally adopted; that he was much looked to by President Polk in the conduct of the Mexican war, when it was proposed to confer upon him the rank of lieutenant general, that he might have control of the entire military movement; and that in the subsequent slavery agitation he stood opposed to the southern views of Mr. Calhoun, which were brought into the politics of his own State of Missouri. A contested election in 1850, in which he himself took the field with his accustomed ardor, delivering a series of speeches which attracted great attention by their force and spirit, ended in his defeat and withdrawal from the Senate. After two years' absence he was returned to Congress in 1852, when he again brought himself into the heat of the political conflict by his course on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, to

which, as a maintainer of the Missouri Compromise, he was resolutely opposed. It was his fate in Missouri to be overthrown by coalitions. The whigs, uniting with his enemies, had thrown him out of the Senate; the American party now deprived him of reëlection in the House. In 1856 he was once more a candidate for office as governor of Missouri, and again his presence was felt throughout the State and country in his speeches in the canvass; but party divisions, as before, told against him, and he was a third time defeated. In the Presidential election of the same year he exhibited his personal independence in his adherence to the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan in preference to those of his son-in-law, Fremont. This rough spirit of independence which he exhibited, gained him the regard of the community outside the circle of his own partisans, and it was felt that few more formidable political antagonists existed than "Old Bullion." He knew intimately all the arts and devices of politics, and the strength and weakness of political candidates; his memory was extraordinary; his zeal, when it was enlisted, was unbounded, and his command of language had acquired new powers with his years.

Happily for the permanency of his reputation he devoted his last years to the work of political history and biography. We have already alluded to his "Thirty Years' View" of his senatorial life—a book admirably planned to keep in memory his long series of oratorical labors.

There is certainly no modesty in the book which leads the author to curtail the account of his own exploits; while, on the other hand, few statesmen have ever so generously celebrated the merits of their contemporaries in the same walk. There is a general ease and amenity in its pages, the apparent indication of an unruffled mind. As another example of the author's well known resolution and perseverance, it may be mentioned that while the second volume of this extensive work was in preparation, a fire occurred in his house, and his manuscripts and books perished in the flames, when his first act was a letter to his publishers, in which he stated the extent of his loss; that his labor would be doubled; but that he would "go to work immediately and work incessantly."

Not content with this laborious undertaking, he immediately entered upon another, in his preparation of an "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856," a most important aid to the study of American political history, extending to fifteen royal octavo volumes. He had evidently determined to die in harness. His last moments were given to the dictation of the concluding portions of this "Abridgment," when he was unable to raise his voice above a whisper. Disease had been for some time making its advances upon his vigorous constitution, but leaving his mental faculties unimpaired. He knew the nature of the struggle, and manfully met the issue. He died at Washington, April 10, 1858.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789, the descendant, on the father's side, of an English family which had been for more than a hundred years settled at that place. His mother, the daughter of Richard Fenimore, of New Jersey, was of Swedish descent. His father, a man of mark in his generation, Judge William Cooper, had become possessed, a few years before his son's birth, of a large tract of land in the neighborhood of Otsego Lake, in the State of New York, and thither, having established the first settlement at the spot, he carried the child when he was but a few weeks old. The boy was thus brought up from his earliest days amidst the scenery and surrounded by the associations of frontier life. The place was well calculated to educate the disposition of a youth naturally inclined to a bold, manly career. "His childish recollections," says his accomplished daughter, Susan Fenimore Cooper, in a delightful series of sketches of the author and his works recently published, "were all closely connected with the forests and hills, the fresh clearings, new fields and homes on the banks of the Otsego. It was here his boy's strength was first tried in those sports to which grey-headed men, amid the cares of later life, delight to look back. From the first bow and arrow, kite and ball, to later feats in fishing, riding, shooting, skating, all were connected with his highland home. It was on the waters of the Otsego that he first learned to handle an oar, to trim a sail. Healthy and active, he delighted in every exercise of the kind—a brave, blithe-hearted, impetuous, most generous and upright boy, as he is remembered by those who knew him in childhood."

This was the out of door life, and doubtless the real education of the youth, far more potential in laying the foundations of the future man than anything there to be taught within-doors, if we except the influence of character and domestic life in his noble home. The village schoolmaster, however, plays his part in the boy's history. We hear of him, good master Oliver Cory—dignifying the scene of his labors with the title of an Academy, and training his pupils in religion as well as in more earthly learning. The school had its exhibitions, when the orations of the great men, out of Shakspeare, were declaimed by boys arrayed in "the local militia uniforms, blue coats faced with red," a costume, however, not more ridiculous than that

of Garrick himself in these personations, who dressed the parts in the wig and fashion of the time. On one of these occasions young Cooper, a boy of eight, recited the Beggar's Petition "in the character of an old man, wrapped in a faded cloak and bending over his staff."

Nor was the youth entirely without a knack of literature. He was fond of the reading of romances, "Don Belionis of Greece" among the number, which made so great an impression on him that it led to the project of a work of the kind, which he was to compose in concert with a boyish comrade, the son of the village editor. The two friends undertook to get the work up in the printing office, dictating to one another as it proceeded. Of course it did not go very far. A more successful effort was a doggrel ballad on the "Burning of Buffalo," which he penned for a strolling singer, who carried it about the country with considerable benefit to his humble fortune.

From Master Cory the youth was transferred to the maturer scholarship of the Rev. Mr. Ellison, an English clergyman of repute at Albany, who received a few pupils in his family, and there he was prepared for college. He entered Yale at the age of thirteen, shortly after the death of his instructor. He was in the same class with the poet Hillhouse, and shared the supervision of the model President Dwight. Three years passed at such a seat of learning must have stamped many an image of literature upon the mind of an ingenuous youth, though it was to be some time before the tree bore much of this species of fruit. His tastes and temper were for active life, for following out on a larger sphere the inclinations which he had acquired in the free woodland life on the Otsego. The navy was his choice, and, as a preparatory discipline, he left college for a brief apprenticeship to the science as a sailor before the mast. A voyage to England about the year 1805, and thence to the Mediterranean, introduced him not only to the hardships of the sea, but to that political world of Europe and those maritime relations with the mother country, which were to engage so much of his attention in after life. He regularly entered the navy as a midshipman, and was for several years engaged in its active duties, at one time in the sloop of war Wasp, and at another in the construction of some vessels on Lake Ontario. He resigned his commission upon his marriage, in 1811, with Miss Susan De Lancey, a young lady of one of the leading families in the old settled county of Westchester, in the State of New York. He then established himself with his bride in a cottage in the neighborhood of Mamaroneck, in that region, with a prospect before him of rural life and employments.

His first entrance upon his literary career was somewhat accidental. It was his habit, in the cultivated society of his home, to read aloud to his family the new books for which America was then almost exclusively indebted to the London publishers. The works of Sir Walter Scott, as they arrived, made a great impression, which we can hardly appreciate amidst the multifa-

rious objects and claims upon our attention of the present day. In the cottage at Angevine, as Mr. Cooper's residence was called, in compliment to the old Huguenot occupants of the place, we may be sure the Waverley series was dropped into an appreciative circle. There was leisure for admiration and a disposition to enjoy; with that impulse in the chief reader, derived from a keen perception of life, and a youth itself not unskilled in personal adventure and deeds of daring. The influence of Scott on such a mind must have been great; but it was not to the author of Waverley that the first impulse of Cooper toward a literary life was directly due. Some less successful writer set him on the track. He was once reading a novel of the old domestic school of English life, when he threw the book down in disgust with the exclamation that he could write a better than that himself. He was challenged to the performance of the work. He sat down to make the effort, and the first chapters of his novel of "Precaution" were the result. He was encouraged to continue it by his friends; it was soon concluded, and thus, at the age of thirty-one, in 1820, Mr. Cooper became an author.

A more unlikely man at that time to devote himself to the labors of the pen was not to be found. "Hitherto," says his daughter, "no man could have shown himself farther from any inclination for authorcraft. He was not one of those people who like the feeling of foolscap, the sight of pen and ink; who indulge secret partialities for note-books, diaries and extracts. His portfolio was wholly empty—scarcely, indeed, provided with letter paper for an occasional correspondent." So much the better, perhaps, for the vividness of his perceptions and the freshness of his efforts when he at once struck into his new path. He did not, however, hit it at once, though he was not long in finding the true bent of his genius. "Precaution" was an imitative book—the scene was laid in England and the incidents and manners were the worn materials of English fiction. The incidents were those of the hall and the parsonage; the whole was pronounced respectable but not forcible, and was generally attributed to a lady's pen. It had a fair reception, and the honor of an early English reprint. It is still printed in collections of the author's works, but would probably have long since passed into oblivion with the many books of its kind, had it not been succeeded by the vigorous series of volumes heralded by the "Spy."

This novel, the appearance of which marks an era in our American literature was separated by only a year from its predecessor, "Precaution;" yet what a different work! How unlike its eager activity and keen woodland atmosphere in the New World, to the faded drawing-room scenes of the Old! There was no mistaking this for the work of a female hand. It was a genius kindred to that of Scott, but unlike, as was fitting, in its adaptation to new scenes and situations. The author was not the man to rest content with the reputation of reproducing the materials of English novel-writing, however successful he might be thought in the

work. He turned to his own soil, to the patriotic legends of his country, to the impulses which he had received by her lakes and mountains, and from the lips of her aged patriots. The leading character of the book, Harvey Birch, was suggested by a narrative which the author heard from Chief Justice Jay, of the Revolution, sitting one summer afternoon on his broad piazza at Bedford, where Mr. Cooper and his family were privileged visitors. "The discourse," the novelist himself tells us, "turned upon the effects which great political excitement produces on character, and the purifying consequences of a love of country, when that sentiment is powerfully and generally awakened in a people." Out of this sentiment, and the slight thread of narrative with which it was accompanied, grew the "Spy," the prompt, vigorous creation of a man of genius, seeing with his own eyes and recording his own unborrowed impressions. It is a book of action, of ingenious contrivances, of force and intenseness of mind, alive with honest, natural emotions, a warm patriotism and a kindling love of nature. Its success was great and immediate, both at home and abroad. The friends of the author in New York society were taken by surprise; but they soon learned to recognize the man they had among them in his new capacity, as book after book came forth to confirm the discovery of his powers.

The composition of the "Spy" was something of a curiosity. "So little," says the writer, in the preface to his revised edition, "was expected from the publication of an original work of this description at the time it was written, that the first volume was actually printed several months before the author felt a sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. As that second volume was slowly printing, from a manuscript that was barely dry when it went into the compositors' hands, the publisher intimated that the work might grow to a length that would consume the profits. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was actually written, printed and paged several weeks before the chapters which precede it were even thought of."

To the "Spy," in 1823, succeeded the "Pioneers," in which the author drew upon the associations and incidents of his early home on the Otsego. The work abounds with fresh pictures of nature, manly, original characters, and foremost among them the universally known Leatherstocking, that ideal softened stoic of the woods, combining the best instincts of his race with a nobility of character worthy the most exalted lineage. While the events of the story are purely fictitious, the scenery and manners are literally and truthfully described, and many of the personages rest more or less upon actual characters, while all are true to the prevalent types of the country. In his own account of the book the author admits Leatherstocking to be a pure creation, but claims for the rest in general a fidelity to actual life. "The great proprietor resident on his lands, and giving his name to it instead of receiving it from his estates, as in Europe, is common over all New York. The physician, with his theory rather obtained

than corrected by experiments on the human constitution; the pious, self-denying, laborious and ill-paid missionary, the half-educated, litigious, envious and disreputable lawyer, with his counterpoise a brother of the profession, of better origin and of better character; the shiftless, bargaining, discontented seller of his 'betterments;' the plausible carpenter, and most of the others, are familiar to all who have ever dwelt in a new country."

We have alluded to the impulse of the works of Sir Walter Scott in giving direction to the powers of Mr. Cooper. His next book, a pure novel of the sea, in a walk which he was to make entirely his own, singularly enough had its motive in an accidental conversation at the table of a friend over the last production of the author of "Waverley." The "Pirate" had just appeared, and everybody was talking of its wild, romantic scenes and sea flavors, breathing so freshly of the northern coasts of Scotland. Landsmen were so impressed with its nautical display that they doubted whether Scott, the gentleman, who had passed his life in the society of Edinburgh, and who, it was to be supposed, knew no more of the ocean than what was visible from the shore, could be its author. Cooper, with his accustomed resoluteness and independence of tone, was disposed to gratify somewhat this extraordinary admiration. His experiences in the navy had made him critical, and without denying the general force and spirit of the picture, he pronounced the seamanship of the book defective. The friend with whom the conversation began, the late Mr. Charles Wilkes, a gentleman of great worth and eminent literary accomplishment, the promoter of every liberal enterprise in New York in his day, thought the Waverley treatment quite sufficient. The ardent temper of Cooper, as manifested in the production of his first novel, was put to the proof, and he determined to write a novel which should, if possible, justify his opinions. He resolved to produce a book "which, if it had no other merit, might present truer pictures of the ocean and ships than any that are to be found in the 'Pirate.'" The friends whom he consulted looked doubtfully on the undertaking. "One would declare that the sea could not be made interesting; that it was tame, monotonous, and without any other movement than unpleasant storms, and that, for his part, the less he got of it the better. The women very generally protested that such a book would have the odor of bilge water, and that it would give them the *maladie de mer*. Not a single individual among all those who discussed the merits of the project, within the range of the author's knowledge, either spoke or looked encouragingly." Spite of these prognostics, however, the book, like its predecessors, was a decided hit. The well-chosen machinery, the introduction of an historical interest in the naval hero of the American Revolution, Paul Jones, and above all, the genuine salt flavor of the scenes, with heroic Long Tom Coffin and his associates, and the nautical accuracy with which they were described, giving confidence to readers, even where it

could not be fully appreciated, secured the general approbation. "There could be no doubt," says Miss Cooper, "as to its success. All that interest which the writer had believed it possible to throw round a naval narrative was fully aroused; the opinion declared some months earlier at the table of Mr. Wilkes was proved to be correct. The pictures placed before the reader were drawn with so much spirit and poetical feeling, with so much clearness and fidelity, as to command attention and fill the public mind for the moment. The success of the book in England was also decided. Ere long, indeed, the tale was translated into French and German and Italian, in spite of the many technical difficulties of the subject—a most convincing proof of the interest of the work; the flag of the little Ariel was carried triumphantly into the Bay of Biscay, aye, into the classic waters of the Mediterranean." The "Pilot" was published at the end of the year 1823—the author thus, in the short space of three years, having given to the world three original works of fiction in distinct walks of composition: a romance of the Revolution, the peculiarly American story of frontier settlement, and the tale of the ocean, the precursor of a long succession of nautical fictions from his own and other pens.

"Lionel Lincoln," Mr. Cooper's fourth novel, appeared in 1825. In its subject matter, a tale of the leaguer of Boston, it belongs to the same class as the "Spy," and was intended by the author as one of a series of novels of the Revolution, written to illustrate the history of each of the original thirteen States. It has been generally considered less successful than some of the author's other productions, the interest of the main character, an American loyalist officer, not being carried to a sufficient height; but it has scenes and characters creditable to the writer's heart and the boldness of his resolution in encountering difficulties. An elaborate, carefully prepared presentation of the battle of Bunker Hill is one of the permanent attractions of the book.

A tour in the summer of this year, 1825, gave birth to yet another production, the "Last of the Mohicans," which ranks with the foremost of the author's works of fiction. Leatherstocking, in this work, reappears upon the stage at an earlier period of his life, however, than in the "Pioneers;" and unlike most reproductions by a novelist of a favorite character, his second entrance was as successful as his first. The delineations of forest life and the scenery about Lake George, or, as the author then for the first time called that beautiful body of water, Lake Horican, increased his hold upon his readers. The composition of the book was interrupted by an attack of fever, attended with delirium, but the author's mind remained true to his work. In the midst of his illness he roused himself to dictate a sheet of seemingly incoherent notes, which became the basis of one of the most powerful chapters.

He had hardly recovered from this illness when he was engaged in the composition of the "Prairie," urged, thus his daughter tells us, to renewed

activity by the derangement of his financial affairs, in consequence of the unexpected loss in the settlement of his father's estate, and embarrassments arising from debts incurred from no extravagance of his own, but from his benevolence in becoming responsible for the obligations of others. To expedite his work he resorted to the use of coffee as a stimulant, the only instance in which, in his long literary career, he employed any resource of the kind. "The effect on his nerves," we are told, "was not good, and the coffee was given up after a short time." In fact, Mr. Cooper was a man of great simplicity of habits, not an ascetic, indeed, but of a healthy, vigorous temper, living much according to the plain dictates of nature. There are indications of this honesty in his writings, which bear no appearance of late hours or forced products of the brain. An offhand, unsophisticated character may be read in them all, without vinous enthusiasm or affectation of any kind. Their language is the speech of a sincere, straightforward man.

Before the "Prairie" was finished, the author sailed with his family for Europe, to reside abroad for some years. He left with the plaudits of his countrymen ringing in his ears, and was received in Europe as an author of established reputation, who had honorably won a high position. He took up his residence at Paris, and there, "in the third story of the old Hotel de Jumieges, in the faubourg St. Germain, a building which is now occupied by the nuns of the adjoining convent of St. Maur," the last chapters of the "Prairie" were written. Its successful descriptions of western scenery were penned without visiting the regions where the scene was laid. Again Leatherstocking appeared, now in his last years, and again with the old effect, "dying as he had lived, a philosopher of the wilderness, with few of the failings, none of the vices, and all the nature and truth of his position." The new work did not lack its admirers. One of the noblest eulogies pronounced upon it is by the author's friend, Mr. Bryant, the poet, whose sympathies were all with its theme. "I read it," says he, "with a certain awe, an undefined sense of sublimity such as one experiences on entering for the first time upon those immense grassy deserts from which the work takes its name. The squatter and his family—that brawny old man and his large-limbed sons, living in a sort of primitive and patriarchal barbarism, sluggish on ordinary occasions, but terrible when roused, like the hurricane that sweeps the grand but monotonous wilderness in which they dwell—seem a natural growth of those ancient fields of the West. Leatherstocking, a hunter in the "Pioneers," a warrior in the "Last of the Mohicans," and now, in his extreme old age, a trapper on the prairie, declined in strength but undecayed in intellect, and looking to the near close of his life, and a grave under the long grass, as calmly as the laborer at sunset looks to his evening slumber, is no less in harmony with the silent desert in which he wanders. Equally so are the Indians, still his companions, copies of the American savage somewhat idealized, but not the less a part

of the wild nature in which they have their haunts."

Mr. Cooper's second sea novel, the "Red Rover," succeeded the "Prairie." It was written in the summer of 1827, at a delightful suburban residence, occupied with his family by the author at the village of St. Ouen, in the neighborhood of Paris, on the banks of the Seine—a choice spot, in happy contrast, with its simple rural pursuits and amusements, to the wild waste of waters on which the author now sent forth his imagination in the construction of a tale of rare power and beauty. The "Red Rover" is a bold conception of character, involving sudden vicissitudes of action, and for breadth and effect, and interest in its personages, ranks with the happiest of the writer's creations. "It is as completely a book of the sea," says the filial pen which we have already cited, "as the 'Mohicans' is a tale of the forest. The whole drama is almost entirely enacted on the ocean. The curtain rises in port; but the varied scenes, so full of nautical interest and succeeding each other with startling rapidity, are wholly unfolded on the bosom of the deep. It is believed that there is scarcely another book in English literature so essentially marine in spirit. It is like some material picture of the sea, drawn by a master hand, where the eye looks abroad over the rolling waves, where it glances at the sea-bird fluttering amid the spray, and then rests upon the gallant ship, with swelling canvas, bending before the breeze, until the land behind us, and the soil beneath our own feet are forgotten. In the "Rover," the different views of the ocean in majestic movement are very noble, while the two vessels which carry the heart of the narrative with them, come and go with wonderful power and grace, guided by the hand of one who was both pilot and poet in his nature."

Before the publication of his next novel, Mr. Cooper gave to the world a didactic work of a patriotic character, intended to represent to his new European audience the working of American institutions at home; for it was a characteristic of the novelist to be always actively employed with what was around him. He was not a self-pleasing man, satisfied with the dreams of his study or the creations of his imagination, but a man among men, of earnest, practical utilities. It was this sense of life, indeed, which gave force and reality to his mental creations. The book in which he embodied his views was entitled, "Notions of the Americans, by a travelling Bachelor," the first of several in which the living contemporary manners of his countrymen are topics of discussion. It was in reference to this work that the lines of the poet Halleck were written, in the opening of his poem "Red Jacket:"

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her files, her Pioneer of mind—
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind;

"And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of thought;

"And faithful to the Act of Congress quoted
As law authority, it passed nem. con.;
He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,
The most enlightened people ever known.

"That all our week is happy as a Sunday
In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh;
And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,
There's not a bailiff or an epitaph.

"And furthermore, in fifty years, or sooner,
We shall export our poetry and wine;
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line."

From France Mr. Cooper passed to Switzerland, where he resided during the summer of 1828, at Berne, at a country-house in the vicinity of the city, and as the winter approached crossed the Alps, and made his home for a time at Florence; for in these migrations he literally carried his home with him, establishing himself in quarters of his own, and, while fully availing himself of the resources of the country, preserving at the same time his old domestic habits. His family grew up around him under his own roof, and the labors of his pen were pursued at leisure. In the Casa Ricasoli, at Florence, which he made the seat of a generous hospitality, Mr. Cooper wrote his novel, the "Wept of Wish-ton-wish," which he had planned in Switzerland, a tale of old Connecticut Puritan life, of a capture by the Indians, the fate of the white maiden, adopted into the tribe, the story of her parents' deprivation, and of the return of the daughter, an Indian wife and mother, to her long lost civilized home. The incidents were well suited to the author's powers, which were always happily employed in Indian adventure and the portrayal of the natural affections.

From Florence the novelist migrated by way of Leghorn, in a coasting voyage, to Naples. Establishing himself again for the summer, in a most picturesquely situated habitation at Sorrento, commanding a most extensive view of a region of undying classical interest. The house which he occupied had the traditional reputation of having been occupied by the poet Tasso. There, in the study and enjoyment of the sea and land beneath his eye, the greater portion of the "Water Witch" was written, the scene being laid "in American waters, on the shores of Staten Island, while the time chosen was the period shortly after the English had taken possession of New-Amsterdam—the Dutch element of the colony figuring largely in the book." There was some difficulty about printing the book at Rome, whither the author removed at the setting in of winter, and he was compelled to adjourn this advantage, preparatory to sending copies to England, France and America, till his arrival the next season at Dresden.

At Rome Mr. Cooper mingled with the better society always to be found there, and employed himself in a liberal study of the antiquities of the place. He passed thence to Venice by the States of the Church, and from Venice to Germany, returning to Paris in time to witness the stirring scenes of the Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne. He was in conference with Lafayette at this crisis, and proposed to him a plan of government, in the establishment of Henry V., which would have combined royal authority with popular constitutional securities. He was also engaged in the defence of his country from a

charge made in the "Revue Britannique," that the government of the United States was one of the most expensive in existence. This led to some controversy, which was not suffered materially to divert the mind of the author from his more regular pursuit of novel-writing. The "Bravo," a tale of Venice, was given to the world in 1831, and received with various degrees of favor. It is certainly creditable to the writer's talent for romance writing, that he was charged with having imitated a popular work of Monk Lewis in this production, when he had never read the book which it was said he had copied. His next novel was the "Heidenmauer," which, like the "Bravo," had a political design. It was speedily followed by the "Headsman," the scene of which was laid in Switzerland, the result of a second visit to that country in the summer of 1832. Not long after this, in 1833, the author returned to America after a residence abroad of seven years, the incidents of which he afterwards made his countrymen familiar with in a series of delightful books of travel, abounding with vivid descriptions of men and things, shrewd observation and ingenious reflection, entitled, "Sketches of Switzerland," and "Gleanings in Europe, France and Italy."

On his arrival in America, Mr. Cooper, who was naturally a resolute disputant, fell into a controversial vein which for a time interfered with that enjoyment of his writings which the hearts of his countrymen were always ready to accord. At this time of day it is hardly worth while to dwell upon these passages, though they engrossed too large a part of the author's attention, and entered too deeply into his writings to be ignored in his biography. In his once famous "Letter to his Countrymen," published soon after his return, he replied with some acrimony to the newspaper attacks upon his reputation, always, perhaps, an impolitic course, and in his case to be sincerely lamented, for it was felt to be a great mind giving importance to little things. The spirit of controversy, too, got into his works of the imagination, and his next three novels, the "Monikins," and "Homeward Bound," and "Home as Found," published between the years 1835 and 1838, were strongly tinctured with this argumentative satirical humor. Its exercise exposed him to much censure at the time, but it is generally conceded that his course was an independent one, and that he had at heart the good of his countrymen. It led him, however, into a protracted conflict with the journals, ending in a series of libel suits instituted by him against the defamatory newspapers, which he conducted with great energy, and in which, we believe, he was uniformly victorious.

In the midst of these altercations, which undoubtedly for awhile obscured the just literary fame of the author, Mr. Cooper came before the public with his "Naval History of the United States." It was published in 1839, was well received, and remains a standard work in the American library. The author's practice in narrative gave him a great advantage in the vivid recital of naval actions, while his punctilio

and exactness in all matters relating to the order and discipline of the service imparted to the work its critical character. An important addition to this work was published by him some years later, in his series of "Lives of distinguished Naval Officers." There is an unpretending, manly tone in all these productions which is very happily in accordance with the spirit and requisitions of the subject. No warmer appreciator of the essential traits of American character in its better developments ever lived than Mr. Cooper. He was eminently fitted for the work of biography and history, and had he devoted himself more particularly to these departments would no doubt have achieved a reputation hardly inferior to that which he secured in his special field.

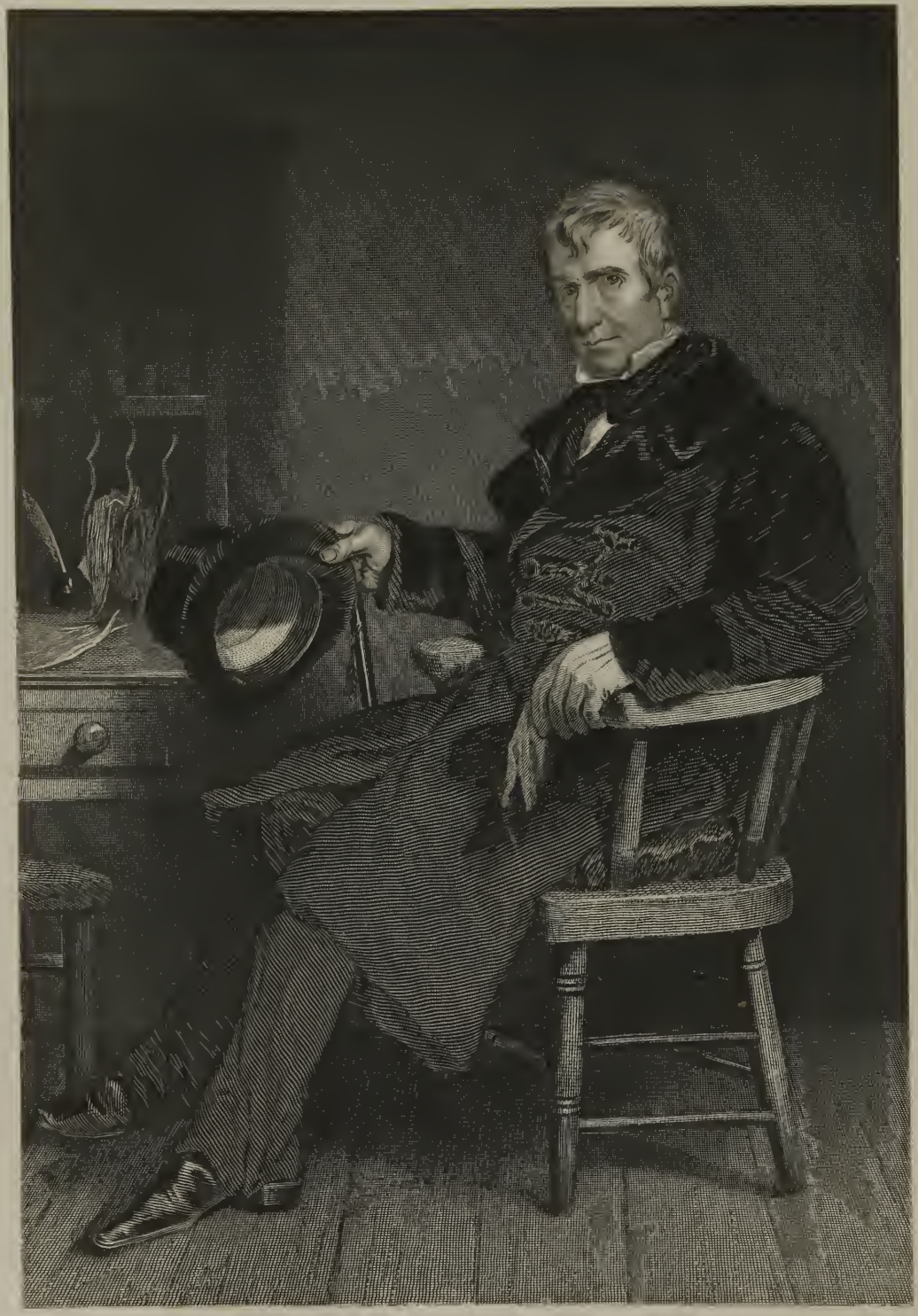
From these somewhat distracting pursuits, the novelist, who had now established his home at Cooperstown, at the old hall built by his father on the Otsego Lake, returned to his early successes in fiction in the production of a novel, the "Pathfinder," built up on the associations of the favorite "Last of the Mohicans." Reminiscences of his adventures as a midshipman on the shores of Lake Ontario were blended with his inventions, and the whole proved a most harmonious, pleasing picture of forest life—an impression upon the public mind which after the appearance of an intermediate novel, "Mercedes of Castile," was seconded by another work, which appeared shortly after, not a whit inferior, the "Deerslayer." The chivalric Indian of the old Leatherstocking type appears in these works surrounded by groups of characters naturally drawn, with a chastened enthusiasm, particularly in the female personages, which, as usual with the author's delineations of the sex were models of delicacy and purity. The scene of "Deerslayer" was laid on the Otsego Lake, at an early period, when the land was as yet clothed with its primeval woods. "Deerslayer" represents the youth of the chivalrous Indian hero who figures in so many of the author's novels. It was the last book in which he was introduced, but the first, in the order of his history, to be read in following his fortunes.

Mr. Cooper, having now reëstablished his fame by two productions of imposing merit in the old field of Indian adventure on land in this second or after-period of his literary career, turned his attention with like success to his other domain of the sea. The "Two Admirals," and "Wing and Wing," assured the public of his unabated powers in this direction also. Other works rapidly followed, tales of land and ocean—"Wyandotte, or the Hutted Knoll;" "Afloat and Ashore," and its sequel, "Miles Wallingford;" "The Crater, or, Vulcan's Peak;" "Oak Openings, or, the Bee-hunter;" "Jack Tier, or, the Florida Reef;" "The Sea Lions, or, the Lost Sealers"—carrying us to icy, Antarctic regions; a distinct series, bearing the names, "Satanstoe," "The Chain-bearer," and "The Redskins," written with a political purpose in illustration of and opposition to the New York anti-rent doctrines of the day, and last of the extended procession of novels, "The Ways of the

Hour," which had also a social and political bearing.

The work last mentioned appeared in 1850, in the author's sixty-first year, and he was yet planning new achievements in literature. His failing health, however, began to warn his friends that the end was approaching, though it was difficult to bring home the idea of any interruption of that vigorous, manly career which had kept on so bravely in its long work of profit and instruction. Even while he was dying, part of the manuscript of an unfinished book from his pen, a social history of "The Towns of Manhattan," illustrative of his favorite Westchester County and its family histories, was in the printer's hands. But the inexorable messenger who interrupts all earthly labor suspended the work in its progress, and the author was summoned from his books, and family, and friends. The immediate cause of his death was a dropsical affection. He expired on the eve of his sixty-second birthday, at his family seat at Cooperstown, September 14, 1851.

He was a man of a warm-hearted, generous nature, robust and stalwart, mentally and physically; of a healthy temperament, seeing the world through no ideal medium, sensitive in his perceptions, hardy and resolute in his resolves. He had something more than most men of the combative in his disposition, but it did not impair the integrity of his motives, the worth of his friendship, or the purity of his patriotism. In literature his character was of eminent service to his country, which needed such a guide, and such a champion of her claims to originality. No one has done more for the fame of the nation, especially on the continent of Europe, than James Fenimore Cooper. His works have been translated and read in well-nigh all living languages, and have created an interest in the country in the minds of those who could not be readily approached by any other means. To his own people he has left not only the ever attractive series of his works, but the not less valuable example of his earnest, manly character. His eulogy has been admirably pronounced by Bryant; the incidents of his life yet waiting a matured biography, have been affectionately set forth by his daughter—and the congenial pencil of the artist Darley has followed with loving devotion and kindred power, the creations of his genius.



W. H. Harrison

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

The Virginia Harrison family, of which the President of the United States was descended, is traced to a colonial ancestor in the middle of the seventeenth century. A son of this early inhabitant gave birth to Benjamin Harrison, who established the line at the family seat at Berkeley, Charles City County, on James River. He was a lawyer, speaker of the House of Burgesses, and much esteemed in the colony, where he exercised a liberal influence by his virtues and hospitality. His grandson of the same name was the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and father of the President.

The family had always taken an active part in public affairs, proportioned to its growing wealth and importance, and the young Benjamin, who was early left to the care of the estate, was not disposed to avoid this responsibility. He took his seat in the House of Burgesses, before he reached the legal age, and became at once marked out by his firmness and ability as a political leader. He was one of the committee appointed in 1764 to prepare an address to the king, and memorials to parliament on the resolutions of the House of Commons, preparatory to the Stamp Act. When the first independent convention of delegates met at Williamsburgh, ten years afterward, when the mismanagement of parliament had ripened the country for revolt, he was sent a member of the first Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia. He was also a member of the second Virginia assembly of delegates at Richmond in 1775, which took the active measures placing the county in a state of self-defence and resistance. He at first regarded these steps as premature, but speedily acquiesced in the vote of the House. He was again returned to the second and more important General Congress at Philadelphia. An anecdote is related of him at this time in connection with John Hancock. When the spirited Boston leader showed some reluctance or diffidence in accepting the Presidency on the retirement of Peyton Randolph, Harrison, who was standing by him, is said to have seized him in his arms and placed him bodily in the chair, with the exclamation, "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our president, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."[1] Another story

[1] Life of Harrison. Sanderson's Biography of the Signers.

is narrated involving a similar allusion to his powerful figure, in his remark to Elbridge Gerry, his very opposite, in a slender, spare person, at the signing of the Declaration. "When the hanging scene comes to be exhibited," said Harrison, as he raised his pen from the instrument, "I shall have all the advantage over you. It will be over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone." Anecdotes like these, of such a man, show no levity of disposition in conflict with the serious duties in which he was employed, but they do show an animation and good heart in the cause which needed every support of physical temperament as well as mental resolve. Our fathers fought with cheerfulness as well as resolution.

Harrison continued in Congress actively employed in its various employments till the close of 1777, when he only transferred his political duties to his native State. He was speaker of the House of Burgesses till 1782, including the disastrous period of the invasion of Virginia, and was then twice elected governor. He was again called from private life to sit in the State Convention, of the Constitution, to which he gave his influential support, and was more or less engaged in public life to his death, in 1791.

William Henry Harrison was his third son. He was born at Berkeley, the family residence, February 9, 1773; so that he came into the field of active life with the new generation which succeeded the Revolutionary era. His education was well provided for under the care of the family friend, the financier Robert Morris, and at Hampden Sidney College in Virginia, whence he turned to the study of medicine. He had acquired some knowledge of the profession in the office of a physician of Richmond, and was about to pursue his studies with the celebrated Doctor Rush, at Philadelphia, when his father's death occurred, and, with some reluctance on the part of his family, he chose for himself a military life. He was aided by General Henry Lee in obtaining a commission as ensign in the 1st regiment of United States infantry, and as the government had then an Indian war on its hands in the Western Territory, he at once, at the age of nineteen, found himself engaged in active service. Passing but a few days in Philadelphia, he hastened to his regiment, stationed at fort Washington, the site of the present Cincinnati, where he joined the remains of the broken forces of St. Clair, just escaped from the disastrous engagement at the Miami villages. It was thus that he was introduced to a region with which he became thoroughly identified, and his popularity in which, long after the scenes of war were over, carried him triumphantly into the Presidential chair.

The ill fortune which had befallen St. Clair was calculated to rouse the warlike spirit of the generous youth; and it had its lesson of caution and preparation in dealing with the Indians, which was not lost upon subsequent campaigns. When Major-General Wayne took the field, in the summer of 1793, Harrison, now holding the rank of lieutenant in his regiment,

was appointed his aid. In the brilliant engagement at the Rapids of the Miami, he distinguished himself by his valor, and secured from Wayne special mention in his dispatch of the victory, as "one who rendered the most essential service, by communicating my orders in every direction, and by his conduct and bravery exciting the troops to press for victory." The battle on the Miamis was fought August 20, 1794, and a year afterward, with various intermediate demonstrations and negotiations brought forth its peaceable fruits in Wayne's treaty of Greenville, which closed the war.

Harrison was then, at the age of twenty-three, with the rank of Captain, placed in command of Fort Washington, where he about the same time was married to the daughter of John Cleves Symmes, whose name is so honorably distinguished in the history of the western settlements, and particularly as the founder of Cincinnati. The young officer held this post till 1797, when he sent in his resignation, with the intention thereafter, says his biographer, Montgomery, "of devoting his time to the peaceful and more congenial pursuits of agriculture." He was speedily, however, withdrawn from these quiet anticipations to public duties, in his appointment by President Adams as secretary of the Northwest Territory, then under the government of St. Clair. When the Territory became organized, and was qualified to send a delegate to Congress, Harrison was chosen its first representative in 1799. He distinguished himself in this body by his activity and success in securing to settlers the privilege of purchasing the public lands in small quantities, and in measures favoring their preëmption rights and modes of payment.

On the division of the Territory, Harrison was withdrawn from Congress to discharge the duties of the first governor of the newly formed Territory of Indiana, which included the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. This was in 1801, and the whole region now so populous numbered only five thousand people, scattered over the whole country, exposed to the dangers of frontier life and the unsettled relations with the Indians. "With such difficulties," says his biographer, "it was no less a matter of duty than of necessity that he should be clothed with the amplest independent powers. Amongst those of a civil as well as political nature conferred upon him were those jointly with those of the judges, of the legislative functions of the Territory, the appointment of all the civil officers within the Territory, and all the military officers of a grade inferior in rank to that of general; commander-in-chief of the militia; the absolute and uncontrolled power of pardoning all offences; sole commissioner of treaties with the Indians with unlimited powers, and the power of conferring, at his option, all grants of lands." Harrison held this proconsular office for sixteen years, during which he saw the country steadily increasing in strength and prosperity; though his career, experienced and prudent as it was, proved not without difficulties with the Indians, rising at length to open warfare.

The struggle, known as the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place on the seventh of November, 1811, involved various elements of preparation on the part of the savages, some of which impart to their conduct of the war an interest with which there will always be a certain degree of sympathy. The effort of a falling race to regain its authority under a leader like Tecumseh, assisted by the fanaticism of his brother the Prophet, is raised out of the rank of the ordinary Indian fighting propensities. The Indian chief was a hero of no ordinary class. To the virtues of the warrior in arms, he united many of those moral qualities so powerful in strengthening the courage of the soldier. He was self-denying, forbearing, and even compassionate. Born in the centre of Ohio, he represented the races immediately west of the Alleghanies, whom he appears early to have sought to unite against the whites. Consistently with his character for sincerity he declined to attend Wayne's council of peace at Greenville. His great effort was to bring the scattered tribes to act in concert. For this purpose he established, in 1808, an Indian settlement at the Tippecanoe River, a tributary of the Wabash, in Indiana, whither, with the aid of the Prophet, he brought together a considerable number of recruits to his mingled political and superstitious teaching.

The "Wabash Prophet," as he was called, was at first considered a simple visionary. Jefferson, then in the Presidency, took this view of him, and thought little harm would come of his preaching the simple austerities of their forefathers to a race not remarkably disposed to abstinence and self-denial. His success, however, and the activity and declarations of Tecumseh, with the imminent English war at hand, aroused the anxieties of the people of the Territory, and when positive ground was taken by the Indian leader at the conference of Vincennes against the progress of the treaties by which Harrison was extending the authority of the whites, it was found necessary to assume a decided military stand. The governor therefore at length, in October, 1811, advanced his forces, composed of regulars and militia, officered by experienced western leaders, toward the Indian settlement presided over by the prophet on the Tippecanoe. Moving forward cautiously with a force of nine hundred men, he reached a station about a mile and a half from the town, where a military encampment was formed, when some conferences were commenced with the foe. It was evident that the purposes of the Prophet were hostile. Harrison arranged his men in order to receive the assault, which was made by the Indians early on the morning of the seventh of November. It was in fact a night attack, though commenced after four o'clock, a drizzling rain, and the season of the year favoring the darkness. The onset was made with vigor, on all sides of the encampment, which was gallantly defended, with considerable loss of life by the rifle companies at their several stations. The camp was thus resolutely held, and kept unbroken, till daybreak, when new military dispositions were made, and a charge at the point of the bayonet, put the Indians to the rout.

"With this success," says Mr. Dawson, in his account of the battle,[1] "the engagement was ended; both parties appeared to have satisfied the expectations of their friends. The steady, undeviating courage of the American troops elicited great commendation; while Governor Harrison, speaking of his savage enemy, says 'the Indians manifested a ferocity uncommon even with them.' In this, however, they were inspirited by the religious fanaticism under which they acted—the Prophet, during the action, being posted on a neighboring eminence, singing a war-song; and in faint imitation of Moses in the wilderness, directing his people by the movements of his rod." The forces engaged in this battle were probably about equal. The Americans lost some sixty officers and men killed, or who died of their wounds, beside the wounded survivors, and the Indian loss was supposed to have been greater.

The attack upon the American camp was urged and directed in the absence of Tecumseh, by the Prophet, who promised in virtue of his soothsaying insight, an easy victory. The result was that he altogether lost credit with the tribes whom he had inveigled to his town by his necromantic appeals. When the battle was fought, Tecumseh was on a journey to the Southern Indians, whom he was stirring up to his warlike enterprises. He reached the Wabash on his return in time to witness the first effects of the discomfiture of his followers, and it is said, so great was his indignation toward his brother, the Prophet, that on his attempting to palliate his fool-hardy conduct, he seized him by the hair and threatened his life. The disaster had broken up his long entertained hope of an Indian confederacy against the white man. The game, however, was not quite up yet. The desperation of the Indians was taken advantage of by the British authorities on the frontier, to engage them in the war with America. In May, 1812, Tecumseh openly joined the British standard at Malden. On the eighteenth of the following month war against Great Britain was formally declared by Congress.

The campaign of Hull in Canada, opened with brilliant promise in his invasion of the country, speedily to be checked by his inefficiency and to terminate in his ignominious surrender of Detroit. This disaster, of a sufficiently afflictive character, so far however, from intimidating the western defenders, called them to new exertions, and volunteer forces were raised in large numbers in Ohio and Kentucky. There was at first some conflict of authority as to the command of the troops of the latter State, which, for the purpose of placing Harrison at their head, conferred upon him the brevet commission of Major-General, while the Secretary of War, ignorant of this movement, assigned the command to General Winchester. The difficulty, however, was speedily solved by the appointment of General Harrison by the President, in September, commander-in-chief of the Western Department, when the left wing of the army was assigned to General Winchester. Harrison himself took

[1] Battles of the United States, II. 73–81.

his position in what the British conquests had now made the frontier, the northerly portion of Ohio bordering on Michigan, and made his headquarters at Upper Sandusky.

The new year 1813, opened with a movement on the part of Winchester, now established at the rapids of the Maumee to protect the outlying settlements in Michigan on the Raisin River, a territory virtually in possession of the British. For this purpose Colonel Lewis was dispatched with a force over the frozen waters of the adjacent portion of Lake Erie to Frenchtown, from which the enemy were driven with great gallantry. This action occurred on the eighteenth of January. On the twenty-second, the victors in the meantime having been joined by Winchester with a small body of troops, an attack was made upon the American position by Colonel Proctor, who had issued forth from the neighboring Malden, only eighteen miles distant, with a considerable party of royal troops, several pieces of artillery, and a formidable band of six hundred Indians. The camp was taken unprepared; such resistance as could be offered at the moment was made, but the American defeat was complete. Such was the cruelty of the Indian allies and the merciless conduct of the British commander, that the action, an indelible disgrace to the British arms, passes in history as the massacre at the River Raisin. Both the officers, Lewis and Winchester were captured; of about a thousand American troops engaged, but thirty-three escaped, nearly four hundred were killed or missing, and the rest taken prisoners. General Harrison, though he disapproved of the more than questionable attempt at holding a position like Frenchtown in the face of the superior foe, did all that he could to save the fortunes of the army by hastening thither with recruits; but the action was fought and the disaster completed before he reached the scene. All further onward movements were of course, for the time, unavailing, and the commander-in-chief intrenched his forces at the Rapids of the Maumee, constructing there a fort, named in honor of Governor Meigs, of Ohio.

The next important event of the war in this quarter was the attack on this fort in the spring, by a force led by General Proctor, of over two thousand men, more than one half of whom were Indians, and of the rest above five hundred were regulars. He made good his landing on the river two miles below the fort; but he had this time a more diligent commander than Winchester to encounter. Harrison, who anticipated an attack, had hastened from a recruiting mission to Cincinnati, to superintend the defence. The fort was defended by its elevated position and the usual protection of works of that kind, of pickets and block houses. As a further protection against the pieces of artillery which the besiegers were bringing to bear upon it, a heavy embankment was carried across the works which sheltered the troops from the enemy's fire. The batteries of the assailants were opened on the first of May, and continued with energy for four days with little effect, when the arrival in the vicinity of Kentucky reinforcements under General

Clay, which Harrison had originally sent for, gave the commander the opportunity to plan a concerted attack upon the besiegers. It was made by a sally from the fort and two divisions of Clay's troops at different points with various success; but the result was the virtual discomfiture or defeat of the British. The fighting of that fifth of May, proved the superiority of the Americans and a few days after the seige was abandoned.

We here meet again with the Indian leader, Tecumseh, who proved himself a skillful combatant in the day's work, and who, we may mention, had exhibited his prowess in the campaign in Michigan at the expense of a detachment of Hull's command previous to his surrender. A story of this chieftain's interposition in saving some of the prisoners taken by the British in this action before Fort Meigs, is creditable to his humanity, while the necessity for such interposition adds another item to the fearful account against Proctor for his treachery and cruelty at the River Raisin. While a dispute was raging between the Potawatamies and the more merciful Miamis and Wyandots, as to the fate of the captives, the work of scalping and slaughter having been already wreaked on some twenty defenceless victims, Tecumseh came upon the spot flourishing his hatchet, and it is said burying it in the head of a chief engaged in the bloody work, commanded them, for shame to desist. "It is a disgrace," said he, "to kill a defenceless prisoner:" and his order was obeyed.[1]

[1] Dawson's Seige of Fort Meigs. Battles of the United States.

The loss of the Americans in the seige and the action was greater than that of the British; but we are to consider in the number of the slain those perfidiously murdered by the savage allies of the enemy. Proctor, at any rate, was unable to stand before the American forces now thickening around him.

Thus relieved of the presence of the enemy, General Harrison waited the effects of Perry's movements on the lake below. Once in command of Lake Erie, the British occupation of Michigan he felt would now be abandoned. The interim between this time and Perry's victory which opened the way to the expected conquests was honorably marked by Major Croghan's gallant defence of Fort Stephenson, against another attack of Proctor. That action was fought on the first of August; on the tenth of September, Perry defeated and captured the whole British squadron. Harrison who had been impatiently waiting this result, now rapidly matured his measures for the reconquest of the country overrun by the British. Employing the smaller vessels taken from the enemy to transport a portion of his forces, now powerfully recruited by the Kentucky volunteers, Harrison effected a landing on the Canadian shore, on the twenty-seventh of the month, and advancing to Malden, found it abandoned by the British and its fort and storehouses destroyed. Proctor, with all his royal forces accompanied by Tecumseh with his Indians, had retreated within the peninsula along the line of the Thames, which empties into Lake St. Clair. General Harrison, leaving detachments of his force at Sandwich and Detroit,

now regained, pushed on with a company of about a hundred and forty regulars, Colonel Richard M. Johnson's mounted Kentuckians, and Governor Shelby's volunteers, also Kentuckians, after the retreating foe. Lewis Cass and Commodore Perry were with him as volunteer aids. The whole force amounted to about three thousand five hundred men. For some distance along the river the troops were accompanied by the smaller vessels of the fleet.

The progress of the Americans along the route was of the most exciting character as they drove in the enemy from the defence of the bridges which lay in their way. On the fifth of October they came up with the British forces of Proctor drawn up in the vicinity of the Moravian town. He had some eight hundred regular troops and about two thousand Indians. They were posted in front of the road and in an open wood flanked by the river on one hand and a swamp on the other. The Indians adjoined the swamp on the enemy's right. The attack was made on the front by the mounted Kentuckians, whose charge at once threw that portion of the foe into utter confusion, driving through their ranks and assailing them from the rear. Colonel Johnson, meanwhile, was engaged in a stubborn conflict with the Indians, who, directed by the skill of Tecumseh, reserved their fire to tell with deadly effect upon the advancing column. Johnson was wounded, but his Kentuckians were not to be dismayed. Dismounting from their horses they plied their rifles with great effect against the Indians who stood their ground well, but being unsupported by their British employers, were soon compelled to retreat. Proctor himself had already taken to flight. Tecumseh was slain in the battle, the most illustrious victim of the day. The number of chivalrous leaders engaged in the American ranks, men who were then or afterward became greatly celebrated, Johnson, Cass, Perry, Shelby, is noticeable, while more than a quarter of a century later, "The battle of the Thames" was to be one of the watchwords of victory for its General in a great political contest.

The effect of this successful termination of the contest following upon Perry's naval triumph—a success enhanced by the embarrassments and failures of the early part of the struggle—upon the West, can hardly be appreciated at the present day. It was a release from danger and from fear, from a remorseless foe and the scalping knife of the savage. With Tecumseh fell the last Indian enemy known to a great region of the West. Henceforth we are to follow his successful adversary through the paths of civil life. General Harrison was not engaged in the later occupations of the army. He was in effect driven to retirement by the arrangements of General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, by whom he was, under some adverse influence or other, virtually suspended in his command. When he was omitted in the plan of the next year's campaign, he resigned the commission which he held as major-general, and its accompanying emoluments.

He now resided at his farm at North Bend, on the Ohio, near Cincinnati, which henceforth, in the intervals of

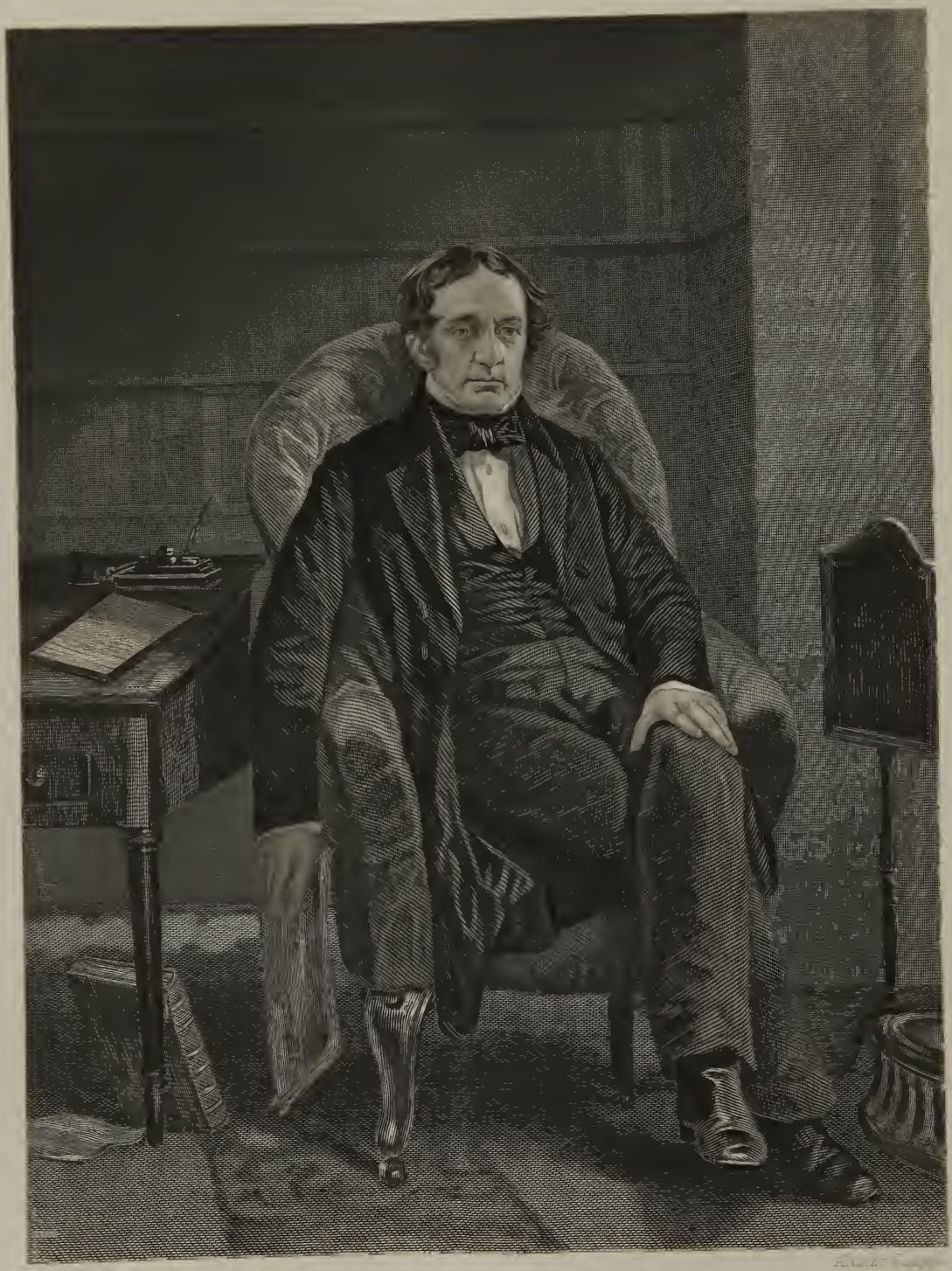
public occupation to which he was frequently called, continued his residence. He was in Congress from 1816 to 1818, a member of the House of Representatives, and from 1824 to 1828 a member of the Senate. Between these dates he sat in the Ohio Senate. In 1828 we find him appointed by President John Quiney Adams, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Columbia. He reached Bogota, the seat of his duties, in February of the next year, and was received with favor, but he had hardly entered upon the mission when President Jackson coming into office, he was recalled. Resuming again his agricultural pursuits at North Bend upon his return, he was occasionally called upon to deliver public addresses and speeches, of which several were printed. One of these, which was republished during his canvass for the presidency, was a discourse before the Philosophical and Historical Society of Ohio, in 1837, in which he took the aborigines of the State for his text. He had some talent for composition and was fond of illustrations drawn from ancient history.

In 1836, General Harrison was a candidate for the presidency in opposition to Van Buren. Though the strength of the Whig party which he represented, was somewhat divided, he received seventy-three electoral votes, a sufficient test of his popularity to bring him into the field again at the next election. The elements of opposition had in the meantime gained force; the country was suffering under an extraordinary financial depression; there was discontent on all sides. General Harrison received the nomination of twenty-two states at Harrisburg, and was triumphantly borne into the presidential chair. A peculiarity of the canvass was the popular good will, which eagerly seizing hold of the "log cabin" and "hard cider" as emblems of the simplicity of his early western life, turned them to political account. "Log cabins" were set up in villages and towns throughout the country, at which hard cider or its more comfortable equivalents were freely dispensed. Carried rapidly onward in the popular enthusiasm, he received the electoral vote of twenty of the twenty-six States, and two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes against only sixty given to Mr. Van Buren.

The inauguration of President Harrison at Washington, took place on the 4th of March, 1841; on the same day of the following month he breathed his last. The active duties of his responsible station, the exacting pretensions of office seekers who beset a new president, the pressure of the previous canvass, may have all contributed to the severity of the shock which deprived him of life. He was sixty-eight years old, a time of life when any great change of habit may easily destroy the constitution; when a simple cause may shake a wearied frame. A slight cold which he took by exposure to the rain was followed by sudden prostration; a diarrhœa set in, and after an illness of but a few days he expired. His last words, heard by his physician, Dr. Worthington, were as if addressing his successor, "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." In announcing the event to the public,

the members of the Cabinet, of which Daniel Webster was at the head, wrote: "The people of the United States, overwhelmed like ourselves, by an event so unexpected and so melancholy, will derive consolation from knowing that his death was calm and resigned as his life had been patriotic, useful, and distinguished; and that the last utterance from his lips expressed a fervent desire for the perpetuity of the constitution and the preservation of its true principles. In death, as in life, the happiness of his country was uppermost in his thoughts."

The personal qualities of General Harrison had much to do with his elevation to the presidency. His life was marked by a union of moderation with good fortune and substantial success in public affairs. He was prosperous as a commander where others failed; he was identified with the growth and prosperity of a powerful region of the republic; he had made few enemies though he had been the subject of hostility, and he had been too long retired from public life to awaken any new prejudices. His military reputation, after the precedent of Jackson, was doubtless in his favor; but a belief in his good sense and his integrity, with the expectations of the times, in a change of policy, were the elements of his success.



Wm. H. Prescott

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

The life of this distinguished historian exhibits not only the career of a successful man of letters in the production of a series of books of universal interest among all civilized communities; but it is remarkable for the conquest, under peculiar privations, of difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge seldom in like circumstances surmounted or even attempted to be surmounted. Mr. Prescott's great historical works were written, for the most part, by him while he was in a state of partial blindness, and the labor required was such that for purposes of study and composition he might be considered wholly deprived of sight. For a good portion of his long-continued toil he was obliged to rely on an assistant for reading and presenting his materials, exactly as Milton was dependent on his daughters. He had not the felicity of Milton in those years of profound and extensive study which had accumulated such vast treasures in his mind before the organ of sight was extinguished. But he had one advantage, it may be said, in wealth and leisure, which placed the literary treasures of the world at his disposal and gave him the command of the services of intelligent secretaries. These were, however, aids which depended altogether upon the resolution to employ them; for wealth and leisure are oftener found means of self-indulgence, especially when physical disability offers so good a plea, than incentives to extraordinary exertion. The literary activity of Prescott would have been remarkable in a man of full health with every benefit of fortune; in his case a double debt of gratitude is due from his readers for whom, with strict parsimony, he husbanded every moment of his time and every possible use of his powers.

William Hickling Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, the residence of his father, May 4, 1796. His family was one of the most ancient and honored in the State, his immediate ancestors for four generations having been persons of distinction. His great-grandfather was a councillor of the old Colony Government; his grandfather was the memorable defender of Bunker Hill; his father, also named William Prescott, a lawyer and judge of high character, has been pronounced by competent authority, "one of the wisest and best as well as one of the ablest men that New England has produced." His mother was the daughter of Thomas Hickling, of whose character it is enough to say that he was appointed by Washington Consul at St. Michaels, and that he held the office for nearly half a century

The early years of Prescott were passed at Salem, but at twelve he came with his parents to Boston, and had the benefit in his education of the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, an Episcopal clergyman of Boston, a good scholar and positive character of the old school. He entered Harvard at fifteen, the usual age, and graduated in regular course in 1814. It was while he was a student at Cambridge that the accident occurred which so materially affected his eyesight. He was sitting at table in the college hall when a schoolmate threw a crust at him across the board. It struck his eye, and this slight cause was the occasion of his subsequent difficulties. He entirely lost the use of the injured eye and the other became in consequence sympathetically affected, and so impaired that he could use it, at the best of times afterwards, only in the most guarded manner. He would, we are told, had it not been for this disaster, have engaged in his father's profession, the law; but the injury he had received rendered this impossible. He endeavored in every way to remedy it, by the relaxation of foreign travel and consultation with eminent European oculists, who could afford him no aid. It was characteristic of the man that in this strait he deliberately chose a calling which he might pursue as his health permitted. In a letter which he wrote and which has been published by his friend the Rev. George E. Ellis, he says, speaking of his college accident and his interrupted reading, "I consequently abandoned the study of the law upon which I had entered; and, as a man must find something to do, I determined to devote myself to letters, in which independent career I could regulate my own hours with reference to what my sight might enable me to accomplish."

After two years travel in England, France and Italy, on his return home he devoted himself to a thorough preparation for historical studies in a diligent cultivation of his faculties and a thorough course of study of ancient classical literature and the modern languages of France, Italy and Spain. He had Gibbon before him as his great exemplar, that author's Autobiography, a kindling incentive to an ingenuous youth bent on the pursuit of letters, as he himself tells us, stimulating the strong passion for historical writing which he had early conceived. "I proposed," he says in the letter just cited, "to make myself a historian in the best sense of the term and hoped to produce something which posterity would not willingly let die." In a memorandum book, as far back as the year 1819 (he was then in his twenty-third year) "I find," he continues, "the desire intimated; and I propose to devote ten years of my life to the study of ancient and modern literature—chiefly the latter—and to give ten years more to some historical work."

The design was literally and faithfully carried out. The occasional papers which he published in the *North American Review* during this advanced period of literary pupilage bear witness to the range and happy selection of his studies. They include critical and descriptive articles on Italian Narrative Poetry, the Poetry and Romance of the

Italians, Molière, Cervantes, Irving's "Conquest of Granada"—the last, written in 1829, significant of the direction his mind had already taken. Its opening sentences are filled with frequent suggestions of his historic enterprise as he glances at the requisitions of the finished historian. He not only sees the inevitable requisites of truth and fidelity, but is quite awake to the lighter graces and artistic demands. "Mixed up," says he, "with the drier details, he must display the various powers of a novelist or dramatist, throwing his characters into suitable lights and shades, disposing his scenes so as to awaken and maintain an unflagging interest, diffusing over the whole that finished style, without which his work will only become a magazine of materials for the more elegant edifices of subsequent writers."

The historical theme which he chose for the main exercise of his powers was the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, an admirably selected subject leading the way to a mine of literary wealth worked before and since by many eminent writers, but by none more profitably than by himself. It was his first care in preparation for this work to surround himself with an ample store of original authorities. Fortune, happily, had placed it in his power to satisfy this prime necessity of his labors. His studies, his correspondence and friendships had given him peculiar facilities, which he availed himself of to the utmost. But while his materials were being collected for him at Madrid, his eye was so severely tried by his studies that on the arrival of these Spanish authorities, he was quite unable to use them. It was several years before he was again in a situation to read. "I well remember," he wrote subsequently, "the blank despair which I felt when my literary treasures arrived from Spain and I saw the mine of wealth lying around me which I was forbidden to explore." It was not in his nature, however, to despair. He was already prepared to encounter the hardships of a partial deprivation of sight; nor did his courage fail him at the prospect of total blindness. The heroic effort of Milton was before him, which appears always to have cheered his heart. A remark of Dr. Johnson in his life of the great poet, to the effect that the composition of a history from various authors "when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy, nor possible, but with more skillful and attentive help than can be commonly obtained," he tells us "first engaged my attention in the midst of my embarrassments, and, although discouraging at first, in the end stimulated the desire to overcome them." A happier instance of the benefit of a chance-sown reflection—and the writings of Johnson, who always looked tenderly to human interests, abounds with such—can hardly be found in literature.

The young author set himself resolutely to the work of overcoming the difficulty. "The ear," as he said, "was to do the work of the eye." He began experimentally with a reader who knew no language but English, who commenced reciting to him the history of Mariana in tones which he was gradually taught to accommodate to his hear-

er's perceptions. It was unsatisfactory enough at first as they groped their way through the darkness, but "in a few weeks the light became stronger; and cheered," Mr. Prescott tells us, "by the consciousness of my own improvement, when we had toiled our way through seven quartos, I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English." A more accomplished assistant was then engaged to lead, if we should not rather say, be led, by the author through this dreary track of investigation. After some years spent in this "tortoise-like progress," listening to the crabbed details, selecting the most valuable points, dictating them to the amanuensis and again listening to the repeated reading of them till the whole was stored for use in the author's mind, ready to be engrossed in a chapter of his narrative, he had recourse to a method which enabled him to help himself. Thierry, the French historian of the Norman Conquest, also deprived of sight, had advised him to cultivate dictation, but he usually preferred a method which he had found in use in London in the beneficent efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the blind. As described by himself, this simple apparatus consisted of "a frame of the size of a sheet of paper, traversed by brass wires, as many as lines are wanted on the page, with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks, which he cannot see, on the white page below." It was "a treadmill operation," he says, subject to many "whimsical distresses," and the characters traced had something of the nature of hieroglyphics, but he found this writing-case his "best friend in his lonely hours," and with its aid he penned the many successive volumes of his histories. Before, however, his first work, the "Ferdinand and Isabella," was completed, his sight was so far recovered as to enable him to revise the manuscripts which he had thus prepared unseen.

In 1837, the work was committed to the press. Its reception at once, at home and abroad, stamped the author as a popular writer with the masses and an acquisition to the learned circles of the world. It has been translated into Spanish, Italian and German, and passed into a universal literary currency. Its merits were not to be mistaken. A spirit of calm, judicious investigation, supported by unwearied industry and research; with a constant regard to the artistic opportunities of the ever varying theme; all borne along on a style of remarkable ease and clearness, were not to be overlooked in a rising historian who came to fill a much lamented gap in the best stored libraries. Mr. Everett relates an anecdote of the possessor of such a collection who was loud in his praises. "Calling one day," says he, "on the venerable Mr. Thomas Grenville, whom I found in his library, the second in size and value of the private libraries of England, reading Xenophon's 'Anabasis' in the original, I made some passing remark on the beauty of that work. 'Here,' said he,

holding up a volume of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' 'is one far superior.' "[1] Yet such was the modesty of the author that, after he had finished the work, he hesitated as to its publication. Content with the gratification of having written the book, of his triumph over extraordinary difficulties, he said to his father "that he should place it on his shelf and leave it for those who come after him." The work, it should be mentioned, was printed for his own use, that he might be able to correct it, in large type in quarto. In the same spirit with the remark to his father, he consulted Mr. Jared Sparks as a consummate master of historic studies, placing the volumes in his hands for perusal. He was, of course, met with an expression of admiration at the beauty and interest of the work. This the cautious mood of the writer questioned as a tribute of friendly feeling, and asked anew, "Do you think it should be published?" "Why not?" was the reply; to which the author expressed his doubts of success in the remoteness of the subject and his fear that his execution of it would not prove sufficiently attractive. The judgment of his father, it is said, determined his resolution to publish. Without placing too much stress upon anecdotes of this kind, which frequently savor of affectation, we may believe the emotion in this case to have been real and that it would have cost the author no sacrifice of vanity to have withheld his book from the public. Yet we can hardly suppose him unconscious of its value; he, undoubtedly, with the greatest intellects, experienced a pleasure in the exercise of his faculties, and was quite too well conscious of the means which he so diligently employed to be ignorant of results. Besides, there is in the minds of the best authors a stronger satisfaction in the sense of ability, the faculty to do something which demands genius and effort, the self-approval of accomplishing it, than in the accidental returns of favor from the public. Vanity must be rewarded on the instant, but genius, self inspired, can wait.

Mr. Prescott's second work was a natural sequence to his first. He had already been carried in his labors to the western hemisphere, and two of the most brilliant episodes of history, in the discoveries and conquests of Mexico and Peru, lay before him. Again reinforced by a copious stock of new materials, he approached his task with a stimulus of original research denied to his predecessors in the field. The Royal Academy of History at Madrid placed at his disposal the extensive manuscript collections of the indefatigable historiographer Muñoz, and of its president, Don Vargas Ponçe, while the living head of that body, the eminent Navarrete, made him a like sharer of his labors. From Mexico itself, from Naples and from Great Britain, he obtained like important aid. Thus fortified he approached his captivating subject. He had hardly completed this preparation, however, when he learnt that the topic had already engaged the attention of Washington Irving, who may be said to have fairly taken possession of this historic ground in America by his "Life of Columbus." The story filled with gal-

[1] Mr. Everett's Remarks on Mr. Prescott before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

lantry and enterprise and deeds of thrilling adventure must indeed have been attractive to the pen to which Spanish themes of knightly daring always presented a peculiar fascination. That Mr. Irving readily yielded to his brother in letters was in a noble spirit of courtesy worthy of the association; for he had not only his eye upon the tempting narrative but had made some progress, we believe, in collecting the requisite material. But whatever he had undertaken in this direction he cheerfully relinquished the whole; and well did he entitle himself to the handsome compliment which Mr. Prescott paid him in his allusion to this instance of magnanimity. "It was not," says he, in his preface to the "Conquest of Mexico," "till I had become master of my rich collection of materials, that I was acquainted with this circumstance; and, had he persevered in his design, I should unhesitatingly have abandoned my own, if not from courtesy, at least from policy; for, though armed with the weapons of Achilles, this could give me no hope of success in a competition with Achilles himself. But no sooner was that distinguished writer informed of the preparations I had made, than, with the gentlemanly spirit which will surprise no one who has the pleasure of his acquaintance, he instantly announced to me his intention of leaving the subject open to me. While," gracefully added the writer, "I do but justice to Mr. Irving by this statement, I feel the prejudice it does to myself in the unavailing regret I am exciting in the bosom of the reader."

The "Conquest of Mexico" was published in 1843, and its companion history, the "Conquest of Peru," appeared in 1847. The general attractiveness and splendor of the subject, the abundant opportunity for picturesque description in geography, natural history, the quaint civilization of the countries, and above all the blending of biography with history in the military adventures of the two heroes Cortez and Pizarro, the whole tinctured by the wonder and enthusiasm of the old Spanish authorities, gained probably for the author many new admirers even for his more sober political and state disquisitions. The flowing ease of his style, his choice selection of circumstances and careful arrangements of his stage scenery were well bestowed, and the result was, as before, a work of lasting interest.

The field of Spanish adventure in America being thus fairly divided with equal honors, between Irving and Prescott, the latter turned to the more intricate but not less imposing procession of events in Europe. Passing over the reign of Charles V.—though he subsequently added notes and an appendix to the life of that monarch by Robertson, presenting the newly discovered details of his career in retirement after his abdication—he devoted himself assiduously to his last great undertaking, the "History of the Reign of Philip II." Two volumes of this work were issued in 1855, and a third was still wet from the press in the beginning of 1859, when, on the twenty-eighth of January of that year, the author was suddenly called from his earthly labors. Critics were busy analyzing his noble work and sounding his praises, when their

pens were summoned to write his obituary, and to the eulogy of the author was added new admiration of the man. So quietly and moderately had Mr. Prescott lived, in devotion to his family and friends and in the engrossing pursuit of his historic studies, that it has seldom happened that one so well known by fame and cherished in his writings had furnished so little of personal anecdote to bring his life familiarly home to his readers. There was no determined seclusion in this, for he appears always to have been affable and easy of approach. It arose from his earnest, continuous occupation in his work as the chosen labor of his life, from which he turned neither to the right nor the left. His attention was never distracted by politics or society, which bring men into mixed relations with the public; he was free from the vanity of obtruding himself. The world knew him only through his writings.

The death of Mr. Prescott, though the blow fell suddenly, was not altogether unexpected; at least he had the previous warning a few months before of a first attack of paralysis. When he was again fatally stricken by this disease, it came upon him in the enjoyment of apparent health as he was engaged in his usual occupations. A friend who saw him a few days before his decease, was struck with his cheerfulness and eager interest in matters of literature. So that those who loved him were reconciled to his departure, "taken away by a noiseless appointment and a swift angel."[1]

[1] Address of the Rev. Dr. Frothingham before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The devotion of Mr. Prescott to his chosen pursuits was singular. The care of his family and the social demands upon one of his position in society being taken into consideration, it was extraordinary. Of course it could only be attained by the most punctilious self-denying method. It is perhaps not difficult for one gifted with a taste for writing, to employ many hours of the day in composition; but to associate this pleasing occupation with the requisite industry of the great historian extorting his matter from the dry records and obscurities of strange foreign dialects; to be met at every turn by doubt and perplexity; to turn wearied from the labor of research to the hardly less exacting demands of grouping, arrangement, and—in Mr. Prescott's case—of careful dictation or a mode of writing quite out of the way of the usual facilities, may well demand our admiration. One of his secretaries has given us an interesting picture of his entire method—introducing us, as it were, to the secrets of his workshop. He is speaking of the year 1847, when the author was beginning his work on Philip II.

"Systematical in all his habits," says his secretary, "his daily mode of life was regulated by an exact division of time, to which he adhered punctiliously. He rose early, waked by an alarm clock, whose summons he never disobeyed. Ascertaining by the thermometer the state of the temperature out of doors, he clothed himself accordingly, putting on so many pounds of clothing, more or less, according to the weather. His coats, vests, and pantaloons, were all marked with their weight in pounds

and ounces. He walked for half an hour before breakfast, generally, I think, going over the same route each day—that is, walking to a particular spot and then turning back. He always walked alone, if he could without discourtesy, disliking to have any companion in his rambles, because while walking he occupied his thoughts in composition. After breakfast his wife read to him for an hour, during which time he shaved and made his toilet for the day. The book selected for this hour was always one of light literature—generally a novel. He was very fond of novels, and thought they stimulated his imagination and contributed to the animation and picturesqueness of his style. But nothing could tempt him to give more than an hour to such reading. When the hour expired, the reading stopped, not to be resumed till the next day, no matter how interesting the book or exciting the story. At the time I speak of, he was reading, in this way, the novels of Dumas and Eugene Sue—'Monte Christo,' 'The Mysteries of Paris,' and 'The Wandering Jew.' At the end of the hour the book would be laid down, even in the midst of the most intense chapter. He confessed he relished highly these romances, though he laughed at their extravagance, comparing them to the 'Arabian Nights,' and saying that they were composed on the principle of carrying out in Western scenes and characters the audacious wildness of Oriental invention. He delighted also to have Dickens read to him, and when sitting for his portrait to Healy, and afterwards to West (the artist who painted the well-known portrait of Lord Byron), he took me with him to read 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

"The novel-reading in the morning ended always at ten, and Mr. Prescott again went out to walk for half an hour, taking a different route from that of the before-breakfast walk. At 10½ my work began. I came to his house at that hour every day, except Sunday. He liked to have me punctual, and disliked to have me come before the time appointed. If I came after the time he would make no complaint, but would gently rebuke me by looking at his watch. He allowed ten minutes' grace for accidental detentions. For an hour and a half I read to him, or wrote for him, and then, at 12 o'clock, he sallied forth again for another walk, during which he made purchases, or attended to any business he might have in State street, where, I think, he always went at this hour. At 1 o'clock he returned and resumed the labors of the study for another hour and a half. At 2½ he dined. After dinner, Mrs. Prescott again read to him for an hour from a novel, while he smoked the solitary cigar to which he restricted himself, always choosing the mildest he could get. His numerous friends and correspondents in Cuba and other parts of Spanish America, kept him supplied with a curious variety of brands. If I remember rightly, he walked out again for half an hour in the afternoon, his daily stint of exercise in this way being five miles. He never failed to perform at least that amount of walking. If the weather was so stormy that he could not go out, when his set times arrived,

he would put on his hat, boots, and gloves, take his cane, and walk briskly about the house, for the half hour or hour, as the case might be. At 6 P.M. I came to him again, and remained till 8, when the labors of the day were over. His rule was to spend five hours of the twenty-four in his study, and he never exceeded that amount."

To this curious account of the day of an author may be added some more particular details of his manner of historical composition from the same source. He began his Philip II., for instance, by causing to be taken down from his library all the books and manuscripts relating to the subject, materials which he had previously collected by orders throughout Europe, unlimited as regards variety or expense. Several hundred volumes in various languages having been thus brought together in his study, he set his secretary to the work of sifting and arrangement, ranking his authorities in value according to their opportunities of observation and nearness to the times of which he was about to write. A careful analysis was made of the more valuable portions. The book was carefully mapped out in chapters by the author, who gave his attention to one at a time, a plan which doubtless secured the freshness and unabated interest of the whole. As the chapters frequently included an entire section of the subject, complete in itself, the mind was not overburdened, more than in writing a review article or a short biography. Of course Mr. Prescott was all the time conscious of the work as a whole; but he had so disciplined his powers as to labor with ease and safety in parts. As the requisite manuscripts and authorities were read to him, he would occasionally dictate a note, which was written out in a large hand. He had these read to him when he had got through with his material and then had them laid before him for consultation, while he meditated over the whole. He would sit silent, absorbed in this study, in his library by the hour, reflecting thus, on several days, sometimes for weeks, till he had mastered the whole in his mind. Then he would write rapidly, using his writing-case; and, as he wrote, his uncouth manuscript was copied by his secretary in a bold handwriting. When it had been read to him again and again and duly corrected, it was ready for the printer.

The command of the various faculties necessary for such a work implied a general discipline of temper which extended into the walks of daily life. He was the kindest, most amiable of men, systematic in his charities and intercourse with his friends as in his study, a prudent economist, a liberal provider for all worthy objects. He was not one man in his books and another to his friends and the world; but he carried his amiability into life and no one was deceived by the graceful qualities of his pen. "In the writings of Prescott," says his brother historian, Mr. Bancroft, in his eulogy before the New York Historical Society, "his individual character is never thrust on the attention of his readers; but, as should ever be the case in a true work of art, it appears only in glimpses, or as an abstraction from the whole. Yet

his personality is the source of the charm of his style; and all who knew him will say that he was himself greater and better than his writings. While his histories prove him to have felt that he owed his time to the service of mankind, everything about him marked him out to be the most beloved of companions, and the life and joy and pride of society. His personal appearance itself was singularly pleasing, and won for him everywhere in advance a welcome and favor. His countenance had something that brought to mind 'the beautiful disdain' that hovers on that of the Apollo. But, while he was high-spirited, he was tender, and gentle, and humane. His voice was like music, and one could never hear enough of it. His cheerfulness reached and animated all about him. He could indulge in playfulness, and could also speak earnestly and profoundly; but he knew not how to be ungracious or pedantic. In truth, the charms of his conversation were unequalled, he so united the rich stores of memory with the ease of one who is familiar with the world. In his friendships he was most faithful; true to them always—true to the last; never allowing his confidence to be so much as ruffled by the noisy clamors of calumny, or by rivalry, or by differences of opinion. In the management of his affairs, he was prudent and considerate: in his expenditures liberal to all about him, and to those in want ever largely generous, having an open hand, but doing good without observation. His affections rested early and happily on the congenial object of his choice, and the rosy light of his youth, never dimmed by a cloud, went with him all his way through life."

Zachary Taylor

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Of the modern heroes of America few stand out so simply and distinctly, so "clear in their great office," as General Zachary Taylor. His character was of remarkable purity, distinguished by equal worth and modesty. When he suddenly became celebrated in the Mexican war, it was found that, though unknown to fame, he had deserved reputation by his gallant conduct in 1812, and subsequently in Florida. He was known and respected in the army; but there had been no blazon of his deeds in the newspapers. He was content with the performance of his duty. This was a motto and reward all sufficient to his mind. The type of character which distinguishes him is that of the elder worthies of the Revolution, the Schuylers, Moultries and Pinckneys.

Zachary Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, November 24, 1784, of a family, English in its origin, which had long been settled in the colony. His father, a man of a brave, adventurous turn, familiarly known among his brother pioneers as Captain Dick Taylor, emigrated when the child was not a year old, to the western part of the State, what was then known as "the dark and bloody ground" of Indian strife—the present Kentucky. There the boy had his training in the rude, hearty, independent pursuits of frontier life. We hear something of his schoolmaster, the approved migratory New England pedagogue, who, when his pupil became celebrated, remembered him as "a very active and sensible boy." Of his good sense we have no doubt, for it was a quality which marked him through life; while, of his activity, there is a story related of his younger days, of his swimming across the Ohio, from the Kentucky to the Indiana shore, stemming a freezing flood in March.

His entry in the army dates from that memorable period of the attack of the Shannon upon the Chesapeake, the fountain of many woes and glories in the national annals. His father, who was something of a politician, procured him the appointment from Jefferson's administration in 1808 of lieutenant in the Seventh United States infantry. He thus commenced his career in the regular service. Two years later the young man is married to Miss Margaret Smith of Maryland. Immediately upon the declaration of war with England in 1812, we find him engaged under General Harrison in the protection of the northwestern territory against the attacks of the Indians. His defence, in

that year, of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, in the territory of Indiana, against an attack of the Miamis, is one of the memorable incidents of the war. This fort, built by the general whose name it bears, was situated on the upper part of the river, above the present town of Terre Haute. It was defended by pickets on three sides, with a row of barracks and a block-house at e.ther end on the fourth. Captain Taylor was left in charge of the work with a small company of men, in the words of his dispatch to General Harrison, "not more than ten or fifteen able to do a great deal, the others being either sick or convalescent." He had warning of the threatened approach of a party of the Prophet's men—the attack belonging to that series of movements instigated by Tecumseh and his brother—and though for some time he had not considered the post tenable against a large force, he prepared to defend it to the best of his ability. On the third of September, two young men, making hay in the neighborhood of the fort, were picked off by the Indians, and the next night they came in numbers to the assault. They began by firing one of the block-houses, which endangered the whole line of barracks. Captain Taylor, almost disabled from a severe fever, rallied his little force of invalids to extinguish it, but the fire having communicated to a stock of whisky in the building, soon ascended to the roof, and his efforts had to be directed to the adjoining houses. The situation was desperate. In his own simple words, "Sir, what from the raging of the fire, the yelling and howling of several hundred Indians, the cries of nine women and children, part soldiers' and part citizens' wives, who had taken refuge in the fort, and the desponding of so many men, which was worse than all, I can assure you that my feelings were unpleasant." But, by his own energy, and the assistance of Surgeon Clark, the only one to aid him in the command, the roof was stripped from the next building and water from the well applied to the exposed portions. The line was saved, and the open space of the fire defended by a temporary breastwork. All this was done under the enemy's fire of bullets and arrows, lasting for seven hours, the flames lighting up the men at work as marks for the hostile missiles. When daylight came the fire was returned with effect, and the Indians took their departure, slaughtering the horses in the vicinity, and driving off a large stock of cattle; what with this and the stores lost in the conflagration, leaving the garrison to a diet of green corn. For this spirited defence, President Madison conferred upon Taylor the brevet rank of major.

On the reorganization of the army after the peace, it was proposed to deprive him of this rank, which he resented, and would have retired to an agricultural life had not the government, by yielding, retained him in the army. He was employed in the Indian service in various ways, and in the Black Hawk war of 1832 appears in the field, taking an active part as colonel in the concluding battle of the Bad Axe river. His next scene of opera-

tions was the Florida war, a field of greater difficulty than glory. He was ordered to this service in 1836, and in December of the following year led an expedition of about a thousand men, a few volunteers and the rest regulars, from Fort Gardiner toward Lake Okechobee, in the immediate neighborhood of which the enemy, some seven hundred strong, were encamped in a hammock. As the place was approached, it was found to be protected in front by a swamp three quarters of a mile in breadth. It was "totally impassable for horses, and nearly so for foot, covered with a thick growth of saw-grass five feet high, and about knee deep in mud and water." This was to be crossed to get within range of the foe, who fought from behind trees with every advantage of position. In the arrangement of the attack, the volunteers were sent forward with directions to fall back, if necessary, while the regulars would sustain them. They advanced, were fired upon, their commander Colonel Gentry of Missouri slain, when they retreated. The regulars then made their way through the high, stiff grass, suffering heavy losses; the place of the fallen was succeeded by others, and the enemy finally driven to the lake in confusion. The action lasted from half-past twelve till three P.M. It was one of the important victories of the war, it being exceedingly difficult to get the Indians to stand in battle in any numbers. Here nothing but the most tried valor could prevail against them. Colonel Taylor's loss was very heavy, both in officers, as was usual in this war, and in men. In his dispatch, he stops to express his feeling for the wounded. "Here," says he, "I trust I may be permitted to say that I experienced one of the most trying scenes of my life, and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been differently organized from my own."

His management of this affair and general efficiency in the campaign were rewarded with the brevet rank of brigadier-general, and shortly after with the chief command in the State, which he held till the arrival of General Macomb. General Taylor's plan was to divide the whole region into a series of military districts, each presided over by a fort or stockade, whence the troops might take the aggressive on occasion. He was employed in Florida two years later till 1840, when he was assigned to the command of the southwestern division of the army, and had his headquarters at Fort Jesup, Louisiana. This brought him within the line of employment in Texas, when, on the annexation of that country to the United States, it became necessary to protect her western frontier from Mexican invasion. He was consequently ordered to the district in June, 1845, and immediately established his headquarters at Corpus Christi, on the west bank of the Nueces, at its mouth. There the "army of observation" gradually augmented, with the progress of war alarms, to a force of nearly four thousand men, the "army of occupation," remained many months, till March of the following year, when its commander received directions to advance to the ultimate boundary, the Rio Grande. The march of seventeen

days was made across the intervening desert, meeting with no opposition of consequence up to the time of arrival at the point of the river opposite Matamoras, on the twenty-eighth of the month. A flag-staff was immediately erected on the spot, and the American ensign raised, as the bands played the national airs "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-spangled Banner." This vicinity was destined to be the scene of several formidable conflicts. We shall not trench upon the province of history to pursue the movements here with any great minuteness; but shall touch lightly upon the main incidents of the campaign, which leads us over the battle-fields of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, to the storming of Monterey and the great struggle at Buena Vista.

The place at which the army first rested was within sight of the enemy's headquarters at Matamoras, separated only by the intervening river. There having taken his station, and, as he told the Mexican authorities, in accordance with the instructions of his government, being determined to remain, the first employment of General Taylor, of course, was to provide some adequate defences—the more as he was in face of a considerable body of the foe, to whom large reinforcements, commanded by experienced generals, were already on the way, and war was no longer a matter of uncertainty. A camp was established, and the extensive work, Fort Brown, on the bank of the river, commanding the opposite town, commenced. Point Isabel, a day's march distant in the rear, on the coast, the first harbor to the north of the Rio Grande, was the depot for supplies. General Taylor in his advance had taken possession of this place, and left a small garrison for its protection. On the twelfth of April, General Ampudia, having arrived at Matamoras with reinforcements, and taken the command, addressed a communication to General Taylor, requiring him within twenty-four hours to retire to the Nueces while the Texas question was under discussion between the two governments, or accept the alternative of a resort to arms. To this the American commander replied, that he had been ordered to occupy the country to the left bank of the Rio Grande till the boundary should be definitely settled; that in discharging this duty, he had carefully abstained from all acts of hostility, and that the instructions under which he was acting would not permit him to retrograde from the position he occupied; and as for war, while he regretted the alternative, he should not avoid it, but "leave the responsibility with those who rashly commence hostilities."

After this the military proceedings thickened apace. The right bank of the river, above and below the camp, swarmed with the irregular troops of the enemy. Colonel Trueman Cross, assistant quartermaster-general, already, on the tenth, had been murdered, as he was taking his usual ride in the neighborhood of the camp. On the twenty-fourth a communication came from General Arista, who had succeeded Ampudia in the command, conveying a further declaration of hostilities; and simultaneously word reached the camp of the crossing of the enemy in considerable

numbers. Captain Thornton, sent above to reconnoitre, was surprised in a plantation inclosure, and his little force captured. Below, Point Isabel was in danger of being cut off, an obvious movement of the enemy, which required all the vigilance of General Taylor to counteract. Leaving, accordingly, a sufficient garrison for the defence of Fort Brown, he set out, on the first of May, with the main body of his troops, for the relief of that important station. He arrived at the place without interruption, accomplished his purpose in adding to its strength, and, on the seventh, invited by the signal guns of Fort Brown, which was suffering a bombardment, began his return, with about twenty-two hundred men, bringing with him two eighteen-pounders, in addition to the artillery he had taken with him, and a large train of wagons. About noon on the following day, the Mexican troops were reported in front, and were soon found occupying the road, on an open prairie skirted by a growth of chaparral.

This was the field of Palo Alto, so named from the thickets rising above the general level. The Mexicans, six thousand in number, commanded by General Arista, were drawn up in a single line, "artillery, infantry and cavalry placed alternately, forming a living wall more than a mile in extent, of physical strength, of steel and latent fire."[1] The American force was disposed by General Taylor with less regularity, but mostly in a parallel outline. The right wing, comprising the larger part of the force, including Ringgold's artillery and the eighteen-pounders, was under the orders of Colonel Twiggs; the left was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Belknap. The train was protected by a squadron of dragoons in the rear. Having made these arrangements, General Taylor coolly directed the men to stack their arms, march in companies, and supply themselves with the fresh water of the adjoining ponds in place of the brackish water with which they had been furnished at Point Isabel. The columns then advanced, when the engagement was commenced, shortly after two in the afternoon, by the Mexican batteries. This fire was promptly met by the whole American artillery, the eighteen-pounders, drawn up in the road, and Ringgold's pieces doing eminent execution. An important movement of the enemy's cavalry, fifteen hundred strong, led by General Torrejon, on the right, threatening the flank, was defeated by the fifth infantry, the flying artillery and Captain Walker's Texan volunteers. While this was proceeding, the dry grass of the prairie took fire and swept a volume of smoke over the field, partially concealing the armies from one another. Under cover of this obscuration, the line of the enemy, which had suffered from the artillery, was reformed in the rear of its first position, and the American correspondingly advanced. After a pause of about an hour, the fire was reopened, the action being confined chiefly to the artillery on both sides. The superiority of the American fire was undoubted; but it was dearly purchased,

[1] Thorpe's "Our Army on the Rio Grande," p. 74.

by the loss of the gallant Major Ringgold, whose name is identified with this effective arm of the service. The day closed with a brilliant attack from the enemy's right, which was met with great spirit by Captain Duncan's artillery. In the darkness of the evening the enemy retired to a new position, and the wearied Americans slept on their battle-field, their general spreading his blanket on the grass in the midst of the troops. The loss of the Mexicans was much heavier than that of our own forces; the commander of the former reporting two hundred and fifty-two killed, wounded and missing, while General Taylor's dispatch numbers only seven killed, including three officers, and thirty-nine wounded—an apparently small number of either army, considering the strength on both sides of the artillery and the skill with which it was served on a level plain.

The next day brought the battle of Resaca de la Palma. Early in the morning the enemy had retired toward Matamoras, to a strong position at a ravine, crossed by the road and surrounded by a thick growth of chaparral. The approach on the highway was defended by a strongly posted force of artillery. Thither the foe were pursued by General Taylor, who, spite of the superiority of numbers confronting him, expressed his determination to be at Fort Brown before night. Having provided for the safety of the supply-train, he commenced the attack about three in the afternoon, by advancing a large body of skirmishers and the battery of Lieutenant Ridgely. The latter took up a position on the road. Owing to the nature of the ground, the engagement which ensued was of an entirely different character from that of the preceding day. The enemy were sheltered by the ravine on both its sides. The growth in front, beside the protection of the rising ground, impeded the free play of the American artillery. As the enemy's cannon commanded the only accessible approach by the road, it became evident to General Taylor, after sending forward his infantry, that however the latter might discharge their duty—and they did make, in his own language, "resistless progress"—nothing decisive could be accomplished till that fire was silenced. He consequently sent to the rear for the gallant Captain May and his dragoons, and committed to them the work. "You must charge the enemies' batteries, and take them," was the general's language. "I will do it," was May's response. And, ardent as the onset of the six hundred at Balaclava, "into the jaws of death," but not so purposeless, sped the brave captain and his troop. Waiting a few moments for Ridgely at his battery, three hundred yards distant, to draw the fire of the enemy's artillery, he galloped furiously over the road, followed by his company, to receive the fire of the inner battery, which levelled at one discharge eighteen horses and seven men of his troop, Lieutenant Inge, one of the number, at his side. But the battery was swept of its defenders; and though May, unsupported by infantry, exposed as he was to a shower of grape and musketry, was compelled to retire, he fought his way out of the mass of the foe, bringing

with him to the camp an eminent prisoner of war, General La Vega, a brave officer, whom he had found the last at the guns, rallying his flying soldiers to their duty. Infantry were meanwhile ordered up, and the advantage of the charge secured in driving the enemy from their artillery on the left. On the right a breastwork was stormed, its gun taken, and other successes achieved, completing the rout in this quarter, including the capture of the general's camp, with all his official correspondence. The artillery battalion left to guard the train, with other forces, were now ordered in pursuit, and the flying army was driven to the river, where many perished in the attempt to escape. "In the camp of the army," says an interesting narrator of these scenes, "were found the preparations for a great festival, no doubt to follow the expected victory. The camp-kettles were simmering over the fires, filled with savory viands, off of which our troops made a plentiful evening meal. In the road were carcasses of half-skinned oxen. The hangers-on of the camp, while the battle was raging, were busy in their feast-preparing work, unconscious of dangers, when, on an instant, a sudden panic must have seized them, and they fled, leaving their half-completed labors to be consummated by our own troops."[1]

Seventeen hundred was the number of General Taylor's force engaged with the Mexicans. His loss was three officers, Lieutenants Inge, Cochrane and Chadbourne, and thirty-six men killed; twelve officers and seventy men wounded. General Taylor, in his dispatch, estimated the Mexican loss, killed, wounded and missing, during the two days, at not less than one thousand men. In a dispatch from the field that night, he wrote with characteristic simplicity: "The affair of to-day may be regarded as a proper supplement to the cannonade of yesterday; and the two taken together exhibit the coolness and gallantry of our officers and men in the most favorable light. All have done their duty, and done it nobly." A few days, in a fuller report, he added: "Our victory has been decisive. A small force has overcome immense odds of the best troops that Mexico can furnish—veteran regiments, perfectly equipped and appointed. Eight pieces of artillery, several colors and standards, a great number of prisoners, including fourteen officers, and a large amount of baggage and public property, have fallen into our hands."

This decided success established the fortunes of General Taylor's Mexican campaign. Everything had been put to the hazard, and everything gained. The force which he commanded, large enough for resistance, too small, apparently, for conquest, invited the attack of the superior hosts. Victory appeared an easy matter to the Mexican general, who had the choice of the ground, and who was enabled to divide the little American army between the field and the fort. His supplies were at hand in a considerable city with a chain of towns in its rear, reaching into the heart of the country. He had made every calculation for success. While he

[1] Thorpe's "Our Army on the Rio Grande," p. 104.

was attacking the Americans on their march by a well-planned military movement, the batteries of Matamoras were at work on Fort Brown. One thing only was wanting to his forces, the desperate courage for an assault. If this nerve of the bayonet had been supplied, Arista might, with his numbers and resources, have done with ease what Jackson and his defenders at New Orleans so bravely accomplished, and swept his enemies into the sea. But he had other stuff in his ranks.

If the Mexicans at the outset were naturally confident of success, the Americans at home trembled for the fate of General Taylor's expedition, and the moral effect of his victory, in the same proportion, disheartened the one and elevated the other. The brave troops on the Rio Grande, it was felt, had repaired the over confidence of the administration at Washington. General Taylor had achieved not only a military success, but he had rescued the country from the risk of disgrace. Nothing could have been better contrived than the unintentional conduct of the government, for the creation of a hero. The American general was placed in a position where the greatest glory was to be reached with the smallest command.

The Mexican army was completely disorganized at Matamoras. Their cannonading of Fort Brown had ceased with the defeat of their army, and little was to be thought of but surrender. General Taylor was soon on hand to hasten the movement. After the duty to the dead and wounded had been performed, he proceeded to Point Isabel to confer with Commodore Conner, who had brought up his fleet to the assistance of the imperilled little army. The story is, that the etiquette of this meeting severely taxed the resources of the brave general's wardrobe. Long accustomed to frontier warfare and protracted Indian campaigns, where there was more rough labor to be performed than military pomp to be indulged, Old Zach, as he was affectionately and familiarly called, had adapted his dress to the exigency of the climate and service. His linen roundabout was far better known in the camp than his uniform. Thinking, however, that something was due from the commander-in-chief of the army to the head of the navy, who was understood to be punctilious in dress, he painfully arrayed himself in the regulation coat, fished from the depths of his chest; while the gallant commodore, knowing the habits of the general, in an equally generous spirit of concession, clothed himself for the interview in a simple suit of drilling. After this, it is said, Old Zach returned more sedulously than ever to his wonted simplicity of attire. All his habits, indeed, partook of the same plain convenience. Hardy and unostentatious in his mode of living, he was accustomed to the rough fare of the camp and an unpretending tent sufficed for the dignity of his headquarters.

The proper arrangements having been made at Point Isabel, General Taylor hastened again to the camp over a road no longer interrupted by Arista and his host. His next movement was to take possession of Matamoras, peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. Upon

his making his preparations for the latter, the discreet course appeared preferable to the Mexicans, and the town was given up, on the eighteenth of the month, to the army of occupation. Arista had fled, with such of his troops as were in a condition to travel, leaving the place to the hostilities of the Americans, which proved much kinder than the tender mercies of the defenders.

The summer was passed by General Taylor at Matamoras, receiving the recruits, who, summoned by the first signal of danger, were now pouring to the Rio Grande. The means of advance had also to be collected, and the force organized to pursue the enemy in the interior. Monterey to the west, at the foot of the Sierra Madre, where General Ampudia, who had succeeded Arista in the command, had established himself with a considerable body of troops, was the first object of attack. Sending forward his forces by the Rio Grande to Camargo, General Taylor thence pursued his way across the desert, reaching the San Juan, in the immediate neighborhood of Monterey, on the nineteenth of September. From that moment the brave and toilsome operations of the attack, which was continued for five days, may be said to have commenced. The town, thoroughly capable of defence, was manned by a garrison of ten thousand men, more than two-thirds of whom were regular troops, with a defence of forty-two pieces of cannon; its outworks were important, and the most extensive preparations of barricades and batteries were made within. The entire force General Taylor brought against it, numbered six thousand, six hundred and seventy-five. He had no siege train, which might be thought indispensable to the work he was about to undertake, and an artillery force of only one ten-inch mortar, two twenty-four pounder howitzers, and four light field batteries of four guns each.

The first observation of the town convinced General Taylor that it might be turned on its westerly side, where the only means of escape to its occupants lay in the road to Saltillo. There were important detached works on that side, but the main defences were in the citadel on the north, the river and a series of redoubts on the southerly and easterly approaches. The reconnaisance was made after General Taylor's arrival on the nineteenth; on the twentieth, General Worth moved with his command toward the Saltillo road to carry out the plan of the commander-in-chief. The latter himself directed the proceedings on the east. The main points, and they were highly important ones, accomplished by General Worth on that day of hard fighting, the twenty-first, were the occupation of the road, and the storming of the works at the heights, adjacent to the city on the west. Turning to General Taylor's special command, we find him at the same time directing an attack on the opposite side of the town, which was conducted with such gallantry, in the face of a murderous cross-fire from the forts, that the streets of the city were gained, and the roof of one of its buildings taken advantage of to assail with musketry the defenders of the

fort commanding this approach, which was also attacked from the outer side. Under this combination the fort fell. It was the important success of the day.

In General Taylor's words, "the main object proposed in the morning had been effected. A powerful diversion had been made to favor the operations of the second division (General Worth's); one of the enemy's advanced works had been carried, and we now had a strong foothold in the town." The loss in achieving this result, may indicate the gallantry with which it was accomplished. The number killed and wounded, in these operations in the lower part of the city that day, was three hundred and ninety-four. The next, the twenty-second, saw the completion of General Worth's design in the capture of the Bishop's Palace on Independence Hill, that work being commanded by the position he had stormed the day before. General Taylor employed the day in relieving his troops who had passed the night on the lower side of the town, and maintaining his advantages in that quarter. It was now evident that the city, being commanded from either end, must in due time surrender. The military event of the twenty-third, the third great day of the siege, was the advance into the town of the volunteers under Generals Quitman and Henderson, supported by Captain Bragg's battery. From house to house, from square to square, the advance against the strong barriers was gained by musketry from the roofs, by grape-shot in the streets, to a position but a single square distant from the principal plaza, where the enemy's force was mainly concentrated.

A similar advance was made into the city from the opposite side by General Worth. The work of the next day, had it been necessary to continue the assault, would have been a last, short, bloody, decisive struggle. Fortunately, it was spared by a capitulation. The outcries of the townspeople, no less than the necessities of the garrison, compelled the surrender. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, a communication was received by General Taylor from General Ampudia, stating that having made the defence of which he thought the city susceptible, he had "fulfilled his duty, and satisfied that military honor which, in a certain manner, is common to all armies of the civilized world." To continue the defence, he said, would only be further to distress the population which had suffered enough already: he, therefore, proposed to evacuate the city and fort, carrying with him the *personnel* and *materiel* of war. In answer to this, a complete surrender of the town and garrison as prisoners of war was demanded; but such surrender, it was added, would be upon terms recognizing by their liberality "the gallant defence of the place, creditable alike to the Mexican troops and nation." The hour of twelve was appointed to determine the question. At that time the two chiefs met to arrange the terms of surrender. General Ampudia, not satisfied with the proposition offered, insisted upon his original conditions; and General Tay-

lor, who had made up his mind, was in consequence on the point of breaking up the conference, when a suggestion was offered and reluctantly accepted by him, to refer the negotiation to a body of commissioners on both sides. General Worth, General Henderson, and Colonel Jefferson Davis acted for the Americans. With some difficulty the terms were arranged. The town and citadel, with the arms and munitions of war were surrendered, the Mexican forces to retire—the officers with their side arms, the cavalry with their arms and accoutrements, the artillery with one field battery—within seven days beyond the line formed by the pass of Linconada, the city of Linares and San Fernando de Preras; and an armistice of eight weeks to be entered upon. The Mexican flag, when struck at the citadel, was to be saluted by its own battery. That ceremony was performed on the morning of the twenty-fifth. The American flag was unfolded, and the Mexican troops took their departure. It was a brilliant success in the taking of a town. Its cost, as summed up by General Taylor in his dispatch, was twelve officers and one hundred and eight men killed; thirty-one officers and three hundred and thirty-seven men wounded.

It was thought by the government at Washington that too favorable terms had been allowed the enemy in the capitulation, that their surrender should have been unconditional, and that the armistice should not have been granted. But those who made the negotiation were governed by sound motives, both of policy and humanity. They might, indeed, have completed the conquest at the plaza and taken the citadel; but it would have been at an enormous cost of life, both to victors and vanquished; much property would have been destroyed which was saved by the negotiation; nor had General Taylor a force sufficient to guard all the avenues of escape to so great a body of men. Moreover, the prospect of peace was urged by the Mexican General in consequence of the return of Santa Anna, which had been more than winked at, with this view, by the American government itself, which had indeed previously proffered peace negotiations. As for the armistice, the little army at Monterey was at any rate unable to move for some time, until reinforcements should arrive, upon any further considerable expedition into the interior. It had but ten days' rations at the time of the capitulation, and had been all along deficient in wagons. So that, on many grounds, the negotiation of General Taylor was to be justified.

These military successes, however brilliant as they were, were unproductive of the desirable result of "conquering a peace" from the enemy. The very humiliation which they inflicted, only roused the spirit of the country to greater resistance, and whatever peace intentions General Santa Anna, now placed at the head of affairs, had when he landed at Vera Cruz, he was clearly unable to carry them out while the Americans were thus constantly victorious. For the purposes of the war, it might have been good policy of the invaders to have suffered a defeat, to humor na-

tional pride, and smooth the way to negotiation and concession. Defeat was not, however, a word to be found in the military vocabulary of Old Zach. He had an indomitable, unreasoning soldier's logic, which led him by a very short path to one single conclusion, that victory was the business of war; and well or ill provided with such resources as he had, in the face of whatever obstacles might be in the way, he went straight forward to that result. He made no noisy demonstrations, but took his ground boldly and fought to the end. His last battle was to crown the whole.

The circumstances under which the engagement at Buena Vista was fought, render it the most memorable of the whole campaign. The government at Washington having come to the conclusion that their system of border attack, however well pursued, would not end the war, determined to strike at the heart of the country, its capital, by its great avenue of approach, the line of Vera Cruz. In the month of November, General Scott was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico to take such measures, as in his judgment he might think proper, to carry the resolution into effect. General Taylor, in this arrangement, was to be left on the Rio Grande, with a force barely sufficient to maintain a defensive position, while he yielded to Scott, for his more brilliant service, the best part of his troops, the tried regulars who had fought with him from Corpus Christi along the line of battles to Monterey. General Scott arrived at the Rio Grande about the first of January, 1847, and began to collect the forces for his expedition. The important divisions of General Worth, Twiggs, Quitman, and other choice troops, artillery and volunteers, were stripped from General Taylor's command, and his plan of operations at Victoria and other advanced places in the interior entirely broken up. Nothing further was expected of him than to defend himself at Monterey, should Santa Anna, who was in great force at San Luis Potosi, extend his movements in that direction. The Mexican General, who had become aware of the plans of his foe by an intercepted dispatch, was thought more likely to turn his attention to the intended landing at Vera Cruz. He determined, however, to strike a blow with his large army, which seemed quite sufficient to sweep every American from the neighborhood of the Rio Grande. He accordingly marched with his twenty thousand men toward the position, in the vicinity of Saltillo, of General Taylor and his bands of volunteers.

Among the latter was the new and important command of General Wool, which had just reached the scene of action from an overland march through Texas. To this officer belongs the credit of the selection of the pass where the Americans so well defended themselves: it was his fortune, being left in command at the point, to open the battle; and to him were specially entrusted some of the most important movements of the day. It was an admirably chosen ground for defence, a narrow valley enclosed on either hand by lofty mountains, with seamed

and broken ground, with the passage on the road additionally protected by a river course and deep ravine at its side. The best naturally guarded ground of the whole, where the mountain on one side and the ravine on the other approached nearest each other, the Pass of Angostura, was that taken for the American stand. There, on the morning of the twenty-second of February, Washington's birthday, as the enemy made his appearance, the road was defended by a battery of eight guns, supported on either hand by companies of infantry. The remaining troops were placed, in advantageous positions, on a plateau and amidst the ravines, across the whole breadth of the valley. These dispositions were made by General Wool, General Taylor having been during the night at Saltillo, to provide against a threatened attack in that quarter. He presently came up, bringing with him additional troops, and assumed the command.

At eleven o'clock, a summons was received from Santa Anna to surrender. "You are surrounded," was the language of this communication, "by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp;" to all which considerate attention, Zachary Taylor sent the following brief sentence—"Sir: In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request." So the battle was inaugurated. There was some skirmishing in the afternoon, as the Mexicans felt their way preparatory to the action of the twenty-third. General Taylor again passed the night at Saltillo, his presence there being necessary to assure the defence of the place which was now more seriously threatened. Before his return to the pass, the enemy, at daylight, had commenced their attack. It was made with great force, and with varying success. There was danger of the American position being completely turned, but by a series of skillful manœuvres, admirably executed, and sustained by the artillery and companies of volunteers, the enemy was driven back.

An incident occurred in this repulse, which for its bearing upon the personal character of General Taylor, may be separated from the mass of details of this engagement lying before us. "It was during this retreat," says Mr. Dawson in his account of the action, "that two thousand Mexicans, anxious to escape the fire in their rear, as well as a destructive fire on their flank from the troops on the plateau, had sought shelter in the recesses of the mountains, and were huddled together in a helpless, disorderly mass. At this moment the good-

ness of General Taylor's heart interceded in their behalf, notwithstanding they were enemies; and he hesitated before sacrificing a single life—even that of an enemy—unnecessarily. With the merciful desire of saving life, therefore, he dispatched Lieutenant Crittenden, his aid-de-camp, with a flag, and demanded the surrender of the party; but instead of complying with the demand, the Mexicans availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, and marched out of the gorge, while the troops under General Wool, under orders from General Taylor, silently looked on, without being permitted to fire a shot, or take a step to prevent their escape."[1]

One last effort was left to be directed by Santa Anna himself. Rallying his forces for an overwhelming attack on the central plateau, he would have gained that important position had he not been met by the American artillery, the Mississippi rifles, and other companies suddenly brought into position against him. It was on this occasion that General Taylor, as the fortune of the day stood in the balance, coolly uttered his memorable advice to his artillerist, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" Let him tell the story in the usual simple words of his own dispatch, where we may be sure we shall hear nothing of this dramatic point. "The moment was most critical. Captain O'Brien, with two pieces, had sustained the heavy charge to the last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed. Captain Bragg, who had just arrived from the left, was ordered at once into battery. Without any infantry to support him, and at the imminent risk of losing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzle of his pieces. The first discharge of canister caused the enemy to hesitate; the second and third drove him back in disorder and saved the day." There were other services rendered in the final repulse, but for them and the merits of particular officers and companies in the battle, we must refer the reader to the various dispatches and military narratives of the day.

Let one brief passage from General Taylor's narrative declare the spirit which ruled the gallant bands of volunteers, nearly all for the first time under fire on that occasion. "No further attempt," he writes in his official account, "was made by the enemy to force our position, and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat. Though the night was severely cold, the troops were compelled for the most to bivouac without fires, expecting that morning would renew the conflict. During the night the wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every preparation made to receive the enemy, should he again attack our position." The enemy, however, made no such attempt. Leaving his wounded on the way, he made good his retreat to San Luis Potosi. The few figures with

[1] Battles of the United States, II. 496.

which the stories of all battles end will tell better than aught else the heroism of the brave encounter. The American force engaged was three hundred and thirty-four officers and four thousand four hundred and twenty-five men, of which two squadrons of cavalry and three batteries of light artillery, making not more than four hundred and fifty-three men, composed the only force of regular troops. The Mexican forces, we have seen stated by Santa Anna himself, at twenty thousand, an estimate confirmed by all subsequent information. The American loss was two hundred and sixty-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded and twenty-three missing. The Mexican loss was computed by General Taylor at between fifteen hundred and two thousand. At least five hundred killed were left on the field of battle.

Thus closed General Taylor's connection with the active operations of the Mexican War. He was for some time engaged in camp duties, when he requested leave of absence to attend to the duties of his plantations on the Mississippi. His home was at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the residence also of his estimable son-in-law the late Colonel Bliss, a member of his staff during his Mexican campaigns.

The battle of Buena Vista, was, as we have seen, fought at the end of February, 1847. Just two years from that time, March 4, 1849, its brave and modest commander was installed as President of the United States at Washington. The two events may safely be put in conjunction, for one proceeded directly out of the other. General Taylor, as Senator Benton remarked, was the first President elected upon a reputation purely military. He had been in the army from his youth, and, according to the custom of officers of the army, had not even voted at an election. He was selected, of course, on account of his availability; yet it was an availability which did not rest altogether on his purely military character. "It will be a great mistake," said Daniel Webster to the Senate, "to suppose that he owed his advancement to high civil trust, or his great acceptableness with the people to military talent or ability alone. Associated with the highest admiration for those qualities possessed by him, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in his integrity, and honor, and uprightness as a man. I believe he was especially regarded as both a firm and a mild man in the exercise of authority; and I have observed more than once, in this and in other popular governments, that the prevalent motive with the masses of mankind for conferring high honors on individuals is a confidence in their mildness, their paternal, protecting, prudent and safe character." This was well said. Every word is in harmony with the popular appreciation of General Taylor; and there are doubtless many living in Mexico, as well as in his own country, who would respond to the sentiment. The soldier who could pause in the midst of such a day as that of Buena Vista to arrest the tide of slaughter, when slaughter was self-preservation, with the deed of mercy we have recorded, must be entitled to no

common meed of praise on the ground of humanity. But something more was added by his eminent eulogist. "I suppose," said Mr. Webster, "that no case ever happened, in the very best days of the Roman republic, when a man found himself clothed with the highest authority in the state under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of personal application, of pursuing any crooked path in politics, or of having been actuated by sinister views and purposes, than in the case of this worthy, and eminent, and distinguished, and good man."[1]

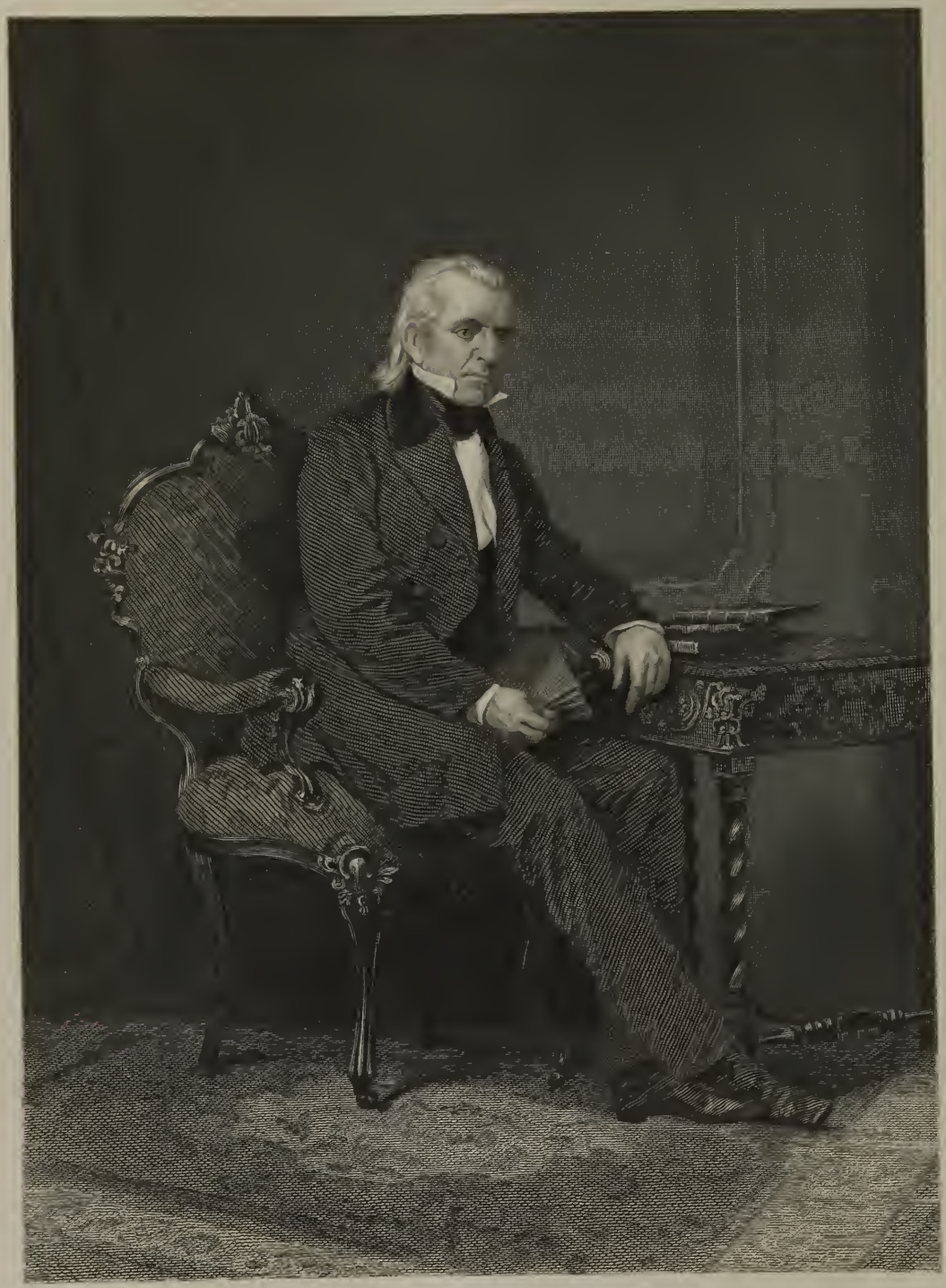
The circumstance that Mr. Webster was himself a candidate before the Whig convention, which nominated General Taylor for the Presidency, adds weight to these assertions. Mr. Cass was the opposing democratic candidate. The vote of the electors was one hundred and sixty-three to one hundred and twenty-seven.

Of the qualities of his short administration of the office, let a member of the party opposed to his election speak. The late Senator Benton says: "His brief career showed no deficiency of political wisdom for want of previous political training. He came into the administration at a time of great difficulty, and acted up to the emergency of his position. . . . His death was a public calamity. No man could have been more devoted to the Union, or more opposed to the slavery agitation; and his position as a Southern man, and a slaveholder—his military reputation and his election by a majority of the people and of the States—would have given him a power in the settlement of these questions which no President without these qualifications could have possessed. In the political division he classed with the Whig party; but his administration, as far as it went, was applauded by the democracy, and promised to be so to the end of his official term. Dying at the head of the government, a national lamentation bewailed his departure from life and power, and embalmed his memory in the affections of his country."[1]

General Taylor died at Washington, at the Presidential mansion, July 9, 1850, of a fever contracted by exposure to the intense heat of the sun, in attendance upon the ceremonies of the Day of Independence.

[1] Remarks in the Senate on the death of General Taylor.—Webster's Works, p. 409.

[1] Benton's Thirty Years' View, II. 765–6.



James K. Polk

JAMES KNOX POLK.

The eleventh President of the United States was born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, in the vicinity of the county town of Charlotte, November 2, 1795. He was of Scoto-Irish descent, the name being said to have been originally Pollock in Scotland. Robert Polk, the first American ancestor of the family, emigrated from Ireland about the middle of the eighteenth century. He came to Maryland, and was temporarily established, with his children, on the eastern shore; thence his sons removed first to the interior of Pennsylvania, and afterward to the more permanent settlement in North Carolina. In this frontier district, in the western part of the State, bordering on South Carolina, in the region bounded by the parallel streams of the Yadkin and the Catawba, the three sons of Thomas Polk, Thomas, Ezekiel and Charles, found a home, in the midst of a sturdy, independent population, who carried the virtues of order, sobriety, and secular and religious education to the borders of what was then the Indian wilderness. Two of these brothers, Thomas and Ezekiel, became distinguished in the early annals of the Revolution, in those measures of protest and resistance which placed North Carolina in the foremost rank of State patriotism. Thomas Polk was put forward as the leader of these independent mountaineers. He was colonel of the militia, and had been a surveyor and member of the colonial assembly. It was at his call that a convention of the citizens of the region, delegates of the militia districts, assembled at Charlotte on the 19th of May, 1775, to deliberate on the crisis at hand. While they were assembled, it is said, news was brought by a post rider of the bloody day at Lexington. The meeting was stimulated to action, and expressed its resolve in the famous Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence, which curiously anticipated, in its spirit and even a portion of its language, the words of the great national instrument from the pen of Jefferson. Thomas Polk was a master-spirit in these transactions.

His nephew Samuel, son of Ezekiel, was the father of the future President. He was a farmer "of unassuming pretensions, but of enterprising character." His wife, who gave her family name to her son, was the daughter of James Knox, who became captain in the military service of the Revolution. In 1806, when their son James was about eleven years old, the family, tempted by the accounts of western

lands, removed across the mountains into the adjoining state of Tennessee, and settled on the banks of Duck river. In this region, the boyhood of the future President was passed in the hardy pursuits of a farmer's life, spent in subduing the land to the purposes of cultivation. His health, however, was not robust, and his father, thinking perhaps that less demand would be made upon his physical powers, procured him employment at first with a store-keeper. The occupation was not to the youth's taste; he was of a reflective turn, fond of reading, and his mind had been led to study by witnessing his father's occupations as a surveyor. He desired to leave merchandize—his wish was granted—and at the age of eighteen, he applied himself regularly to study, at first under the care of the Rev. Dr. Henderson, and afterward at the academy of Murfreesborough in the State, in charge of Mr. Samuel P. Black, a man of valuable classical acquirements. With these advantages and diligent application, the pupil in 1815 entered the Sophomore Class of the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

He distinguished himself in his college course by his punctual, earnest application and proficiency in his studies. He became the foremost scholar both in mathematics, for which he had a natural liking, and in the classics. He graduated in 1818 with the highest honors, delivering the Latin salutatory oration. He was then twenty-three, some two or three years older than the great majority of the crowd who are sent out annually as bachelors of arts; but the later preparation was doubtless an advantage to him in the greater maturity of his powers. Our college studies, in fact, would be far better pursued by older students, more thoroughly grounded in the introductory apprenticeship to learning. The work of education, if accomplished at all, is in most cases, we are persuaded, to be begun over again by the pupil himself after the so called university course is ended. Mr. Polk carried his duties with him into active life; they were always self-imposed, and were with him a living reality.

After taking his degree, though ill health pleaded for a relaxation from his diligent application to books, we find him soon commencing the study of the law with Felix Grundy, the eminent legal pioneer of the west, then established in the fullness of his professional career at Nashville, with the additional eclat of successful statesmanship at Washington, as a member of the committee of Foreign Relations in the war administration of Madison. Association with such a preceptor, a man of vigorous mind, who had achieved distinction by the force of his own character, must doubtless have exercised a leading influence upon a young man who had already given proof of his triumph over ordinarily adverse fortunes. Pursuing his legal studies for two years, he was in 1820 admitted to the bar, and returned from Nashville to pursue the profession in the region of his home at Columbia. His success, based upon his thorough acquisitions and the influence of his family associations, for there were numerous emi-

grants of his stock to the district, was so rapid that in less than a year he was acknowledged as a leading practitioner. He had already acquired fame and profit at the bar, when, in 1823, he had his first introduction to political life, or rather office, as a member from his county of Maury in the State legislature. A lawyer in the west at that time, and the remark may be applied more or less to the present day, was of necessity something of a politician, and we hear of Mr. Polk assisting the traditionary tendencies and conduct of his family by his earnest advocacy of the democratic policy. He was often called upon to address political gatherings, and acquitted himself, we are told, with credit and favor by a plain use of argument, without resort to the taudry and meretricious ornaments in which popular speakers so often feel themselves called upon to indulge. The success, in fact, of his life was due to quite other qualities—to his simple, sincere, straightforward character, and the confidence those who knew him derived from his manners and conduct.

Mr. Polk remained two years in the Tennessee legislature, in the course of which he had the opportunity of rendering important service to his early friend, Andrew Jackson, in his election to the senate of the United States. Mr. Polk, at this time, was married to the daughter of Joel Childress, a merchant of Tennessee, a lady whose virtues and graces, in public and private life, in the prominent social theatre at Washington, are gratefully held in esteem by the nation. In 1825, Mr. Polk was elected a member of congress, took his seat in December, and was continued a member of that body for fourteen years. No one during this period was more completely identified with its proceedings. It embraced the vigorous period of his life, from thirty to forty-four. He appeared on the floor of the House of Representatives, the representative, in all their integrity and severity, of the creed of strict construction which had grown out of the doctrines of the old Republican Jeffersonian party. He was opposed to the recharter of the Bank of the United States, to a protective tariff, to wasteful expenditures in internal improvements; he advocated economy in the government. In all questions arising from the discussions, he was a zealous, persistent supporter of his party. In 1827, he was placed on the committee of foreign affairs; and during the administration of General Jackson, as head of the committee of ways and means, rendered the President the most important assistance in his vigorously conducted war against the United States Bank. His other more prominent position in the House was as speaker, to which he was elected at the opening of the session in 1835, and again at the session of 1837, with the conclusion of which he retired from congress, declining a reëlection.

The four years, during which he presided over the deliberations of the House, were marked by strong political excitement, and the duties of the office had grown, with the increase of congress, to be of a more arduous character. Through all discussions, however,

Mr. Polk pursued his steady, calm, inflexible course, always present, the most punctual man in the House, tasking his powers, it seemed to the stranger looking on the excited scene, beyond his strength, educing order out of chaos, dividing the knotty questions of debate with the skill and impartiality of an acute mind well practised in parliamentary logic. The importance of the position has been more than once shown, since Mr. Polk's discharge of the office, in the protracted struggles at the commencement of new sessions of the House in the equal division of parties. It must always be regarded as a most distinguishing honor for any man, and the ability and energy of Mr. Polk will be honorably remembered in its annals.

That Mr. Polk himself held a no less high sense of the dignity of his position may be gathered from the language in which he took leave of the House on the adjournment of that body in 1839. His brief review of his duties presents an extraordinary picture of duty faithfully performed and as honorably appreciated. "When I look back to the period," was his language, "when I first took my seat in this House, and then look around me for those who were at that time my associates here, I find but few, very few, remaining. But five members who were here with me fourteen years ago, continue to be members of this body. My service here has been constant and laborious. I can perhaps say what but what few others, if any, can, that I have not failed to attend the daily sittings of this House a single day since I have been a member of it, save on a single occasion, when prevented for a short time by indisposition. In my intercourse with the members of this body, when I occupied a place upon the floor, though occasionally engaged in debates upon interesting public questions and of an exciting character, it is a source of unmingled gratification to me to recur to the fact, that on no occasion was there the slightest personal or unpleasant collision with any of its members. Maintaining, and at all times expressing, my own opinions firmly, the same right was fully conceded to others. For four years past, the station I have occupied, and a sense of propriety, in the divided and unusually exciting state of public opinion and feeling, which has existed both in this House and the country, have precluded me from participating in your debates. Other duties were assigned me.

"The high office of Speaker, to which it has been twice the pleasure of the House to elevate me, has been at all times one of labor and high responsibility. It has been made my duty to decide more questions of parliamentary law and order, many of them of a complex and difficult character, arising often in the midst of high excitement, in the course of our proceedings, than had been decided, it is believed, by all my predecessors, from the foundation of the government. This House has uniformly sustained me, without distinction of the political parties of which it has been composed. I return them my thanks for their constant support in the discharge of the duties I have had to perform. . . . I trust this

high office may in future times be filled, as doubtless it will be, by abler men. It cannot, I know, be filled by any one who will devote himself with more zeal and untiring industry to do his whole duty, than I have done."

Mr. Polk had hardly reached his home in Tennessee after his retirement from Congress, when he engaged in a diligent canvassing of the State as a candidate for governor at the approaching election. He was untiring in his devotion to his object, and so successful was his energy, that he gained the election over his opponent, the incumbent of the office. His inaugural address, delivered at Nashville in October, 1839, a remarkably clear and well-written composition, reviewed the leading distinctive principles of his party—the strict interpretation of the Constitution, in reference to express and implied powers; the unconstitutionality and dangers of a national bank; the evil of a surplus Federal revenue; the inviolability of slavery by Congress in the slave-holding States, and other well known positions. In his own State he encouraged and assisted a "well regulated system of internal improvement." His administration was generally well received; but when the time came for reëlection, he shared the fortunes of his party and suffered a defeat. It was the moment of the popular whig triumph of General Harrison; two years later his rival, Governor James C. Jones, was again successful in the contest.

The next turn of the political wheel carried ex-Governor Polk to the Presidency. A decided letter, written by him in favor of the annexation of Texas, brought him favorably before the Baltimore Convention of May, 1844, when that nominating body had exhausted the roll of prior candidates. On the ninth ballot, after Van Buren, Cass and others had been set aside, he received the requisite two-thirds vote and became the candidate of the party. In accepting the nomination, he avowed his intention, in the event of his election, not to be a candidate for a second term. The contest between the two tickets, Polk and Dallas, Clay and Frelinghuysen, resulted in the electoral college in a majority for the former ticket of sixty-five. Fifteen States voted for Polk; eleven, and among them Tennessee, by a small majority, for Clay. The successful candidate was duly inaugurated at Washington in March, 1845.

The leading measures, or rather the chief events, of Polk's administration of the Presidency were the adjustment of the Oregon question with England, and the War with Mexico. In the former he took ground in his inaugural and annual message, in accordance with the resolutions of the Baltimore nominating convention, in favor of the claim to the whole of the territory, a position which, while maintaining his view of the matter, he in a measure yielded to the will of the Senate in their acceptance of the terms of the British government. The treaty was signed in June, 1846. A month before this, Congress officially recognized, by its declaration, the existence of war with Mexico. Of the events of that war, of which President Polk must be considered the influential agent, it is not necessary here

to speak in detail. Its progress was, upon the whole, so honorable to the arms of the country, as victory after victory was chronicled in the movements of the great campaigns of Taylor and Scott, and the conduct of the war, at its termination, was so moderate in imposing the conditions of peace at an early moment, that much of the opposition to its commencement was happily neutralized. The immediate settlement of California, and its brilliant progress in civilization, under the stimulus of the gold discovery, have also thrown a halo over the war. Its ulterior effects are yet to be read in history; but, whatever be the result, the date of the acquisition of so wide a region of territory bordering upon the great ocean of the West, and so rounding the world to the fabled regions of the East, and its influence upon the welfare of countless numbers of the human race, will always mark the period of the administration of President Polk. Of the unexpected results of the war, probably the least looked for was the development of one of its least known officers at the outset, into his successor in the presidential chair. President Polk, having accompanied General Taylor to the inaugural ceremonies at the capitol on the fifth of March, 1849, retired to his home at Nashville, taking Charleston and New Orleans by the way. He made the journey in safety, though an attack of diarrhæa, in his ascent of the Mississippi, and the inevitable fatigue of travel, probably somewhat enfeebled his powers. He reached home to occupy the mansion and grounds in the heart of the city, formerly occupied by Senator Grundy, of which he had become the purchaser; but he was not destined to enjoy them long. An attack of the chronic diarrhæa to which he was subject proved unmanageable by his physicians, and after a few days' illness his powers of life were exhausted. His death took place on the fifteenth of June, 1849, in his fifty-fourth year, little more than three months after his retirement from the Presidency.

In person Mr. Polk was spare, of the middle height, with a bright, expressive eye, and ample, angular forehead. Of his personal character we may cite the words of his biographer: "He was simple and plain in all his habits. His private life was upright and blameless. Honesty and integrity characterized his intercourse with his fellow men; fidelity and affection his relations to his family. In his friendships he was frank and sincere; and courteous and affable in his disposition. He was generous and benevolent; but his charities, like his character, were unostentatious. He was pious, too, sincerely; his wife was a member of the Presbyterian church, but he never united with any denomination, though on his dying bed he received the rite of baptism at the hands of a Methodist clergyman, an old neighbor and friend."[1]

[1] The Life of James Knox Polk, by John S. Jenkins.

Rufus Choate

RUFUS CHOATE.

Few legal practitioners, who have been so exclusively devoted to their profession, have acquired the popular reputation which followed the man, as it will long attach itself to the memory of Rufus Choate. The bar, even in its more intelligible exhibitions—those likely to interest the sympathies and arouse the admiration of a general audience—has but a limited field for display. Like the "momentary graces" of the actor, much of the success of the advocate blazes and expires on the instant. The spectators in a court room are moved; the judge, perhaps, relaxes his official dignity in the restrained tribute of a smile, or a frown a little less severe; and the jury may melt in a body, victims to the resistless cunning or eloquence of the pleader. But how little of all these triumphant exertions—this acting and applause, the wit, the humor, the skill, the judgment, the readiness of mind—leave the hall with the retiring advocate. At most a general reputation is gained—all-important indeed to the man of law, for his success will bring him flocks of clients, trusting their lives and fortunes to his powers, and opening their purses with ever increasing prodigality and alacrity; but how scant is the material for biography in the cash-book of the counsellor. A few anecdotes of his brilliancy linger awhile among the litigants and his fellow members of the bar; the dashing pleader retires to give place to other expenders of breath in the ceaseless service of injured fortunes and reputations; and all that is left of the bubbling vanity of fame is the label on the empty bottle denoting the costly vintage which once sparkled within. The wine has been poured out, quaffed with enthusiasm, set the table in a roar, and the banqueters have long since taken their departure. Such, for the most part, is professional success. If a record is kept by the court reporter, the drier portions of the argument only will be preserved, studiously stripped of their rhetorical ornaments, and though, to members of the profession, there can be no greater mental luxury than the technical intricacies of a protracted legal disputation, such reading, it must be equally admitted, has never been found peculiarly attractive to the public at large. In family libraries very few of those books are seen on the shelves for which, as a special warning, the wisdom of ages has provided a peculiar covering of bleached calf, which can be detected on the instant. Many men thinking themselves well informed, familiar with Shakspeare and Mil-

ton, Scott and Macaulay, pass through the world solacing their imaginations with the luxuries of literature and distributing freely their mental graces to their friends, without having sat twenty waking minutes with a volume of Reports in their hands during their entire earthly existence.

Lawyers, it must be admitted, are indifferent guardians of one another's fame. Perhaps, as their life is spent in exposing delusions and stripping off vanities, they think this also of the number. Yet it might be well were it otherwise—if every great practitioner had his Boswell, sedulous and on the alert to catch the fugitive felicities of the instant. Unfortunately, talent of this kind is rare, for it is a peculiar sort of ability, requiring a very nice combination of mental faculties; and the disposition to employ it is too often rewarded with a sneer in place of a plaudit. The return made to Boswell, the type of the tribe, is not, upon the whole, a pleasing one, or likely to fascinate noble minds to follow his example. Yet the world should not be so fastidious toward so great a benefactor. Virtually, English life and literature are indebted to him for one of their greatest celebrities.

We are not about to compare a recent biographer of Mr. Choate with the immortal Bozzy, either in his strength or in his weaknesses, nor was Mr. Choate himself "a great Cham of literature;" but we may congratulate ourselves in possessing the volume entitled "Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the great American Advocate, by Edward G. Parker," as an interesting Boswellian contribution to American literature. Good taste may except to occasional expressions—we do not quite like the adjectives on the title page, they are hackneyed, and prejudge the case; perhaps they would look better at the end of the volume—but we should be ungrateful indeed if, after traversing so many waste pages of history, denuded of personal life, we did not express our thanks to this most persevering anecdotical writer. With the exception, perhaps, of Daniel Webster, no advocate has been better served in this respect; and Webster, it must be remembered, had larger opportunities for notice as a politician and statesman. Nor are we disposed to say much against Mr. Parker's apparent exaggerations, wild and reckless as he is, among the bland amenities of Boston biography. His superlatives will correct themselves. It is something of an index of his subject's character that it, in a measure, begets this sort of enthusiasm. It is part of the history of the man, and has been shared in no small measure by soberer writers than Mr. Parker, a gentleman who, as a pupil and life-long acquaintance of Mr. Choate, enjoyed peculiar opportunities of tracing his career.

Since his book was issued, another biography of Mr. Choate has appeared, calmer and more judicious, from the pen of an accomplished scholar, Professor Samuel Gilman Brown, of Dartmouth College, where the memory of its distinguished alumnus is preserved with affection. This valuable memoir, prefixed to a collection of Mr. Choate's writings, supplies all that can be de-

sired to acquaint us with the character of a man well worthy the sympathetic, philosophical study the writer has expended upon it.

Rufus Choate was born October 1, 1799, in the old town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, on an island looking out upon the ocean, the descendant from a race of New England farmers settled for more than a century in the country. His father, David Choate, is described as "a man of uncommon intellectual endowments, of sound and independent judgment, a wise counsellor, sociable, sagacious, modest, keen and witty;" his mother, Miriam Foster, "a quiet, sedate, but cheerful woman, dignified in manner, quick in perception, of strong sense and ready wit." The son is said to have resembled his mother "in many characteristics of mind and person." The father died before his son Rufus had reached his ninth year; the mother lived to an advanced age, nearly to the termination of that son's eminent career. The boy early displayed the exercise of imagination and the passion for knowledge which distinguished him through life. Stories of military and naval life made a strong impression upon him. He began his acquaintance with Latin at the age of ten, receiving instruction from a physician who resided in his father's family; and continued his studies during a portion of each year with the parish clergyman or the teachers of the district school, till he reached his sixteenth year, when, after passing a season at the academy in Hampton, New Hampshire, he was admitted, in the summer of 1815, to the Freshman class in Dartmouth College.

There, at a time when the institution, laboring under its famous legal embarrassments, required and secured the utmost devotion from its members, we find him, distinguished among the foremost, graduating with the highest honors of his class in due course in 1819. He was a pale, studious youth, of a poetical temperament, given to books and retirement, while others were at play, a favorite with his fellows, for he had a warm, generous nature—one of those subtil, fiery spirits, which to the herd of the coarse and unintelligent, appear miracles of genius and learning. His Valedictory is spoken of as both pathetic and original, and originality in so prescribed and commonplace affair as a valedictory is a sure test of genius. The pathos is said to have been enhanced to his hearers by the contrast between his glowing picture of the future prospects of his fellow students entering upon life and his own seeming ill health, which would arrest him in the race. As a proof of his scholarship, he was retained for a year as a tutor to the college. At the expiration of this service, he entered the Dane law school at Cambridge, where Edward Everett, in his eulogy in Faneuil Hall, has recalled his studious presence in the alcoves of the library. Thence, after a few months, he passed to the law office of William Wirt, then residing at Washington in the discharge of his duties as attorney-general of the United States. The association was one well suited to the character of the young student, for Wirt was also a man of enthusiasm and sensibility, and such intercourse as passed between them in the year spent

by Choate in the office must have been profitable and endearing. Unhappily, Wirt was suffering most of the time from attacks of vertigo, brought on by over exertion, so that his pupil had not the opportunity of witnessing his best forensic efforts. Another great lawyer was then the talk and wonder at Washington, the accomplished William Pinkney, whose resources and elaboration, his command of language and polished delivery, with his rhetorical weaknesses, seem to have been carefully weighed by Mr. Choate, who was in time to listen to his last forensic effort, before the Supreme Court, interrupted by the attack of illness which carried him off in a week. The occasional comments on Pinkney scattered through Mr. Parker's "Reminiscences" show the great impression made upon Mr. Choate's mind by the admired orator of the bar.

Returning from the South with this enlarged experience, he completed his studies with Judge Cummins of Salem, was admitted to the bar in 1823, and began the practice of his profession at Danvers, in the same county of Essex. After two or three years he removed to Salem, and speedily became known as a rising lawyer of undoubted powers. His legal acuteness was already manifested, and that control of juries in criminal cases by which he became afterward so widely celebrated. He was elected to the State legislature in 1825, and subsequently to the Senate. In 1830 he was nominated by the National Republicans of Essex as representative to Congress, and was elected by a handsome majority. He was also returned to the succeeding Congress by the same constituency; but, having determined to remove his residence to Boston, resigned his seat at the close of the first session. He made a favorable impression in the House of Representatives in this troubled period of public affairs, establishing his reputation as an orator by his speeches on the Tariff and the Removal of the Deposits; but his thoughts were more with his profession than with politics.

A passage from a letter written to his friend Professor George Bush shortly after the issue of President Jackson's Proclamation against Nullification sets in a striking light his judgment of that political heresy. "The session," he writes at the end of January, 1833, "is now one of thrilling interest. Calhoun is drunk with disappointment; the image of an ardent, imaginative, intellectual man, who once thought it as easy to set the stars of glory on his brow, as to put his hat on; now ruined, dishonored. He has to defend the most contemptible *untruth* in the whole history of human opinion, and no ability will save him from contempt *mentally*. Then he hoped to recover himself by a brilliant stroke, permanently inserting nullification into our polity and putting himself at the head of a great Convention of the States—a great midnight thunder-storm, hail-storm meeting of witches and demons, round a caldron big enough to receive the *disjecta membra* of the Constitution, thence never to come a whole, still less a blooming, young and vigorous form. Wherefore *pereat*."

Abandoning congressional life at Washington, for the more settled pur

pose which he had formed in his mind, he devoted himself thenceforward mainly to the law. He gradually and surely rose to an eminent position among his distinguished brethren of the profession, who learnt to recognize beneath various peculiarities of manner a profound legal mind of the first order. "Mr. Choate," says his biographer, Professor Brown, "whose appearance and manner were unique, whose eloquence then was as exuberant, fervid and rich as it ever became; who, however modest for himself, was bold almost to rashness for his client; who startled court and jury by his vehemence, and confounded the commonplace and routine lawyer by the novelty and brilliancy of his tactics; who, free from vulgar tricks, was yet full of surprises, and though perpetually delighting by the novelty and beauty of his argument, was yet without conceit or vanity, could not at once be fully understood and appreciated. He fairly fought his way to eminence, created the taste which he gratified, and demonstrated the possibility of almost a new variety of eloquence. It would have been surprising, if he had not to contend with prejudices which time only could fully melt away. For several years it was rather the fashion to laugh at his excessive vehemence of gesture and playful exaggerations, but when it was found that the flowers and myrtle concealed a blade of perfect temper, and as keen as any that the dryest logician could forge, that the fervent gesticulator never for one moment lost command of himself or his subject, nor failed to hold the thought and interest of the jury, as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest, till convinced, delighted, entranced, they were eager to find a verdict for his client, doubt gave place to confidence, and disparagement to admiration."

After seven years of unintermitted practice, Mr. Choate was chosen United States senator as the successor of Daniel Webster, who retired to accept the office of Secretary of State in the administration of President Harrison. Mr. Choate's course in the Senate was that of the Whig party. He defended a regulated tariff for protection, opposed the ultra Democratic pretensions in the Oregon Question and the Annexation of Texas, delivering elaborate speeches, which were published, on all these questions. They were argued with ability, with occasional illustrations, marked equally by force and refinement, quite out of the usual range of political discussion. There is a passage, one of many instances of the subtilty to which we allude, cited by Mr. Whipple in an admirable article on Mr. Choate's mental characteristics in the "Whig Review," which appears to us to exhibit the orator's unhackneyed turn of thought with great felicity. He is speaking on the subject of the Tariff and arguing for protection to American industry on account of the variety it would add to the ordinary employments of American life, and the consequent addition to the resources needed for different natures—a philosophical necessity never before, we venture to say, so presented in the thousand speeches on this apparently threadbare subject. "In a country," he says, "of few occu-

pations, employments go down by an arbitrary, hereditary, coercive designation, without regard to peculiarities of individual character. But a diversified, advanced and refined mechanical and manufacturing industry, coöperating with those other numerous employments of civilization which always surround it, offers the widest choice, detects the slightest shade of individuality, quickens into existence and trains to perfection the largest conceivable amount and utmost possible variety of national mind." The thought thus opened admits of indefinite illustration, and as it brings before us the varied industry of Europe, with its nicety of arts and applications, the quickness of eye, skill of hand, patient ingenuity, and the whole stock of mixed intellectual and scientific resources, we see the moral as well as material issue involved in the question; that it is not a mere matter of balance of trade, but an enlargement of the freedom of pursuit of the individual man. Such intellectual openings of new windows into old, stagnant, unventilated topics were not rare with Mr. Choate. They were original products of his faculties, which united powers of reasoning with imaginative association.

In the practical exercise of wit and fancy he also excelled. There is a capital instance, also cited by Mr. Whipple, in Mr. Choate's speech on the Oregon Question, where the mind of the listener is elevated by a series of imaginative pictures to be more securely taken possession of by the closing appeal. The orator has occasion to rebuke the idea of a settled hostility on the part of America to Great Britain. "No, sir," he said, "we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive, if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators and rattle-snakes and war clubs, smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the wrongs of days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs —the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, 'decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy'—shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp-act and tea-tax, and the firing of the Leopard on the Chesapeake in time of peace?" Here rhetoric is doing her best office in serving a high moral purpose. This was a man born to address the people. At a national crisis he would stand forth a Patrick Henry. In fact, it was some such union of acuteness with fancy, presided over by the sympathetic heart, which did characterize the oratory of Henry.

In 1845, his term being ended, Mr. Choate retired from the Senate, and thenceforth, with the exception of an occasional lecture or public address, occupied himself exclusively with the duties of his profession. He took part in politics by the side of Webster and his friends, but was never again in office, unless we except his service in the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts in 1853. Even his political speeches were prompted rather by friendship and devotion to the conservative cause to which he was attached, than by any desire or expectation of personal advancement. His occasional orations, however, were too intimately the growth of his peculiar studies and habits of thinking not to stamp his fame. Long before his death, he had acquired a reputation in a department somewhat at this day the peculiar property of American genius. Previously to taking his seat in the Senate, he had delivered in Boston, in 1841, the eulogy on President Harrison, dwelling with great feeling on the benevolent virtues of his character. In 1843, his oration before the New England Society at New York was memorable not only for its extraordinary eloquence, but for calling forth a religious controversy between the Rev. Dr. Wainright, afterward the Provisional Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese, and the Rev. Dr. Potts, an influential Presbyterian clergyman of the city. The passage of the discourse which gave rise to the discussion, was one in which the orator pictured the Puritans flying from persecution in England to Geneva, where they found "a state without king or nobles; a church without a bishop." The sentiment was complimented at the dinner in the evening, and a reply elicited from Dr. Wainright, who maintained, in the controversy which followed, the scriptural necessity of a bishop to the true church organization.

The main effort, however, of Mr. Choate, outside of his profession and his speeches in the Senate, was his discourse delivered before the faculty, students and alumni of Dartmouth College, in the summer of 1853, commemorative of Daniel Webster. To this he was aroused by every generous, intellectual and moral feeling of his nature. It was their common alma mater before whom he was to speak, and it was of the great orator whose genius no man more admired, and the friend whom no man more loved. All the finer qualities of his intellect, all the resources of his talent, his books and studies, all the tender sympathies of his heart, were freely poured forth in this admired production. An analysis of it would be the discovery of the best traits of his peculiar genius. It is no ordinary enumeration of the services of a departed great man, couched in simple appropriate phraseology, but teems and swells with the burden of great thoughts and heartfelt emotions. There is in it a deep under-current of the orator's own life, as he utters his long rhythmical sentences in words and pauses Hooker or Milton would not have disdained. The fame of Webster is poured in upon the mind of the reader in a succession of ocean waves, borne along with strength and breaking

into particles of sparkling brilliancy. The force of enumeration can go no further than it has been carried in this oration. It has been somewhat fancifully said of the style of Mr. Choate, in reference to his abundant use of adjectives, that he "drove a substantive and six;" but the Webster eulogy is not made up of adjectives, but of multitudinous, component members of sentences, each a part of a majestic whole. A single sentence, in one instance, extends through several octavo pages, and it requires a rapid mind and a long breath to follow it to the end; but nothing in it is superfluous or out of place: all its parts are accessories to one leading exhibition of the statesmanship of its illustrious subject. The style is not a model for imitation: it is too great a tax on the attention of the reader, and still greater on the powers of the writer. A feeble author would infallibly break down in the attempt, and most writers, possessed of the requisite matter, would be confused in its utterance; but Mr. Choate, of deep learning, profound reflection, rapid in the imaginative processes, skilled also in the arts of condensation, trained by his profession to survey every means and carry the whole to an inevitable conclusion, had both the material and the power to direct it: the parts are at once complete in themselves and congruous to the whole.

That the reader may not consider this praise ill-bestowed, we venture to take one or two of these long-breathed sentences, to afford an idea of the rest. Near the opening this passage occurs, deep-toned and musical, with a rhythmical utterance flowing from the soul of a poet, for such Rufus Choate undoubtedly was, though he may not have written a line of verse. He is speaking of the places in the land from which the incense of gratitude might naturally arise to the memory of Webster, previous to lighting upon the special propriety of the scene of his own discourse at Dartmouth: "In the halls of Congress," he said, "where the majestic form seems ever to stand and the deep tones to linger, the decorated scene of his larger labors and most diffusive glory; in the courts of law, to whose gladsome light he loved to return—putting on again the robes of that profession, noble as virtue, necessary as justice—in which he found the beginning of his honors; in Faneuil Hall, whose air breathes and burns of him; in the commercial cities, to whose pursuits his diplomacy secured a peaceful sea; in the cities of the inland, around which his capacious public affections and wise discernment, aimed ever to develop the uncounted resources of that other, and that larger, and that newer America; in the pulpit, whose place among the higher influences which exalt a state, our guide in life, our consolation in death, he appreciated profoundly and vindicated by weightiest argument and testimony, of whose officers, it is among the fittest, to mark and point the moral of the great things of the world, the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power passing away as the pride of the wave—passing from our eye to take on immortality; in those places and such as these, there seemed a reason beyond, and other

than the universal calamity, for such honors of the grave." Nothing can be stronger, nothing can be finer than this in Greek or Roman fame of oratory. The noblest life is everywhere infused into the thought; the triumphs of life are displayed; mortality casts its solemn shadow over the scene, and death is swallowed up in victory.

Again, hear him speaking of the eloquence of Webster in terms which, in this noble oration at least, might be aptly applied to his own: "The same high power of reason, intent to explore and display some truth; some truth of judicial, or historical, or biographical fact; some truth of law, deduced by construction, perhaps, or by illation; some truth of policy, for want whereof a nation, generations, may be the worse; reason seeking and unfolding truth: the same tone in all of deep earnestness, expressive of strong desire that that which he felt to be important should be accepted as true, and spring up to action; the same transparent, plain, forcible and direct speech, conveying his exact thought to the mind, not something else or more; the same sovereignty of form, of brow and eye, and tone and manner—everywhere the intellectual king of men standing before you—that same marvellousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the ordering of ideas, in felicities indescribable, by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended; truth seemed more true; probability more plausible; greatness more grand; goodness more awful; every affection more tender than when coming from other tongues—these are all in his eloquence. But sometimes it became individualized and discriminated even from itself; sometimes place and circumstances, great interests at stake, a stage, an audience fitted for the highest historic action, a crisis, personal or national, upon him, stirred the depths of that emotional nature as the anger of the goddess stirs the sea on which the great epic is beginning; strong passions, themselves kindled to intensity, quickened every faculty to a new life; the stimulated associations of ideas brought all treasures of thought and knowledge within command, the spell, which often held his imagination fast, dissolved, and she arose and gave him to choose of her urn of gold; earnestness became vehemence, the simple, perspicuous, measured and direct language became a headlong, full and burning tide of speech.; the discourse of reason, wisdom, gravity and beauty, changed to Δεινοτης, that rarest consummate eloquence, grand, rapid, pathetic, terrible; the *aliquid immensum infinitumque* that Cicero might have recognized; the master-triumph of man in the rarest opportunity of his noblest power." Truly has it been said a man finds in another what he possesses in himself. This glorious eulogy is more the orator's ideal of his own art, than its attainment by the subject of his eulogy.

Mr. Choate never surpassed this crowning effort. It remains the monument of his broken life—for that life was destined not long after to close in the full meridian of his powers. Some two years later in 1855, he received an injury from

a sprain which led to confinement and a surgical operation; his health, after this, appeared often interrupted, and finally became so weakened that in the summer of 1859 he sailed for Europe with the hope of mending his strength. He became so ill on the way that he was forced to discontinue the voyage at Halifax, where he died on the thirteenth of July, at the age of sixty, of an affection of the heart.

In estimating the character of Mr. Choate the reader who studies him in his political speeches and literary addresses must remember how small a portion of the life of the man was given to these things—that he was first and above all things an advocate at the bar, pursuing the profession of the law in its various forms, before juries, before judges, in the lower and the higher courts, on circuits, in the supreme judicature. There was his strength, there his energy was displayed. It was a field of great importance and of vast labors, but in which, as we intimated at the outset, the triumph often rose and perished on the instant. To the court room he brought all the prodigal luxuriance of his nature, occasionally letting his fancy run riot in the sweep of his illustrations. His manner was rapid, full of energy to violence, and he sometimes ran into the grotesque, shocking the sensibilities of persons "content to dwell in decencies for ever," though we may suppose he had always a sufficient motive for what he said and for his manner of saying it. The license which he took seems, at any rate, to have exercised no unfavorable influence on the jury, for he generally gained his cause. Still the anecdotes related of him, it has to be admitted, at times approach the ludicrous, and he must be pronounced guilty of humorous extravagance—a sin which will be leniently weighed when we remember the liberties of a contrary character which dullness so often takes, and that a certain excess is no uncommon attendant upon genius. No man can be so energetic as Mr. Choate was and crowd so much of action into life without outstripping the tame processes of ordinary men.

His eloquence was no vulgar blaze of an empty straw heap to dazzle a crowd for a moment, but a light supported by a central fire which might be burnt steadily. The quick operations of his mind were cherished by early, laborious and profound reading, and he never relaxed his application. Fond of books from his youth, his studies deepened with his years, till they included a vast range of literature, art and science. He knew the great men as well as their thoughts in the great books of his profession; he was unwearied in his study of the Greek and Roman classics, particularly the philosophical historians Thucydides and Tacitus; the catalogue of his library shows how little new or old escaped him. With the fathers of English thought, the great masters of English style of the seventeenth century, when it had more strength, if less polish, than in the so-called Augustan age of Queen Anne, with Bacon, Milton and Locke, and even the minor essayists and poets of that prolific era, he was intimately conversant, and they taught him the music and vigor of his style.

J A Quitman

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

JOHN ANTHONY QUITMAN.

The late major-general of the army of Mexico and governor of Mississippi had a noticeable origin in his European descent from a Protestant ancestry in Germany, of the days of the Reformation. His recent faithful biographer and friend, Mr. J. F. H. Claiborne, mentions a tradition of a citizen of Rome, of the family of the Marcelli, in the time of Luther, embracing the doctrines of that reformer, fleeing for safety to Westphalia, and in the joy of his deliverance, assuming the significant name of Quitman—a free man. The descendants of this refugee for conscience sake became settled at Cleves, in the neighborhood of which city we find the grandfather of our American hero located as military inspector under the Prussian government. He had a son, Frederick Henry Quitman, who received a liberal education at the University of Halle, became preceptor in one of the princely houses of the land, turned his attention to theology, was instructed and ordained at Amsterdam, and sent to the Dutch island of Curaçoa to discharge the duties of a missionary. There he married Anna Elizabeth Hueck, the daughter of an influential citizen, and there he remained engaged in his ministry the stated period of twelve years, when he became entitled to his discharge and a pension in Holland for his faithful service. A simple minded man of learning and piety, to whom his study and flock were all in all, he was now ill at ease in the disturbed atmosphere of European society, everywhere tainted with the Jacobinism of the Revolution. In this perplexity his thoughts were directed to America, where the lofty moral character of Washington, and the general simplicity of the country, presented a powerful attraction to a mind of his temper. He accordingly made his appearance one day in the United States—an emigrant Lutheran clergyman seeking a home and refuge. He was introduced to Washington, the object of his admiration, then seated in his presidency, at Philadelphia. The interview was one of great courtesy on the one part and reverence on the other. The general made inquiries concerning Prussia, which led of course to talk of the great Frederick, and, in natural sequence, of the eminent military leaders, ancient and modern, of whom Washington pronounced Hannibal the foremost. The Rev. Dr. Quitman was delighted with his reception. In a memorandum which he left of it he recorded his impression of the chieftain's grave and reserved rather than haughty manner, his countenance, "me-

ditative and sad in repose," and his conversation "not fluent or very striking except for its common sense." He could not define the source of his emotion, but there was that about the President which he could not forget. "There is not so much grandeur," he writes, "on any throne in Europe."

Shortly after this honorable entrance on the stage of the new world, Dr. Quitman settled down to the quiet performance of his part in charge of a Lutheran congregation in Schoharie, New York, removing thence in 1798 to Rhinebeck, where he lived for more than a quarter of a century, engaged in the work of his ministry, corresponding in his prime with the learned men of the last generation; published a curious book on Magic, a series of sermons on the Reformation—and survived to witness the success in life of his distinguished son.

That son, John Anthony, was born at Rhinebeck, September 1, 1798. His childhood was noted for his resolute, active temper, ever busy in some athletic sport or in some mechanical device. At twelve he was placed under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Wackerhagen, a German divine in Schoharie, who instructed him in Greek and Latin. He was a studious youth but not above a boy's passion for soldiering, it would appear, from the zeal with which he imitated a recruiting sergeant, in enlisting a little troop of his companions. His studies were then continued at home with at least an equal devotion to the hardy amusements to which the country life of the neighborhood invited him. He became distinguished for his skill and strength in bodily exercises and his success in hunting.

With these qualifications he began life at the age of eighteen, as tutor at the Hartwick Academy in Otsego County, New York, "a place of mountains, valleys, lakes and woods," as he wrote to his brother, "where it freezes in June, and the sun rises and sets one hour later than in Rhinebeck." He was industriously employed all day in teaching the pupils Greek, Latin and English, and modestly admits he was hard pressed by his scholars with "cross questions," though he managed to keep ahead of them.

In 1818 he was promoted to an adjunct professorship of the English language at Mount Airy College, an institution kept by a Frenchman, at Germantown, in Pennsylvania. He lived a year there with a motley set of teachers—an English Unitarian minister in the classical department, a lieutenant of marines in the mathematics, "a poor sheepish Yankee" for his colleague in English, a great politician, Mr. Mareno, in Spanish, and an odd genius from Buonaparte's armies, for the French. As they were all very amiable, their humors must have relieved the tedium of the dull work of education.

Mr. Quitman passed about a year at Mount Airy when his genius impelled him to something more active and adventurous. At the outset he had an eye on his father's profession as a clergyman, but this inclination he soon threw off in favor of the law. An acquaintance which he had made with Mr. Platt Brush, a lawyer and member of Congress from the Chilicothe district, Ohio,

led him to think of trying his fortune in the West. The desire grew upon him and on the completion of his school engagement he determined to put the plan in execution. Receiving his father's blessing at the old home at Rhinebeck, written out for his remembrance—"May the God of power and wisdom preserve thee, my son, sound in body and mind, and his benevolence and favor accompany you through a long series of future years"—he made his way to Philadelphia on his route to the Alleghanies. Summing up his finances, which were somewhat diminished by the interpolation of a Connecticut bank note, which "like sundry other wares from that state, turned out a counterfeit," he found that while he could forward his baggage across the mountains by the transportation wagon it would be more politic for him to go himself on foot. He accordingly, with gun and knapsack, and, what was a better provision, the rejoicing spirit of youth, jogged along till after about a fortnight's travel, having "enjoyed himself on the road with some pleasant flirtations with the girls," as his diary records, he arrived one night at the beginning of November, at Pittsburg. His journey thence with a cheerful party of travellers in a keel boat down the Ohio, is a picture of the past.

The accommodations were rough but the ladies made them agreeable. There were a Mrs. Griffith and her mother, of the Boudinot family, from New Jersey. The young lady played on the flageolet and young Quitman on the flute. So these Arcadians went fifing down the river, the crack of the fowling piece, in pursuit of game on the shore, profitably varying the concert. When they reached the Virginian soil the natives, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellations of "steamboats," "snapping turtles," and "half horse half alligators," were to be treated with "red eye" or "rot gut" whiskey, and the operation was required to be repeated on first making fast to "Old Kaintuck." After some fifteen days of this pleasant journeying our adventurer was landed at Portsmouth, whence he was to proceed to his friend Col. Brush, who was to make a lawyer of him at Chilicothe. He expected to perform this pilgrimage on foot, but happily fell in with a person wishing to send a horse there, and, establishing his credit by his letters, was allowed to ride the animal. "Cheered by this piece of good luck," says the Diary, "he set out with a light heart." Deer were so plentiful along the road that he shot one with his pistol, near Piketon. The spoil of the forest paid that night for his bed and supper. As he dismounted at Chilicothe he astounded the waiter by a round Latin quotation, a lingering of the Academy, borrowed from the journeyings of Æneas, where he congratulates himself on a resting place in his wanderings.

The pupil is to have a home with Col. Brush, and the benefit of instruction in his office, in return for which he is to teach the colonel Spanish and his sons the classics. After several months thus spent at Chilicothe, in which the student is assiduously devoted to his profession, mingling in the society of the place, but suffering nothing to dissipate his attention, avoiding debt and ill

habits, he is advanced to a clerkship in a land register's office, opened by a brother of his employer, at Delaware, in a new district of the State. In 1820 this now central town was "on the very edge of white population," the claims of the Indians having been recently extinguished. Though much admired by him for its agricultural capabilities and its many natural beauties, the region proved but a dull residence for the energetic Quitman. The scarcity of money was sensibly felt as a bar to rapid progress. "There is scarcely money enough among our farmers," he wrote to a friend, "to give their babies to cut their first teeth with." Everything was paid for in produce, which might answer for the rude living of the farmers, but offered no opportunities for professional success.

His thoughts, in fact, were already directed to the South. "The Southern States," he wrote to his father, hold out golden prospects to men of integrity, application and good acquirements. Money is there as plenty as it is scarce here, and a good reason for it; for while not a single article of our produce will command cash, their cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice are always in demand, and the world will not do without them." To Natchez accordingly his steps are bent, beckoned thither by the good Mrs. Griffith, the lady who had been his fellow traveller in the keel boat on his first descent of the Ohio. He starts at the beginning of November, 1821, from the village, with his law license in his pocket, a small sum of money collected from his clients, a good horse under him, and a stock of healthy experiences in a new country, sustained by industry and self denial. It was a rough season for travel. The river was clogged with ice as he crossed it to Maysville, and the roads were so smoothly frozen that the mare which he rode became lame. He was unhandsomely deprived of the animal by a Kentucky sharper in conjunction with a knavish landlord, who persuaded him to "swap" for a noble animal, the only horse in fact "which Brigadier-General Somebody, who came around once a year to muster the brigade, would ride on such occasions." The young lawyer fell into the snare, paying also twenty-five dollars addition for his experience; the splendid animal soon broke down on the road, and the rider, giving up all thoughts of traversing the land to Mississippi as he had intended, on horseback, was compelled to sneak into Louisville after nightfall to escape the jeers of the street. Thence he made his way on a steamboat to his place of destination.

It is well worth lingering to listen to his first pleasant impressions of the place. The letter of Mrs. Griffith introduced him to her son, little older than himself, but already established as a leading lawyer of the city. His books, his office, his friendship were at the service of the new comer. The hospitality of the planters, whose wealth was in striking contrast to the poverty of the farmers in Ohio, delighted him. "Their very servants," he wrote to his father, "catch the feeling of their owners and anticipate one's wants. Your coffee in the morning before sunrise; little stews and sudorifics at night, and warm foot-baths if you have cold; bou

quets of fresh flowers and mint-juleps sent to your apartment; a horse and saddle at your disposal; everything free and easy and cheerful and cordial. It is really fascinating, and I seem to be leading a charmed life compared with my pilgrimage elsewhere."

By the aid of Mr. Griffith, he was soon introduced to a profitable practice, and his fortunes were still more enhanced by marriage, in 1824, with a wealthy heiress of the city, the daughter of a gentleman named Turner, who had emigrated from Kentucky. Mr. Quitman was now getting to be something of a public man. Having always a military turn, he had been appointed brigade inspector of militia, with the rank of major, and in 1827 was brought forward as a candidate from Natchez and Adams county, for the legislature of the State. His biographer, Mr. Claiborne, has a characteristic anecdote of the contest with his competitor. Captain Quitman, as he was then called, entered with great spirit into the canvass. He traversed every section of the county, and just before the election attended a large gathering at Hering's store, the extreme precinct, near the Franklin county line. He went, in his usual neat dress, but soon threw off his coat, and astonished the crowd by his feats in wrestling, leaping and boxing. A foot-race was got up, a sweepstake for six, a hundred and fifty yards, and he beat the fastest. The heavy weights from Hoggatt's cotton-gin were on the ground, and he lifted more, at arm's length, than the strongest man present. His strength of arm was remarkable. By this time a fat ox—the prize of the day—was driven up, the target fixed at sixty yards, and the shooting commenced. There were several expert riflemen on the ground, among whom was the noted John Hawkins, the crack shot of the whole country round. No one would shoot against him, and "Brown Bess," as he called his favorite rifle, without the odds. To the astonishment of the crowd, Quitman refused the odds and took an even chance. The contest was left to them. Hawkins's pride was aroused, and he shot more deliberately than usual. Three times they tried their skill, and three times the veteran was beaten. He seemed thunder-struck and grief-smitten, angry and churlish. At length, however, admiration at what he considered as something almost supernatural got the better of him, and he stepped up to Quitman, and taking off his hat, said, "Sir, you have done what no other man has been able to do. The beef is yours, and John Hawkins is yours too." Quitman took his hand, praised his shooting, caressed Brown Bess, presented him the beef, and proposed a general treat. His election was secured.

Thus launched on the flood of politics, he continued to contend or float with the current to the end. Of an ambitious nature, he sought public duties, civil and military, as the highest objects of earnest citizenship. His legal ability and experience, enabled him at once to be of use in the legislature, in the determination of various judicial reforms. He presently, also, received from the governor the appointment of Chancellor of the State, and became so

much interested in its duties, as to refuse a proffered nomination as a candidate for a vacant seat in the United States Senate. In 1832, he was elected a member of the State Convention, for the formation of a new constitution, in which he opposed the adoption of the then unprecedented provision for the election of judges by the people. "A constitution," he maintained, "is intended not merely to establish a frame of government, but also principally to define and limit the powers of the several departments, and to protect the private citizen in his reserved rights. It is thus intended for the benefit of the minority, to protect them against the action of the majority; to protect the weak against the strong, the poor and infirm against the rich and powerful. The judicial department is to apply these restraints. Is it not therefore improper, in the very threshold, to place this department strictly and immediately under the influence and control of those who are to be restrained?" By these and other arguments, addressed to the electors of Adams county before the Convention, he sought to regulate public opinion on this important topic, where his legal mind directed him to the right issue; and though he subsequently acquiesced in the working of the new system when the change was made, we may take this excellent document as evidence of his best judgment on the matter. The new Constitution on going into operation, certainly was at first practically in his favor, for he was elected by the people chancellor under its provisions. He held the office for two years—marked by a sad inroad in his domestic circle, in the loss of two sons by the cholera—resigning it in 1834. The next year he was chosen to the State Senate, and was made its President.

These multiplied civil duties, however, did not extinguish the old war spirit which always lurked in Quitman's breast, whether chancellor or law-maker. On the entry of Santa Anna into Texas in 1836, there was a cry for succor from the American settlers, to which no one more readily responded. He presided at a public meeting in Natchez, and in concert with General Houston, organized a company of recruits for Texas. The United States being then at peace with Mexico, he conducted his men quietly across Louisiana to the Sabine, when he was elected their captain, and assumed a warlike attitude. At San Augustine, his first resting place in Texas, he was confronted by a lawless band of gamblers, belonging to the gang which had long infested the Mississippi, and some of whom he had himself driven out of Natchez at the head of his military company of Fencibles. One of these desperadoes, "a tall, well dressed and fierce looking man," came to his bedside at midnight with a bowie-knife belted to his side, and a large duelling pistol in his hand. "Fortunately," says Captain Quitman in his diary, "I had on my belt pistols, and instantly drawing one, I confronted him and said, 'Sir, I know you, and you know who I am. I am here on other business, and desire no quarrel with you; but I fear you not.' I kept my eye steadily fixed upon him. We stood five feet apart,

and my intention was to shoot him down upon the slightest motion of his pistol. He glared at me for a few moments, when, to my surprise and great relief, his features relaxed into a smile, and he said, 'Captain, you are a brave man, and I will be your friend.'" After this incident, Captain Quitman was able to divert the hostility of the gamblers from his party.

On entering Texas, he found the peaceful inhabitants abandoning their property in flight, before a threatened invasion of the Mexicans and Indians. An actual conflict seemed imminent at Nacogdoches, which he boldly entered and guarded with his troops. He then pursued his way southward, and joined General Houston two days after the battle of San Jacinto, which ended this invasion. On Quitman's return homeward by the Sabine, he was fired upon by a party of robbers, and saved by the interposition of the gambler whom he had so courageously faced at San Augustine. The campaign, in various acts of liberality to his men, cost Captain Quitman a private expenditure of over ten thousand dollars.

In the same year with this Texan expedition he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, a defeat which does not appear to have affected his popularity. In 1839 he visited Europe to negotiate the bonds of the Planter's Bank and the Mississippi Railroad Company, sailing from New York in the Sheridan, one of the "dramatic" line of packets. He was landed in Ireland, saw Cork and Dublin; thence to Liverpool, and by the time-honored route of Stratford and Kenilworth, to London; across the sea to Rotterdam and into Germany, to the home of his ancestors in Westphalia. The object of his journey in the sale of the bonds was not accomplished, the market being surcharged with such securities; but he carried home with him the full measure of novel impressions always experienced by the intelligent observer in Europe from the new world.

Captain Quitman engaged, on his return home, in his legal practice, and was much interested in the financial questions of his State till, on the breaking out of the Mexican war and the call of the President for volunteers, he was received into the army as briga dier-general. In this capacity he joined General Taylor in the month of August, 1846, at Camargo on the Rio Grande, just previous to the advance to Monterey. Taylor, whom he found "farmer-like, frank and friendly," assigned him a brigade of the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, which fell under the division of General Butler.

In the grand attack on Monterey, in September, General Quitman was engaged on the eastern side of the city, in the series of operations more especially conducted by General Taylor. It was his fortune to lead his brigade to the assault and capture of Fort Teneria, as it was called by the Americans, one of the most formidable defences of the city. It was gallantly carried under a heavy cross fire. General Quitman's horse was shot under him; he was supplied with another, dismounted at the critical moment, and ran with his men into the work. The advantage thus gained on the twenty-first was held un-

der great difficulties by the brigade. "The position was uncomfortable; they were exposed to an incessant cannonade, and the corpses of the slaughtered Mexicans had become offensive; the weather was wet and cold; they had neither blankets nor fire. The general shared the fare of his troops and established his quarters on one of Ridgeley's guns. It was here his faithful servant Harry, who had followed the assaulting column, was heard remonstrating with his master, and imploring him, 'for the sake of mistress and the children,' not to expose himself so much. 'Take care of yourself, Harry,' said the general. 'Help the wounded; keep as near me as you can. I must push on with the foremost, and trust to Providence.'"[1] The attack upon Monterey, it will be remembered, was terminated by the conquest of the city, street by street from its opposite sides. This last movement was conducted at one approach to the main square by General Worth, at the other by General Quitman, with equal danger and heroism. The capitulation which ensued, and which became the subject of considerable comment, did not meet the views of Quitman. He was for pushing the war at once, conquering the country and annexing it. The President, Mr. Polk, for whose compromise measures, as he deemed them, he entertained little respect, thought otherwise. But there was much fighting yet to be done before a peace was conquered, and Quitman was to have his share of it.

At the time the troops were withdrawn from General Taylor for Scott's line at Vera Cruz, General Quitman was at Victoria, whither he had led a large body of the Southern regiments to the occupation of the city. In January, 1847, he, with his command, consisting of the South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama regiments, marched under General Patterson to Tampico. They were thence transported with the army of invasion to Vera Cruz, where Quitman had his share in the operations of the investment of the town. At the beginning of April he was charged to conduct the land expedition which coöperated with Commodore Perry in the movement against Alvarado, and performed his portion of the work with success. The surrender of the town left no occasion for fighting, but there were other services to be rendered in conciliating the inhabitants on the march, which were not neglected.

In the march upward to Mexico, General Quitman, who received his commission of major-general from Washington, dated April 14th, on the way, joined General Patterson at Jalapa, and on the further advance to Puebla, conducted a brigade composed of the four volunteer regiments from South Carolina, New York, Pennsylvania, and a detachment of mounted Tennesseans. At Puebla he was anxious for a command adequate to the importance of his new title, but the complications of the several divisions were such that he could not, at once, be gratified by the commander-in-chief. On the arrival of reinforcements, he commanded in the advance to the city of Mexico a division consisting of the New York, South Ca-

[1] Claiborne's Life and Correspondence of Quitman, I. 250.

rolina, and second Pennsylvania regiments, a battalion of marines, Steptoe's battery, and Gaither's troop of horse. He was not in the first actions on the approach to the capital, being left in charge of the important depot at San Augustin; but Chapultepec was emphatically his victory. He led his troops under a heavy fire to its formidable defences, and when the work was stormed, hastened along the causeway to new perils, more daring even than those which invested the proud heights he had conquered. The assault of Chapultepec was, every way considered, one of the bravest actions of the war; its sequel, the successful attack upon the Belen gate, was Quitman's own—he was the foremost of his men in leading them to the deadly charge, as, "black with smoke, and stained with blood," he leaped upon the battery. He was in the van of the American army on the "perilous edge of battle," exposed to a thousand dangers, which seemed no ways to disturb him. He smoked his cigar quietly, gave his directions that afternoon of the thirteenth of September, while the enemy's batteries were playing around him, confident of the success of the movement. That night overtures of surrender were made, and the next morning General Quitman was the first to enter the grand plaza of the city of Mexico, and plant the banner of his country upon the dome of the national palace. Let the reader, to appreciate the scene, banish from his mind all notions of a holiday parade, and contemplate for a moment the stern reality of this proceeding. He must imagine, not a splendid pageant of brilliantly-equipped soldiers in these victors, but, in the language of an officer who participated in the previous struggle, a body of worn-out men, exhausted by toil and battle, "nearly all of us covered with mud, and some with blood; some limping, some with arms in scarfs, and others with heads in bandages, followed by two endless lines of gaping lepers and rabble." The brave General Quitman himself, in this triumphal procession, it is said, had but one shoe, having lost the other in falling into a canal the night before. This is victory, woe-worn, begrimed, exhausted; and so should artists paint the scene if they would present it with power.

General Scott arrived immediately after with his staff, and doubtless in better attire, and appointed General Quitman governor of the city. The latter left the following month for Washington, to urge his favorite plan of a permanent military occupation of the conquered country; but different views prevailed, and the treaty of peace ended the question.

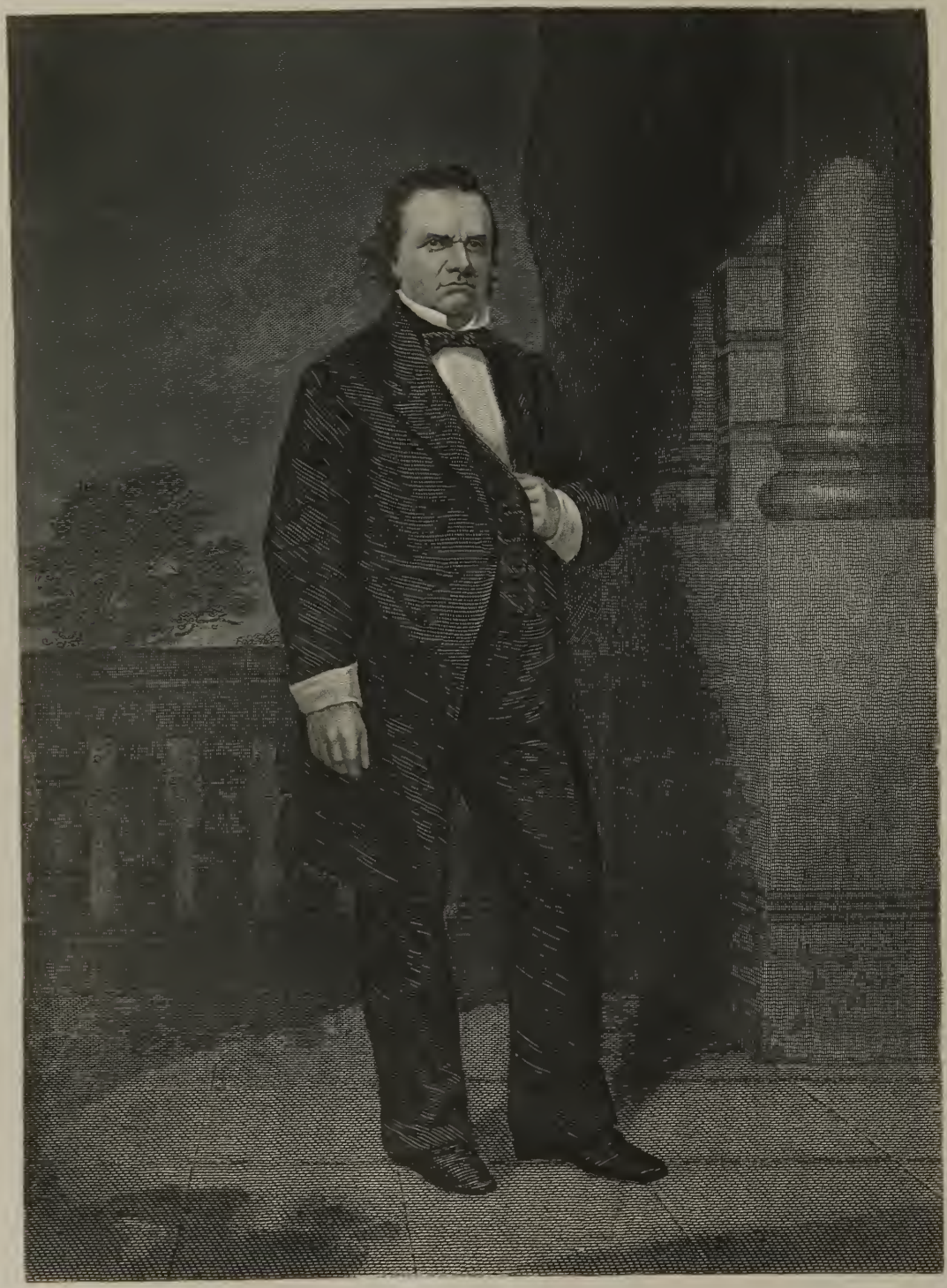
New civil honors now awaited the victorious general. In the democratic nominating convention of 1848, at Baltimore, he was talked of for the vice-presidency, and the following year was, by a large majority, elected governor of his State of Mississippi. Oddly enough, by a strange medley of events, growing out of his sympathy with the invasion of Cuba by General Lopez, he resigned the office in the middle of his term, to meet the requisition of the United States courts for his trial at New Orleans for an alleged violation

of the neutrality law. The court proceeded with the trial of General Henderson, who was charged with complicity in the affair, but, failing to convict, entered a nolle prosequi exonerating General Quitman with the rest. His resignation was, with his well-known views on the subject of State rights, an instance of moderation in avoiding a conflict between the Federal and State authorities. He was, moreover, at the time, as his published correspondence shows, seriously thinking of secession, as a means of redress for what he pronounced to be northern aggression in the passage of Mr. Clay's omnibus bill. The course of political opinion in Mississippi ran counter to these views, or he might, perhaps, have been called again to the governor's chair.

His visit to his native Rhinebeck, in New York, in 1853, should not be forgotten. He was welcomed in a general gathering of the people, and addressed them with emotion, recalling the time when, thirty-four years since, he had gone forth "a portionless adventurer, armed only with the stern energies, the untiring industry and perseverance, and the good principles which the fathers of this good old county of Dutchess had imparted to their children."

In 1855 he was elected to the House of Representatives of the Union, was created chairman of its committee on military affairs, and distinguished himself by an elaborate speech advocating the repeal of the neutrality laws. At the Presidential nominating convention of this year, 1856, at Cincinnati, he had the highest number of votes on the first ballot for the vice-presidency. He spoke at length, at the next session of Congress in December, on the powers of the federal government with regard to the Territories, maintaining of course the generally received Southern view of the question. He was again elected, and took his seat in the next Congress, speaking frequently with his accustomed energy. His health, however, was now declining. One of his last public acts was the delivery of an address at Columbia, South Carolina, at the second anniversary of the Palmetto Association, composed of the survivors of the famed regiment of that name in the Mexican war. He dwelt upon the stirring events of those campaigns in which he had been a participant, and recalled in particular the memorable incident of his great scene of triumph at the Belen gate, when a son of South Carolina, the gallant Lieutenant Sellick, planted the Palmetto flag on the enemy's battery, and was struck down by a severe wound in the act.

General Quitman survived this visit to South Carolina but two months. On his return to Washington, he was invited to take command or preside over a large gathering of volunteer militia in Natchez. He accepted the invitation, travelled to Natchez, but failing health debarred him from the welcome honor. He sank rapidly into a fatal lethargy, and expired at his home at Natchez July 17, 1858, at the age of fifty-nine.



S. A. Douglas

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

The family of this eminent statesman early came to America from Scotland, three generations being mentioned by his biographer as living in the United States. His grandfather, a native of Pennsylvania, was a soldier of Washington, and was with that great commander at Valley Forge and Yorktown. A son, born in New York, who is spoken of as "a physician of high repute," was the father of the subject of this sketch. Stephen A. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vt., April 23, 1813. His father died in the infancy of the child. The boy was educated in the common schools till the age of fifteen, when, having exhibited an aptitude for learning, and a proper perseverance, he would have continued his studies at college. The family affairs, however, did not admit of this expense. Being resolved to earn his own living, he then apprenticed himself to a cabinet-maker. He worked at this trade for eighteen months, when he relinquished it as injurious to his health. Returning to his studies, he entered the academy at Brandon, and when the family the next year removed to Canandaigua, New York, he also studied in the academy at that place, and subsequently in the law office of Mr. Hubbell. At the age of twenty, in 1833, he left for the West, to establish himself as a lawyer in that region. Several cities, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, are mentioned as places of his sojourn before he found a permanent home in Illinois. He began his career there by opening a school at Winchester, near Jacksonville, where he taught forty pupils, giving his energies meanwhile, to the study of the law. In 1834 he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, and immediately entered upon the active practice of the profession.

Ardent, resolute, possessed of rare reasoning powers, it was not long before he became absorbed in that political career in which he was destined to attain an extraordinary eminence. Before the age of twenty-two he was elected by the Legislature, Attorney-General of the State, the competitor for the office being the distinguished Colonel John J. Hardin. The next year, 1836, he was elected by a Democratic vote to the Legislature; the year after received the appointment from President Van Buren of Register of the Land Office, at Springfield, and the same year was a Democratic candidate for Congress. He would have been pronounced elected, had not a few votes on which his name was misspelt,

been thrown out, which gave a majority of five, out of more than forty thousand votes cast, to the Whig candidate. Pursuing, meanwhile, his profession of the law, he entered eagerly into the canvass for Van Buren in the Presidential campaign which resulted in the election of General Harrison. His promotion in Illinois was now rapid. Appointed Secretary of State in 1840, he was the next year, at the early age of twenty-seven, elected by the Legislature a judge of the Supreme Court, and discharged the duties of that office till 1843, when he was elected to Congress. He was twice reëlected, in 1844 and 1846, when his career in the House of Representatives was arrested by the Legislature of his State electing him as a Senator for the full term of six years, commencing with the Congress of 1847. He was twice reëlected to the Senate of the United States, his duties in this body terminating only with his life. In the last election, in 1858, his competitor was Abraham Lincoln. The election is a memorable one for the closeness of the popular contest preceding it, and the discussion of principles by both candidates, who conducted the canvass in person. At Chicago, Springfield; at Ottowa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston; at Galesburg, at Quincy, at Alton, on seven occasions in joint debate, they followed one another in the discussion of the principles of the rapidly developing Republican party, which then began deeply to agitate the nation. The result of the election was a Democratic Legislature, which returned Mr. Douglas to the Senate by a majority of eight votes.

In his long career of eighteen years in the Halls of Legislation at Washington, Mr. Douglas earned an eminent reputation by his force of mind, his energy, and determination. Adopting generally the principles, and advocating the policy of the Democratic party, a supporter of the ultra Oregon Claim, of the annexation of Texas, of the application of the Monroe Doctrine, of the peaceful acquisition of Cuba, and the like measures; ever the indefatigable advocate of Western interests in the development of the great resources of that region; he struck out a path for himself in his advocacy of his favorite doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, a theory by which he sought to solve the pressing difficulties of slavery in the Territories, and for the practical adoption of which he endeavored to prepare the way by the introduction of the Kansas and Nebraska bill.

The passage of that act in 1854, by its abolition of the Missouri Compromise, restricting slavery, with the exception of Missouri, to the territory south of the northern line of Arkansas, was the prelude to the fearful contest which immediately ensued in Kansas, and undoubtedly opened the way for the adverse political issues which preceded the present rebellion. How far Mr. Douglas was responsible for letting loose upon the public this angry strife, it is not necessary here to inquire. Suffice it to say that his theory of Popular Sovereignty, beset with difficulties of the most formidable character, failed to work well in practice, and was not only rejected by a great body of his countrymen of a different

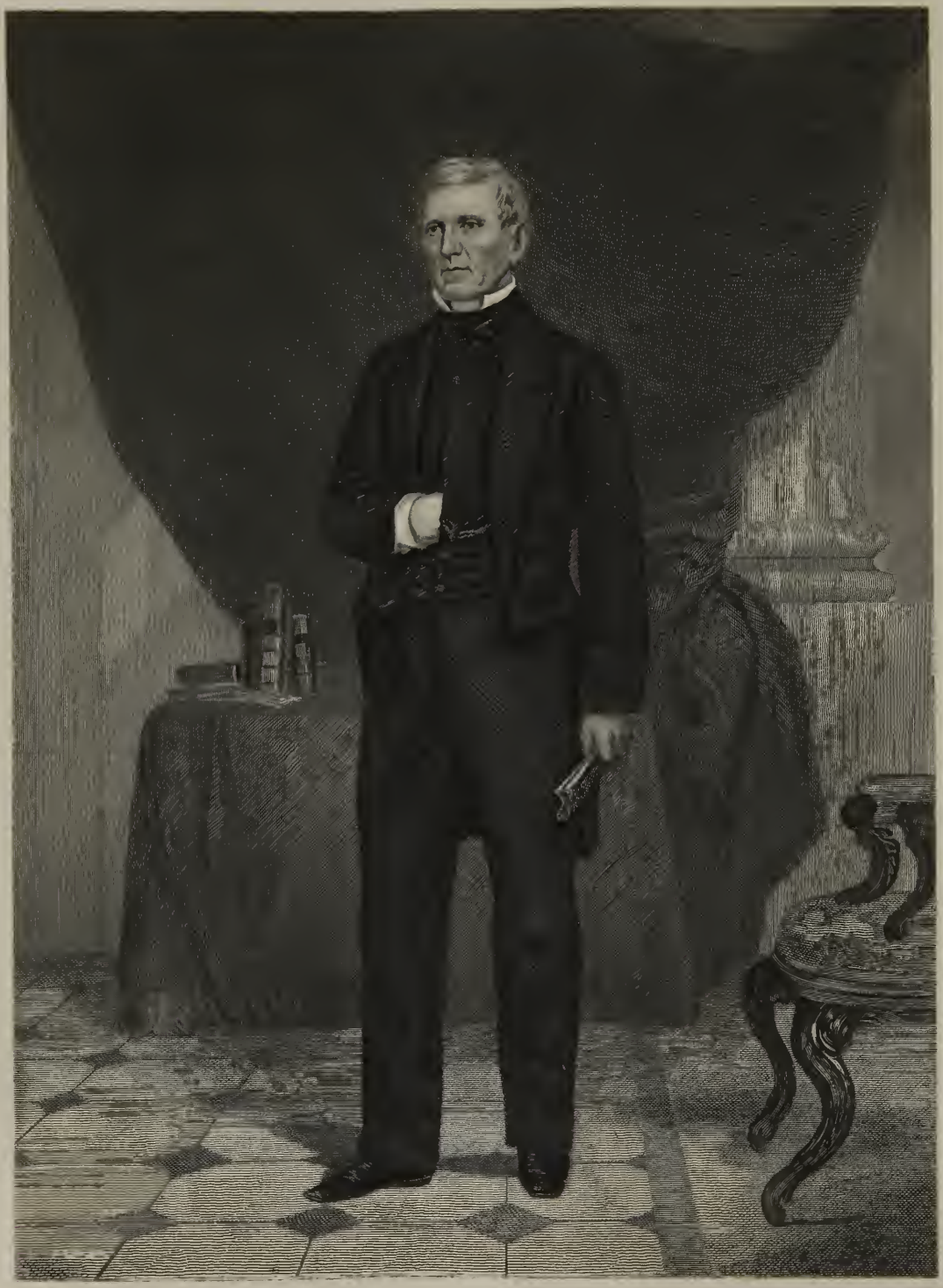
school of politics, but embarrassed him greatly with the members of his own party, whose ultra pretensions he was compelled to oppose in his able resistance to the Lecompton Pro-slavery Constitution, when an attempt was made to force that measure upon Congress.

Mr. Douglas was on three occasions a candidate in the Democratic conventions for the Presidency—in 1852, when General Pierce was chosen; more particularly at Cincinnati, in 1856, when the sixteenth ballot stood 122 for him, to 168 for Mr. Buchanan, and he generously withdrew his name that his rival might receive the requisite two-thirds vote; and again in 1860, at Charleston and Baltimore, when he received the nomination, though the contest ended in the disruption of the Democratic party. In the last election there were three candidates in the field, the representatives of as many shades of opinions in regard to the great questions of the time. John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, represented the ultra pro-slavery doctrines of the South, denying the power of Congress to abolish or prohibit the introduction of "the peculiar institution" in the Territories, and demanding for it, if necessary, protection from the Federal Government. Diametrically opposite, Abraham Lincoln was the exponent of the views of the Republican party, which, by its "platform" at Chicago opposed the doctrine as a dangerous political heresy, fruitful of evils, and revolutionary in its tendency, maintaining that the Constitution "of its own force" carries slavery into any of the Territories. This party held that "the normal condition of all the territory of the United States was that of freedom," and that it was the duty of Congress on all proper occasions to assert the principle. Holding a medium position between the two, in his doctrine of non-intervention or Popular Sovereignty, Mr. Douglas sought to solve the difficulty by removing the question from Congress to the Territories themselves, and leaving the people to regulate their affairs in their own way. The position of Mr. Douglas was thus a species of compromise between the other parties; an effort to hold the balance between the North and South to obviate the threatened encounter. The question was given to the people, and the distracted councils of the Democratic party threw the election in favor of the Republicans. Of the elective popular vote of more than four millions and a half, Mr Douglas received over one million three hundred thousand, within about five hundred thousand of the vote of Mr Lincoln. The Breckenridge vote was over eight hundred thousand. Large as his aggregate vote was, Mr. Douglas had the majority only in a single State —Missouri. In his own State of Illinois the vote stood for Douglas 160,215; for Lincoln 172,161.

The announcement of this result brought the threatened crisis. The Southern Slave States began the work of revolt, and before the newly-elected President took his seat, Secession was inaugurated in South Carolina and the Gulf States. It was a time which required all men to declare their allegiance. To the honor of Senator Douglas he did not falter in his de-

cision, but raised his voice clearly and unequivocally for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of its rightful authority. While compromise and reconciliation were even talked of in the opening of the last session of Congress in President Buchanan's administration, he urged an amicable settlement of the difficulty, but when all peace propositions had failed, and the question was Union or Disunion, he was for a manly, determined opposition to the Southern Rebellion. On returning home from the Senate after the inauguration of President Lincoln, when the patriotism of the country was aroused by the attack upon Fort Sumter; in thrilling, animated speeches in Ohio to the people of Wheeling and its vicinity; before the Legislature of Illinois at Springfield, and at a popular meeting of citizens at Chicago, on the 1st of May, 1861, he gave expression to the voice of the nation in words of stirring eloquence. "That the present danger is imminent," said he, " no man can conceal. If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the Constitution—I can say before God my conscience is clear. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those States what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity. The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our capital, obstructions and dangers to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy?" The answer was given by him in no doubtful terms. Had his life been spared the Union would have had no more strenuous or efficient supporter of its paramount claims upon the people.

Immediately after this speech Senator Douglas became confined to his room, by an attack of rheumatism, which did not, however, prevent his dictating a letter to a political committee, urging the consolidation of parties in the defence of the country. "A man," said he, "cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot." This was the last utterance of a dying statesman. Fever presently set in, and after a fortnight's illness, Senator Douglas died at Chicago, on the third of June. His latest words were spoken to his wife, a legacy of advice to his children: "Tell them to support the Constitution and the Laws."



J. J. Crittenden.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

The last survivor of the race of eminent political leaders, who for a whole generation brilliantly illustrated the Whig party in the United States Senate; the friend of Clay and the associate of Webster, who lived to carry their principles, enforced by a personal character of purity and integrity, into an entirely new era of his country's history; John J. Crittenden, was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, about the year 1785. His father, a farmer of the State, met his death by a singular accident. He was killed by the fall of a tree while his son was quite young, leaving him to the care of his mother, by whom he was trained to a career of industry and honor. Educated to the profession of the law, he began practice in Hopkinsville, whence he soon removed to Frankfort, where he entered upon a highly successful career as a lawyer. His official political life dates from the year 1816, when, at the age of thirty-one, he was elected from Franklin County to the Kentucky House of Representatives, of which he was chosen Speaker. A choice of this kind in an assembly distinguished for ready debating talent, generally marks the successful candidate, in whom quickness, acumen, breadth of mind, and knowledge of the world are commonly required, for higher political advancement. In the case of Mr. Crittenden it was the first step in his rapid promotion to the highest honors in the gift of his native State. He was presently elected to the United States Senate for the balance of a term, taking his seat in December, 1817, in the first Congress under the presidency of Monroe, of whose administration he was a supporter. During this Congress we find him speaking in opposition to the sedition law of President Adams' party, the subject having come up on a question of reimbursing the fines imposed under that enactment; and in favor of the principle of freely giving the public lands of the West to actual settlers. On the expiration of this Congress he resumed the practice of the law at Frankfort, at which he continued, serving several terms in the State legislature, till the year 1835, when he again entered the United States Senate, serving through the last two years of General Jackson's administration and the whole of Van Buren's, till the accession of President Harrison, in whose cabinet he was appointed attorney-general. The early death of Harrison caused his resignation, when he was at once restored by the Kentucky legislature to the Senate, in which the retirement of Mr.

Clay had created a vacancy. On the expiration of this term he was a second time returned for the full period of six years, which he had nearly completed, when, in 1848, he resigned to become governor of his native State, to which office he was triumphantly elected by the Whig party. In 1850, under the administration of President Fillmore, he is again at Washington, a second time seated in the cabinet, the associate of Daniel Webster, as attorney-general. He held the office for more than two years, till the accession of President Pierce. In 1855, he was again returned to the Senate for the full term of six years.

During all this time Mr. Crittenden supported the principles of his eminent fellow-representative in the Senate, Henry Clay, and of the Whig party generally, distinguishing himself by his advocacy of a protective tariff; and his opposition to the anti-bank measures of President Jackson, the sub-treasury system of Van Buren, and the annexation of Texas. In his relations to the great questions of foreign policy of his time, the war with Mexico and the Oregon boundary difficulty, he was on the side of moderation, desirous that the first should be terminated as speedily as possible consistent with the national honor, and deprecating any violent action on the latter. In two instances he showed his sympathy with the people of Europe; in his introduction of the bill into the Senate, authorizing the purchase of provisions and their transportation in a public ship to the poor of Ireland, and in his prompt advocacy of a recognition of the popular movement in France in the Revolution of 1848. The main features of his statesmanship were embraced in his persistent inculcation of a home, national, conservative policy; free alike from foreign entanglement and domestic broils. Thus, in common with Mr. Clay and other prominent members of his party, he sought a conciliatory course on the subject of the growing political difficulties between the North and the South. The conclusion of his last Senatorial term in which, during the stirring conflicts arising from the disturbed state of affairs—the incipient civil war—in Kansas, he endeavored to pursue an independent middle path, brought him to the first stage of the Great Rebellion at the end of President Buchanan's administration. No one at this time in Congress was more active in devising plans and expedients of conciliation to stay the South in its threatened revolt. He advocated an amendment to the Constitution denying to Congress the power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia while it existed in Maryland and Virginia; or to abolish it in places under its exclusive jurisdiction in any of the slaveholding States. He would have had these and other provisions of a like nature unalterable. When the result of the labors of the Peace Conference, proposing, among other measures, an extension of the line of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific, denying to Congress any interference with slavery in the territories below that parallel, was laid before the Senate, Mr. Crittenden was placed at the head of the committee appointed for their consideration. They were re-

ported without alteration by the committee; but the Senate, as a body, was not disposed to entertain them. While some preferred the Resolutions previously offered by Mr. Crittenden, the majority refused to receive either. It was, in fact, too late for conciliation. South Carolina had taken the initiative of revolt. The rebellion was an accomplished fact.

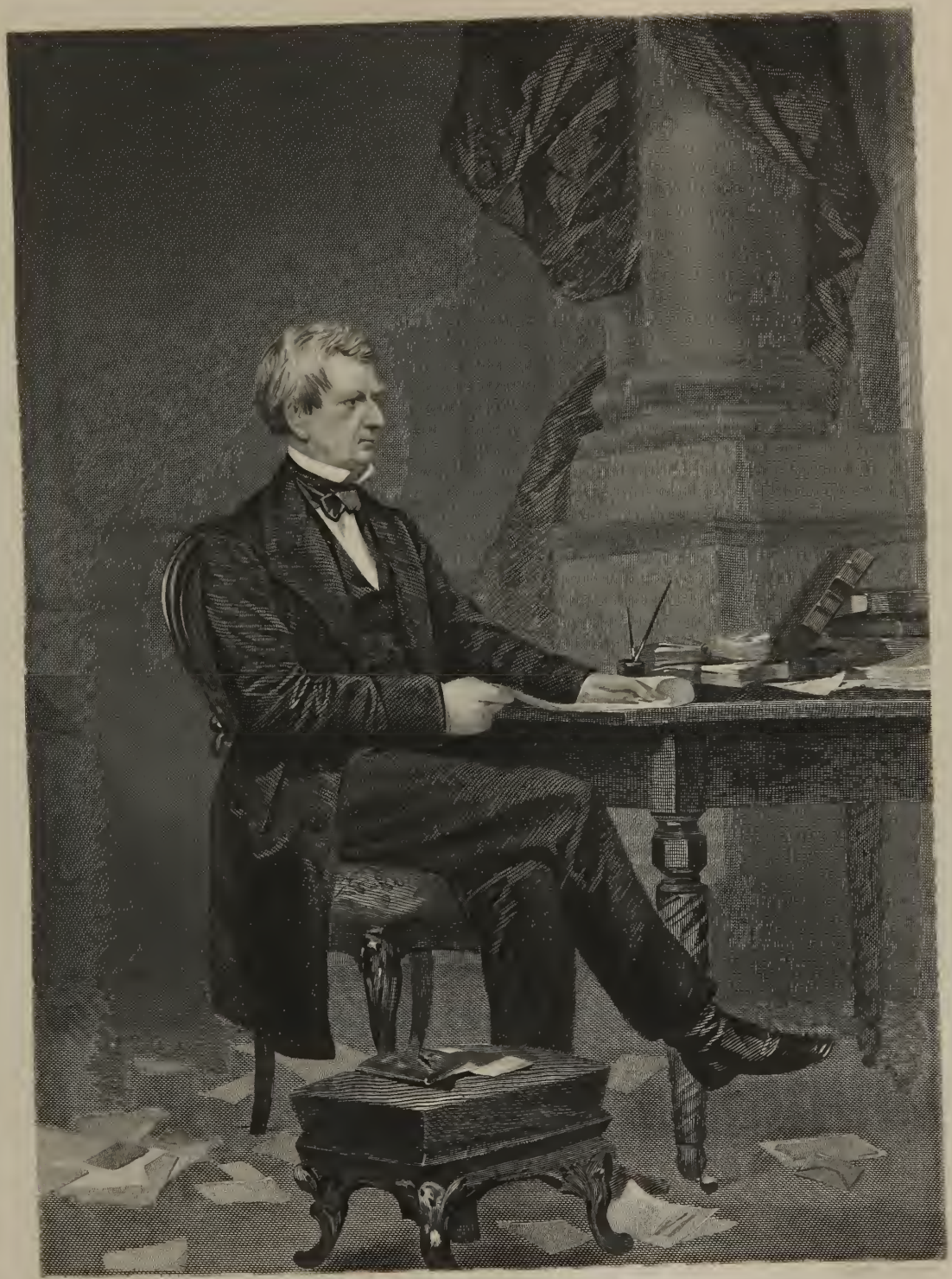
To the next Congress, the first of President Lincoln's administration, Mr. Crittenden was returned as a member of the House of Representatives. Accepting the war as an inevitable necessity for the preservation of the Union, in the words of his Resolution of the 22d of July, 1862, "forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States, now in arms against the constitutional government, and in arms against the capital," he strove to limit its objects to the simple preservation of the Union; or in the further words of the Resolution, "that in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not waged on their part in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished, the war ought to cease." The Resolution, which fully indicates the cautious conservatism of Mr. Crittenden, was almost unanimously adopted.

In Kentucky, Mr. Crittenden remained a staunch defender of the Union, supporting the war measures of the administration, and upholding the fidelity of his native State. When, after many severe shocks of war, its position as a member of the old United States seemed fully confirmed, the venerable patriot, at the age of seventy-seven, on the 26th of July, 1863, died at his home at Frankfort. He sank under general debility, while his faculties were maintained to the last. His remains were interred with distinguished honors in the family burial place in the beautiful Cemetery of the city overlooking the Kentucky River.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

The family of this eminent statesman is traced to a Welsh ancestor, who came to Connecticut in the reign of Queen Anne. A branch of this parent stock removed to New Jersey, where, during the War of the Revolution, Colonel John Seward, the grandfather of the subject of this notice, sustained the character of a zealous patriot, and supporter of the army of Washington. His son, Samuel S. Seward received a liberal education, studied medicine, and marrying Mary Jennings, the daughter of Isaac Jennings, of Goshen, New York, removed in 1795, to Florida, a village in the town of Warwick, Orange County, in that State; where, we are told, he "combined a large mercantile business with an extensive range of professional practice, both of which he carried on successfully for the space of twenty years, when he retired from active business and devoted himself to the cultivation of the estate, of which, by constant industry and economy, he became the owner." Dr. Seward, an active member of the Republican party of his day, held several offices of public trust, as a member of the legislature, and was, for many years, first judge of his county. His public spirit was shown in his endowment of a high school or seminary at Florida which was named after him, the Seward Institute. He died at an advanced age in 1849, having survived his wife a few years.

Of this parentage William Henry Seward was born, at the family dwelling, in Florida, May 16th, 1801. A precocious student, and lover of learning in his childhood, he attended such schools as the neighborhood afforded until the age of nine, when he was sent to Farmer's Hall Academy at Goshen, where he pursued his studies, and at an academy afterwards established in Florida, until his fifteenth year, when his proficiency was such that on presenting himself for admission to Union College, Schenectady, he was found qualified for admission to the Junior Class, though on account of his youth he entered the Sophomore. His college career was marked by great industry and ability. His favorite studies, we are told by his biographer, were rhetoric, moral philosophy, and the ancient classics. It was his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning and prepare all the lessons of the day, while at night he occupied his leisure with general reading and literary compositions for declamation or debate in society meetings for which he had early displayed a great aptitude. While in the Senior Class in his eighteenth year, he was



William H. Seward

almost a year from the college, six months of which were passed as a teacher in the State of Georgia. The opinions on the subject of slavery which have, in so marked a manner, governed his political career are said to have had their origin or been greatly strengthened by his experience at this time. Returning to college, he graduated with distinguished eclat. The subject of his commencement oration, "The Integrity of the American Union," has proved, though in an unexpected manner, significant of his career.

Mr. Seward now applied himself to the study of the law, in which he had the guidance of three eminent counsellors of the State, John Anthon, John Duer, and Ogden Hoffman. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, at Utica, in 1822, and early in the following year took up his residence in Auburn, where he was associated in business with an eminent member of the profession, Elijah Miller, then first judge of Cayuga County, whose daughter he married in 1824. Devoting himself assiduously to his profession, the debating talent of Mr. Seward, and his ability as a public speaker displayed in numerous popular addresses, naturally drew him into political life. Opposed to the Albany Regency, the Democratic organization which was then all-powerful in the State, he entered upon a career of opposition which in due time led to his leadership of the new Whig party. In 1830, he was elected a member of the State Senate, being, it is said, the youngest member that up to that time had entered that body. He now became prominently known by his support of the policy of internal improvements, his advocacy of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and other liberal measures. In 1833, he visited England and France, and other portions of the continent of Europe, sending home a series of descriptive letters which were afterward published in the "Albany Evening Journal." In 1834, he was a candidate for Governor of the State, but lost the election. Nominated a second time in 1838, the Whig party, for the first time being now in the ascendant, he was chosen by a majority exceeding ten thousand. Again elected in 1840, at the expiration of his second term, he declined a renomination and retired from the office. The four years which he thus passed in this important position were marked by unwearied mental activity and diligence, in discharge of the duties of the office. Besides his furtherance of the sytem of internal improvements now so rapidly developing the fortunes of the State, he was prominently interested in a new and more popular organization of the public Schools, which in its operation upon the existing system in the city of New York, being thought to favor certain claims of the Roman Catholics, gave rise to no little opposition on the part of the so-called Protestant interest. In the complicated questions of international law growing out of the McLeod case he sustained the rights of the country and the State. On his retirement from the office of Governor, Mr. Seward resumed the practice of the law at Auburn, from which he was called in 1849, by his election to the

United States Senate. In this new sphere of duty he acted on a larger theatre the character for usefulness which he had established as State Governor, advocating all means of increasing the resources of the country, opening the public lands to settlers, promoting the Pacific Railroad, and other national internal improvements; while he kept steady in view the great principles of freedom with which his public life was identified.

It was the period of renewed agitation of the relations of the Government to slavery, growing out of the acquisition of territory in the recent war with Mexico. To guard the vast territory of the West, now stretching to the Pacific, from the encroachments of the slave power, was the work of the political leaders of the country—prominent among whom was Mr. Seward—pledged to the support of a national policy of freedom. The debates on the admission of California gave the new Senator an opportunity to display his peculiar powers. In his able philosophical speech on that occasion, delivered March 11th, 1850, he employed a phrase, *The Higher Law*, which was taken hold of by his opponents, who endeavored to fasten it as a term of reproach upon his party, as if it had been uttered in opposition to the legal claims of the Constitution. It was, in fact, brought forward by him in support of his interpretation of that instrument. Speaking of the power of Congress over the territories, "The Constitution," said he, "regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a Higher Law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes. The territory is a part, no inconsiderable part, of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon them by the Creator of the universe. We are his stewards, and must so discharge our trust as to secure in the highest attainable degree their happiness." The statesmen who create the popular watchwords are invariably thinkers; of philosophic perceptions, and powers; and like all philosophers of fertile minds, accustomed to affairs where energy is demanded, their genius has a tendency to express itself in epigrammatic form. Calhoun was a speaker of this stamp, John Randolph another, and Mr. Seward, whether in speaking or writing is constantly making points which are remembered. Seldom have two words had a profounder signification or been more portentous as a warning of the future than the simple phrase "irrepressible conflict" which he introduced in a speech at Rochester, New York, during the Congressional elections of 1858. He had now, through the administrations of Presidents Fillmore, Pierce, and the first half of Mr. Buchanan's term of office, in opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, to the attempt to force the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas, in the Senate and out of it, opposed every measure favoring the extension of the slave power over the virgin free soil of the nation, and he on this occasion re-

minded the country anew of the war of principles upon which it had, of necessity entered. "Hitherto," said he, in words whose prophetic force he himself probably did not then fully anticipate, "the two systems (slave and free labor) have existed in different States, but side by side, within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, are rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity, or consolidation. Thus these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact; and collision results.

"Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation." That nothing revolutionary, of the character of the civil war afterwards brought about, was at this time favored or even imagined by the speaker, we may infer from the qualification which he added expressly to guard against misapprehension. "If," said he, "these States are to again become universally slave-holding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the Constitution that end shall be accomplished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States coöperating with the federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective Constitutions."

Previous to the close of his second senatorial term, Mr. Seward, in 1859, paid a second visit to Europe, extending his tour to Egypt and the Holy Land. He was now looked upon as a prominent candidate of the new Republican party for the Presidency, as indeed, he had been regarded by many at the previous election. He had then given his support to Fremont, as he had to Scott in 1852. In 1860, he was supported at the nominating Convention by the delegates of New York, Massachusetts, and six other States, receiving on the first ballot more votes than Mr. Lincoln. Promptly accepting the choice of the latter, he entered heartily into the campaign, making numerous speeches, and when the election was gained, was called to the foremost place in the new cabinet as Secretary of State. His unwearied diplomatic activity in his correspondence with foreign nations, bringing into effective use all the resources of his cultivated mind, his ready, fluent style, his mental ingenuity, the spring and elasticity with which he has maintained the integrity of his country, are matters of the history of to-day.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

The eminent Arctic voyager was born in Philadelphia, February 3, 1820. He was of mixed descent, uniting in his composition many of the finer elements of American national life. His great-grandfather, John Kane, the first of the family who settled in the country, was a native of Ireland, adding another to the many instances recorded in these volumes, where distinguished energy and worth are traced to that island. He came to America about the middle of the eighteenth century, and married the daughter of the Reverend Elisha Kent, a Puritan clergyman of Massachusetts. We find the Kanes, subsequently, intermarrying with the Van Rensselaers of New York, the grandmother of the traveller being of the latter family. On the mother's side, he traced his descent from a lady celebrated during the Revolutionary war for her many virtues. This was his great-grandmother, Martha Gray, the wife of George Gray. She was of the Moravian faith—her husband of Quaker parentage; but their mild origin did not hinder their activity in the patriotic cause. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, Mrs. Gray, who was admirably qualified for such beneficent duties, ministered with unwearied assiduity to the wants of the American prisoners, assisted by her daughter, the wife of Thomas Leiper, an ardent and efficient patriot soldier, who supported the cause by his purse and his services in the field. The late Judge John K. Kane, the father of the subject of this sketch, married Jane Leiper, the daughter of the couple just described.

The early years of their son Elisha—he was the first of a family of seven children—exhibited a childhood of unusual spirit and activity. The boy was active, resolute, afraid of nothing. Courage seemed to be born with him. His biographer, Dr. William Elder, dwells with fondness upon this period of his life, relating various anecdotes of his prompt juvenile hardihood. On one occasion, when he was not more than nine, he interposed to shield his younger brother from a flogging at school. "Don't whip him," said he to the schoolmaster, "he's such a little fellow—whip me." At another time, he is calling four or five bigger boys to account, by climbing the roof of an outbuilding by the rain-spout, and securing satisfaction from them, in their perilous position, for their annoyance of some girls below. His nerve and spirit gave him the advantage. Another adventure, a singular freak for any boy, was

Alonzo Chappel

E. K. Kane

his climbing a high gable-chimney by night, an ingenious and daring feat—with no other object than the pleasure of doing it. Stories like these show the man in the boy. Meanwhile, he exhibited great reluctance to books and systematic study, and the authority of preceptors, while he amused himself with chemistry, "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Reviewing these early days, his biographer remarks: "the boy had not a vice or a fault that could spoil the man; but he had scarcely an inclination that promised success in the life designed for him. There was riding at break-neck speed to be done; trees and rocks to climb; pebbles to pick; dogs to train; chemistry, geology and geography to explore, with his eyes and fingers on the facts; sketching, whittling and cobbling to do, with other heroics of muscle and wind—all mixed in a medley of matter and system, for which there was no promising precedent, and no prophecy of good."

This is not so very meagre a list of acquisitions after all, for a youth under sixteen, who was moreover crammed with some school learning, for we find his father taking him at that age to Yale College for examination. The irregularity of his preparation—his knowledge of the natural sciences was out of proportion to his other acquirements—placed him at a disadvantage, and the University of Virginia, where a choice of studies is allowed, was chosen in preference to the New England institution. It is sad, in the midst of these recitals, thus early to meet with the first whisper of that affection of the heart, which afflicted Kane through life and was ultimately the cause of his death. The struggle is soon to come, probably the severest pressure that can be put on a youth of susceptibility and genius, keenly alive to every impression. He made rapid progress at the Virginia University in his favorite study of the natural sciences and in mathematics, was exploring in field and mountain, and pushing bravely on to his intended life employment as a civil engineer, when he was called away, taken home, with a severe attack of illness—an inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart. His life was for awhile despaired of. When he partially recovered, it was to learn the danger of his fits of agony, and receive the fatal sentence from the lips of his physician, "You may fall, Elisha, as suddenly as from a musket shot."

Here was something to be met which would seem to require all the energy of a strong nature. It was met with the spirit of a hero. The lesson is the grandest presented by the career of this noble spirited man—more valuable to human life than any single result of Arctic exploration. If he that ruleth his spirit is stronger than he who taketh a city, surely the man who turns the very weakness and despair of nature to strength and bravery, who rises where most fall, who digests the heaviest grief humanity is capable of, and finds in it the nutriment of true greatness—success even physical as well as mental—surely this man must be pronounced a hero. There was a Spartan courage in the words of his father, "Elisha, if you must die, die in the

harness." He accepted the advice, and in the striking language of his biographer, "rose out of the wreck resolutely, and retrieved his life in a strength made his own by holding it in fee of chivalric service." There was no attempt to escape the bitter knowledge. He met his enemy face to face. Obliged to relinquish the calling of an engineer, he chose the profession of medicine where he would be always in the company of his grim antagonist, and learn, if possible, to master him. At nineteen he became a diligent student in the office of Dr. William Harris, of Philadelphia, and before he was twenty-one was discharging the duty of resident physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Blockley. Though interrupted by fits of illness he discharged these double duties of study and practice and received his medical diploma in 1842, with the especial thanks of the University of Pennsylvania from which he graduated, "for his able and instructive thesis," on Kyestine.

Fifteen years of maimed and wounded life were before him. We shall see how they were spent. He started on the career destined to terminate in so brilliant a crowning effort, as a surgeon in the navy, after the usual examination, when his physical infirmities were overlooked for the sake of his other qualifications. There being no vacancy at that moment in the service, calling for the regular discharge of his duty, he was appointed by the influence of his family and friends, physician to the first American Embassy to China, of which Mr. Caleb Cushing was placed at the head. He accordingly sailed in the frigate Brandywine, which was assigned to the expedition, in May, 1843.

He had now in a measure, the opportunity for which he ever afterwards panted, that of constant activity. He was an eager student on ship board and when in port he was bent upon geographical observation. At Rio, where his vessel made a landing, he was examining the geology of the Eastern Andes; at Bombay, where the detention of Mr. Cushing in Europe kept them some time waiting, he explored the antiquities of the coast, and passing to Ceylon, engaged in the gigantic wild sports and studied the grand and beautiful vegetation of the island. At Macao, he gained leave of absence from the embassy, while it prosecuted its slow work of diplomacy, and crossed over and penetrated the island of Luzon, the chief of the Philippines. This last tour in the spring of 1844, was made memorable by his hazardous exploration of the volcano of Tael, into which he descended, let down by a rope of bamboo fastened round his body, more than two hundred feet, from a projecting platform in the mouth of this fearful crater. Arrived at the bottom, he traversed the scalding ashes and procured specimens of the water of the smoking lake. The return presented greater difficulties than the descent. Half exhausted, his charred boots falling from his feet, he regained the rope, succeeded in attaching it to his person, and was drawn up from the reeking vapor almost insensible. He was the first European who ever accomplished this piece of hardihood; his companion, who started with him, shrinking from

the effort. The natives were not likely to make the attempt, apart from its perils and disagreeable nature, since they, not unnaturally, held the wild sulphurous crater to be the home of some peculiar deity, whose sanctity the American traveller had impiously violated. A party of them were quite disposed to avenge on his person the honor of the insulted divinity, by an assault which was prevented only by a timely show of revolvers.

Having satisfied the sentiment in a thorough examination of Luzon, Dr. Kane rejoined his companions of the embassy in time to participate in the closing proceedings and festivals of the treaty at Macao. The mission now being at an end in China, he resigned his position as physician to the legation, and took up his residence for awhile at Whampoa, practising his profession with profit, till his career was interrupted by a severe attack of fever. This determined him to set his face homeward. Arranging with a companion to make the overland journey, and, at the same time, improve the opportunity of observation by the way, he visited Singapore, Ceylon and Hindostan, traversing the interior and ascending the Himilayas. While journeying through the country, he made the acquaintance of the wealthy noble, Dwakanath Tagore, a native prince about to visit the court of Victoria, in whose suite he traversed Persia and Syria to Egypt. It is to be regretted that we have no accounts of these and other adventures from the pen of Dr. Kane. An occasional brief, scanty letter is all that remains—the pointed phraseology of which makes us the more regret the absence of other records. His papers and journals, in which much that was novel and interesting was doubtless written down, comprehending all his previous tours in the east, perished by accident or a fraud of the natives, in his voyage on the Nile.

He seems to have entered upon the examination of Egypt with the full exercise of all his powers of study and observation. Looking with contempt upon the popular narratives of travel in that region, he plunged into the original works of Cailliaud and Wilkinson, "with the country itself for my atlas," as he writes from the spot in a letter which has been preserved. "Thanks," he says, "to Dwakanath Tagore and the very meagre influence of my China title, I have been elected a member of the Egyptian Society—a somewhat dubious honor which has converted my boat into a library, and condemned me to a fee of two pounds six. Nothing," he adds, "can be more exciting than the intelligent study of Egyptian antiquities." He fell in with Lepsius, then in the midst of the investigations of his Prussian commission, and diligently investigated his learned labors. We find him at Thebes sketching and lodged "in the palace-temple of Sesostris," and tempting the hardships of Upper Egypt and the Desert. A climbing adventure, quite in accordance with the old tastes of his childhood, in attempting to ascend the enormous statue of Memnon by the legs, was attended with considerable peril. His Egyptian tour, of which no

account beyond a single letter remains, was closed in the early part of the summer of 1845, with "his uniform experience in every grand tour of his life—an attack of the disease distinctive of the climate. The anemometers, hygrometers, barometers and thermometers of the scientific traveller," adds his biographer, "being no better indicators and registers of climatology, than the varied sensitiveness of the constitution he carried with him in all his journeyings." The rice-fever of China was thus succeeded by the plague of Egypt; but some latent energy in his composition carried the traveller through, and we find him in June making the tour of Greece on foot from Athens. He traversed the ancient Bœotia and Phocis, visiting patriotic Thermopylæ, the poetic haunts of Helicon and Parnassus, and the oracular fount of Delphi; thence crossing the Corinthia Gulf, the modern Lepanto, he explored every portion of the Morea. All this was accomplished in about a month, when he left the western coast of Trieste; thence, in unresting haste, through Germany, Switzerland—studying glacier formations—Italy, France and England, home. This rambling about the world suited his disposition, perhaps was essential to his health, a necessity of his impaired constitution. He was anxious to find means to continue it, and made proposals while he was in Europe to the Spanish authorities, to practice his profession at Manilla; but somehow the scheme fell through.

Arrived at Philadelphia, he turned his ambition, we are told, "upon professional eminence, with a view to the practice of medicine and teaching, as a lecturer in Philadelphia He took a house in Walnut street, and furnished an office in it with taste and elaborate care. With his medical brethren he kept a full round of engagements—chemical, anatomical, quiz and soiree."[1] It was not in his nature long to be content with this comparatively quiet mode of life. War with Mexico was imminent, and he was yet attached to the navy, though he had not been called into the service of that department. At length, in the spring of 1846, he received orders—to the coast of Africa, and with a characteristic resolution and sense of duty, made no effort to escape the call. Once there, of course, he interested himself in the novel objects of the region, and signalized his cruise by a visit, accompanying a caravan, to the monster King of Dahomey, witnessing his unparalleled vice and brutality. While his vessel was sailing along the coast to the southward, the fever broke out; Dr. Kane attended to the patients, and for a while escaped, when he was stricken down, and after a struggle with the disease of three weeks, was sent home to America, in utter debility, as his only chance of escape with life, by a transport vessel from Liberia. He arrived at Philadelphia in the beginning of April, 1847. It is well to be particular with dates. His life was short, and it is important to observe how closely his few years were crowded with arduous action.

Broken in health, almost too ill to

[1] Elder's Biography, p. 100.

ply his application with effect, his first care, now that he found the naval service of the Mexican war mostly over, was to solicit government for employment in the army—so eager was his thirst for honorable activity. Escaping again from a new attack of disease, he renewed his application at Washington, and secured a special commission to the commander-in-chief at the headquarters of the army in Mexico, with instructions to report to the home bureau his observations on the state of the field and hospital organization. Dr. Kane started on this expedition from New Orleans, by the way of the Gulf, on the 23d of November, 1847. His voyage to Vera Cruz in the steamer was a perilous one, encountering the force of a powerful *norther*, which well-nigh wrecked the vessel. The dragoon horses for the army were driven overboard—they were compelled to sacrifice them for safety—and Kane was on the point of parting with his own spirited steed when some friendly officers interposed. On landing, he proceeded toward the capital by the usual route, through Perote and upward, conducted, the latter part of the way, by a renegade spy-company of Mexicans, commanded by a notorious brigand named Domingues. He was approaching Puebla, on the sixth of January, with this escort, when the party encountered a rival band of Mexicans with several distinguished officers, including General Torrejon, making their way to Orizaba. A conflict immediately ensued upon the two companies coming upon one another on the crest of a hill on the road, when Domingues and his men were victorious. Dr. Kane fought resolutely in this encounter, and Torrejon, with his brother officers and thirty-eight rank and file, were taken prisoners. In a subsequent successful endeavor to restrain the cruelty of Domingues, who was about to sabre the captives, Dr. Kane, who had especially in charge the two generals, Gaona and Torrejon, who had surrendered to him, was himself severely wounded in the side by a blow from the butt of a lance, and his noble steed, saved by the officers on the voyage, was fatally pierced by a thrust aimed at his rider. On reaching Puebla, Dr. Kane, was attacked with congestive typhus fever, the result of his wound and exposure, when he was tenderly nursed by the wife and daughters of Gaona, whose life he had saved. A circumstance which added to the delicacy of this kindness was the fact, that though Kane had gallantly interposed after the conflict in saving the life of the host, it was by his hand that the host's son, Colonel Gaona, received a severe wound during the engagement. When he was carried to Mexico, at the end of February, still in a disabled condition, Dr. Kane formally reported to the commander-in-chief the inhuman conduct of Domingues.

In consequence of his wound, Dr. Kane was unable to join the army in his official capacity; he was pronounced "unfit for duty," and was compelled, reluctantly, to turn his face homeward. He arrived, as usual, worn out and disabled; and, as usual, rallied during the summer, under careful nursing. Spite of wounds and diseases, the prin-

ciple of life was strong within him. The next winter, in February, he is again on the sea, attached to a store-ship bound for the Mediterranean. A sad letter on the voyage records in words full of agony a threatened attack of lock-jaw, with "an utter, unqualified conviction of inevitable death." He returned in his ship by the way of Rio, where he gained strength, to Norfolk, in September. The beginning of 1850 found him employed on the coast survey in the Gulf of Mexico, luxuriating in the tenderness of the southern climate to his sensitive frame, and meanwhile, such was the nature of the man, eagerly waiting the result of his application to the department as a volunteer to join the projected government Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. As the most adventurous piece of daring in the service, the duty, trebly hazardous to his enfeebled constitution, presented to him a peculiar fascination. But he was not one of the class of invalids to rust out. If life was to be short, so much the more necessity for concentrating its moments on the most important acts. There is something sublime, under the circumstances, in the resolve of the man.

Henceforth Kane is his own historian in those marvellous narratives of Arctic adventure which confer upon him almost as distinguished fame as a writer as discoverer. Style with him was emphatically the man. Every page is instinct with his emphatic vitality. "On the twelfth of May," he commences the narrative of his first voyage, with that picturesque art which was a part of his mind, "while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, I received one of those courteous little epistles from Washington which the electric telegraph has made so familiar to naval officers. It detached me from the coast survey, and ordered me to 'proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic Expedition.' Seven and a half days later, I had accomplished my overland journey of thirteen hundred miles, and in forty hours more our squadron was beyond the limits of the United States; the department had calculated my travelling time to a nicety."

The story of Sir John Franklin will always be read with interest—his early voyages and journeys, coeval with the modern efforts at discovery, his last sailing forth, never to return, in 1845; the successive efforts made by the British Government for the recovery of his party, linking many distinguished names to his own; the undying faith and energy of Lady Franklin surviving every disappointment, to be successful in solving the sad problem at last. Such is the general outline of a narrative covering a period of fourteen years, crowded with brilliant adventure, studded with the names of Richardson, Ross, Roe, M'Clure, and others, ending with M'Clintock; and firmly incorporated with these, the American DeHaven, Hayes, Kane. The United States expedition, commanded by DeHaven, gallantly undertaken at the instance of Lady Franklin, sailed from New York on the 22d of May, 1850, and consisted of two brigs, the Advance and Rescue presented for the service by Mr. Henry

Grinnell, of New York, accepted and officered by the Navy Department. To the former of these vessels, of one hundred and forty-four tons, Dr. Kane was attached, with the rank of passed assistant surgeon. He was personally unknown to his commander DeHaven when they met on the eve of the voyage, and might readily have been rejected by him on the score of bodily insufficiency. Indeed, Dr. Kane bore the voyage so ill—he was never proof against sea-sickness—that on the arrival of the Advance at the Whale Fish Islands, at the entrance to Baffin's Bay, when an opportunity for a return home presented itself, Lieutenant DeHaven strongly urged him to avail himself of it. That, however, was not in the programme of Dr. Kane. He shortly recovered strength, and proved himself one of the most useful officers of this perilous expedition.

The vessels were at Disco Bay on the twenty-fourth of June. July was passed in tugging up Baffin's Bay, between the great central ice field and the coast of Greenland, the end of the month bringing the party to Melville Bay; thence, with many hardy ice struggles, descending by the northern passage and Lancaster Sound through Barrow Straits to Griffith Island, ascending to an ultimate point in Wellington Channel, where, on the twenty-second of September, the land to the north and west was sighted, to which, by right of discovery, Captain DeHaven gave the name Grinnell, in honor of the father of the expedition. The arctic winter was now upon them. On the first of October the Advance seemed firmly imbedded for the season in a permanent embankment of ice, and the work of preparation for a winter sojourn was commenced. To give greater accommodation to the men, some five tons of coal were taken from the hold and removed to a convenient position on the ice. On the very day this was done, a huge fissure suddenly cut the Advance in a straight northerly and southerly line from the entire floe on the starboard side. The separated piece, parting a six-inch hawser, "retained the exact impression of the ship's side. There it was, with the gangway stairs of ice-block masonry, looking down upon the dark water." On the port side the ice was fixed and enormous. In this position the Advance awaited its fate. On the twelfth of October there is this entry in our traveller's diary: "Midnight. They report us adrift. Wind, a gale from the northward and westward. An odd cruise this! The American expedition fast in a lump of ice about as big as Washington Square, and driving, like the shanty on a raft, before the howling gale." Thence, in this prodigious drift, which had borne them up Wellington Channel since the middle of September, down that passage, through the length of Barrow Straits, across Lancaster Sound to Baffin's Bay, a passive struggle, if we may use the term, of nine months, for they were not entirely free, on an even keel, till the eighth of June of the following year.

Nor let it be supposed that this great transit was without danger or difficulty. In one way the means of communication were provided for, without

any trouble of making sail; but there were all sorts of perilous sensations to be encountered. What with nipping, grinding, crushing, upheaving and such-like incidents of ice formation, stimulated by storms and currents, with the usual severities of the winter in those regions, the expedition was kept in a wholesome state of excitement. The early incidents of the drift were of the most perilous character, when the vessels were in momentary expectation of some fatal disaster with the ice about them in motion. It was expected they would be crushed in the fearful encounter, and at one time in December the company of the Rescue left the brig to take refuge with the Advance, where the prospect was little better. A few words of Dr. Kane's diary may be taken as an index to many pages: "Now the little knapsack is made up again, and the blanket sewed and strapped; the little home Bible at hand, and the ice-clothes ready for a jump." At times, the prospect of taking to the ice would not admit of the sledges which had been prepared being employed, the water about the vessel hardly furnishing a foothold; at others, the mess was marshalled for drill and practice, "with a sledge and four hundred pounds of provender." The timbers and strongly braced cross-beams of the vessel vibrated "so as to communicate the peculiar tremor of a cotton factory." Dr. Kane, meanwhile, studied the heavens, the mid-day sun on the horizon, preceding the mid-day moonlight; occasionally enjoyed a tramp on his ice platform, and sometimes lectured to the crew in the evenings on topics of popular science, the atmosphere, the barometer, etc. "They are not a very intellectual audience," he observes; "but they listen with apparent interest, and express themselves gratefully." Christmas came, and they feasted, laughing and joking, of course with a sober under current of home thoughts. "It was curious," writes Kane, "to observe the depressing influences of each man's home thoughts, and absolutely saddening the effort of each man to impose upon his neighbor, and be very boon and jolly. We joked incessantly, but badly; and laughed incessantly, but badly too." At any rate, they ate, and drank Mr. Grinnell's health, and tumbled up on deck to theatricals, where, under protection of course, the thermometer was six degrees below zero, kindly moderating to four. They had the "Blue Devils," which required a great deal of prompting. "Megrim, with a pair of seal skin boots, bestowed his gold upon the gentle Annette; and Annette, nearly six feet high, received it with mastodonic grace. Annette was an Irishman named Daly, and I might defy human being to hear her, while balanced on the heel of her boot, exclaim, in rich masculine brogue, 'Och, feather!' without roaring." A joke is a thousand-fold a joke in an Arctic drift. Think of celebrating Washington's birthday, as was done on board of the Advance, with the mercury of the ship's thermometer, outside, minus forty-six, "inside, among audience and actors, by aid of lungs, lamps and housings, we got as high as thirty degrees below zero, only sixty-two below the freezing point!—probably the lowest

atmospheric record of a theatrical representation." But our object here is not to paint the rigors of an Arctic winter—only to afford a glimpse of Dr. Kane's endurance, and his cheerfulness and resources under adverse circumstances. Theatrical performances were, of course, but occasional; the daily duties were constant, and foremost among them was the preservation of health for future labors, and of this the charge of course fell to the surgeon of the Advance. The success of the expedition in this respect was greatly owing to his example and energy.

After a visit to the Greenland settlements of Proven and Uppernavik, an unsuccessful attempt was made to cross the pack with a view to resuming the search through Wellington Channel, when Capt. DeHaven, following his instructions, turned homewards. The Alliance reached New York, September 30, 1851; the Rescue, shortly afterwards.

Kane was no sooner home than he turned his attention to a second expedition to the region he had left behind him. It was his desire at first to start the ensuing spring, but other duties were in store for him—the most serious, attendance at the bedside of a dying younger brother, a youth of fifteen, another heroic member of the family. Then his book, the account of his voyage, was in preparation, and the exacting, unaccustomed labor taxed his strength heavily. He appears to have published nothing before, if we except his medical treatise; his letters do not seem to have been frequent, and though, when he did take pen in hand, he always wrote to the purpose, it was evidently altogether from impulse, not from any great desire or trained habit of writing. This, while it was an advantage to him in one respect, was an inconvenience in another. It gave to his writing an unhackneyed spirit and freshness; but when method and exactness were required and his fastidiousness could not dispense with them, dash and brilliancy could serve him little. They could not spare him the drudgery which belongs more or less to all regular authorship, especially with topics of a scientific nature. When the book was written, it proved a bright, intelligent picture of its subject, and an honest representation of the man, perfectly self-reflecting and as remarkably modest and truthful. His ready use of his pencil in the illustrations which he added to the book, showed the taste and capacity of a good artist, and were admirable accompaniments to his picturesque language.

This work which, in recognition of the joint nature of the exploration, bore the title, "The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin—A Personal Narrative," was going through the press, having been delayed on the eve of publication, in December, by the fire of the Messrs. Harpers' establishment in New York, where it was printed, when its author started on his second Arctic journey. This was still more of a private enterprise than the other. Mr. Grinnell again furnished the Advance, the eminent merchant, Mr. Peabody, paid largely, the Geographical and other societies made important contributions, the Navy Department, at Washington, also lent its aid; while Dr. Kane, himself, bestowed

considerable sums, the proceeds of lectures delivered by him the previous winter, on Arctic discovery. By the intelligent aid of Mr. Kennedy, at the time Secretary of the Navy, an order had been issued, connecting the Expedition to a certain extent with the government. His plan was to unite an overland expedition with his maritime adventure, to sail to a northern point of Greenland, disembark, and traverse the country on sledges to an open Polar sea, of which he inferred the existence, when he might examine the coast lines for traces of the missing Sir John Franklin and his men.

The Advance, with Dr. Kane as its commander, Henry Brooks, first-officer, Dr. Isaac J. Hayes, surgeon, August Sontag, astronomer, and a crew of fourteen men, ten sent by the navy department, set sail from New York on her second voyage, on the 30th May, 1853. The instructions of the Secretary of the Navy, in accordance with the plans of Dr. Kane, were "to conduct an overland journey, from the upper waters of Baffin's Bay to the shores of the Polar Seas." Traversing the waters of Baffin's Bay, the Advance penetrated with difficulty the upper waters along the coasts of Greenland, till her further movements were finally arrested by the ice, in the distant latitude 78° 43′ N., reached at the end of August. On the tenth of September, the brig was fairly frozen in at a spot, named by Dr. Kane, Rensselaer Harbor, and there, on the eighth of June, 1855, she was finally abandoned. This interval of twenty-one months, including the rigors of two winters, spent under terrific hardships, comprehends the period of exploration and discovery of the expedition; if we may except from this honorable designation, the severe trials and experiences of the final retreat. It was variously occupied in tours of examination along the far coast of Greenland to the open northern sea, the discovery of which confirmed to a great extent, the previous theories of the commander. The history of these explorations, vividly recorded in the pages of Dr. Kane's volumes, presents one of the most formidable struggles ever encountered with the obstacles of nature, by the courage and physical strength of man. To the absolute privations of cold were added the most fearful forms of spasmodic disease in lock-jaw, which, like the pestilence of Apollo among the Trojans, extended its ravages to the swift dogs—a main dependence of the party. Fifty-seven of these indispensable animals, procured on the voyage at the Esquimaux settlements below, perished the first season, while the men were racked with these unaccustomed tortures in "the lengthened cold and darkness." In March, a party was organized for exploration from the brig, under Mr. Brooks. They were met, on the ninth day, by a heavy gale, with the thermometer fifty-seven degrees below zero; the leader and three of his companions were so frozen as to be incapable of further motion, and were left with one attendant, while the rest returned to the Advance for succor. Dr. Kane took the command of the relief party, providentially struck the trail, and reached

the small canvas tent of his comrades, almost covered with the snow-drift. Twice he fainted on the way in the snow, in this unbroken march of twenty-one hours, with the thermometer in the neighborhood of fifty degrees below zero. The return to the brig was equally hazardous. The invalids were packed in bales on the single sledge, and so they were borne over and around the ridgy hummocks of that fearful march by their companions. Life was preserved only by a hand to hand fight with death, and at the end of a journey of eighty-one sleepless hours out of eighty-four, there was not one, says Kane, whose mind was found to be unimpaired. Jefferson Baker, one of the party, died within two days of lock-jaw.

Other journeys, determining the coast line, were undertaken in April and May, under the command of Dr. Kane, and in June by Dr. Hayes. And in the next month, William Morton, with Hans Heindrick, penetrating to the most distant point yet reached in this direction, at the latitude of about eighty-one, discovered to the northwest, a channel and the expected open sea. There, looking forth "from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded an horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his farther progress."[1] Morton gratefully called this cape after the name of his commander, but Kane, with characteristic modesty, named it Constitution. To the vast northerly inland region of Greenland, he gave the name Washington.

The hardships of the second winter endured by the brig's company were an aggravation of those of the first. The health of the men was greatly impaired, and their scant provision compelled them to use articles of food which induced scurvy. "Mr. Bonsall and myself only," says Kane of this trying time, "remained able to attend upon the sick and carry on the daily work of the ship, if that name could still appropriately designate the burrow which we inhabited." "A set of scurvy-riddled, broken-down men," he elsewhere calls his company at this time. It was a matter of duty, Kane thought, to stand by his vessel, and not risk the chances of leaving her on the edge of winter; but, thinking the case a peculiar one, he left his men free to follow their own determination. Consequently, at the end of August, eight of the party, with Dr. Hayes, the surgeon of the expedition, having received a liberal portion of the supplies, set out on their journey to the settlements. The hardships which they experienced, recounted in Dr. Hayes' published narrative, like the books of his commander, a memorable record of courage and endurance, confirmed the worst anticipations from their setting out. They were obliged to return to the ship in December from their protracted journey. These, however, or the like adventures, were to be repeated by all in the early summer of the next year, when the vessel was abandoned, and a journey,

[1] Kane's 2d Expedition, I. 305.

partly by boats, partly by sledges, encountering the most arduous difficulties of Arctic travel, brought the company to Upernavik on the sixth of August, 1855. There they took passage in a Danish vessel, with the expectation of being landed at the Shetland Isles, when, touching on the voyage at Disco Bay, they were opportunely met by the vessels, the Relief and Advance, sent out by the government, under the command of Captain Hartstene, for their recovery. The meeting of the friends in the harbor—terminating the long series of trials of Kane and the brave and adventurous voyaging of Hartstene—simply but vividly narrated in the closing passages of Dr. Kane's second narrative, is a meet conclusion of these heroic wanderings. "We were on the eve of setting out," says Kane in these last sentences, alluding to the Danish vessel then at Lievely, "when the look-out man at the hill-top announced a steamer in the distance. It drew near, with a barque in tow, and we soon recognized the stars and stripes of our own country. The Faith[1] was lowered for the last time into the water, and the little flag which had floated so near the poles of both hemispheres, opened once more to the breeze. . . . Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt, 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

The party reached New York on the eleventh of October, and the city and country hailed their arrival; for several years of trial on that distinguished theatre of action had fixed the minds of the people upon these gallant adventurers. The extent of the interest created may be judged by the avidity with which the somewhat expensive narrative of the last voyage was subscribed for—the sale reaching in one year the hitherto unprecedented number, for a work of the kind, of sixty-five thousand copies. In the preparation of this work Kane was soon diligently engaged; but, as he had left his previous book on its completion to sail to the north, so he was compelled to run away from the completed manuscript of the second—to regain the health, if possible, which he had lost while writing it. He dates his preface the fourth of July, but the appendix continued to occupy him. The book had just been published when its author sailed to Europe from New York in the Collins' steamer Baltic, the tenth of October, 1856, "accompanied," in the words of Dr. Elder, "by the faithful Morton, who had gone with him to the world's end, and was now to go with him to the end of his life." Consumptive symptoms were now added to his old difficulties, which were aggravated by the fogs of London at the untimely season of his arrival. He passed but eight days in the capital, and was too ill to attend the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, which sent its President to his lodgings with its resolutions

[1] The boat which they had brought from the Advance, now preserved at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

of admiration. Following medical advice, he sailed immediately for a warmer latitude in the West Indies, reached St. Thomas, became fearfully ill on his voyage thence to Cuba, which he reached on Christmas Day. Here, at Havana, joined by his mother and brother from New York, he lingered out the feeble remnant of life till the day of his death, having just completed his thirty-seventh year, the sixteenth of February, 1857.

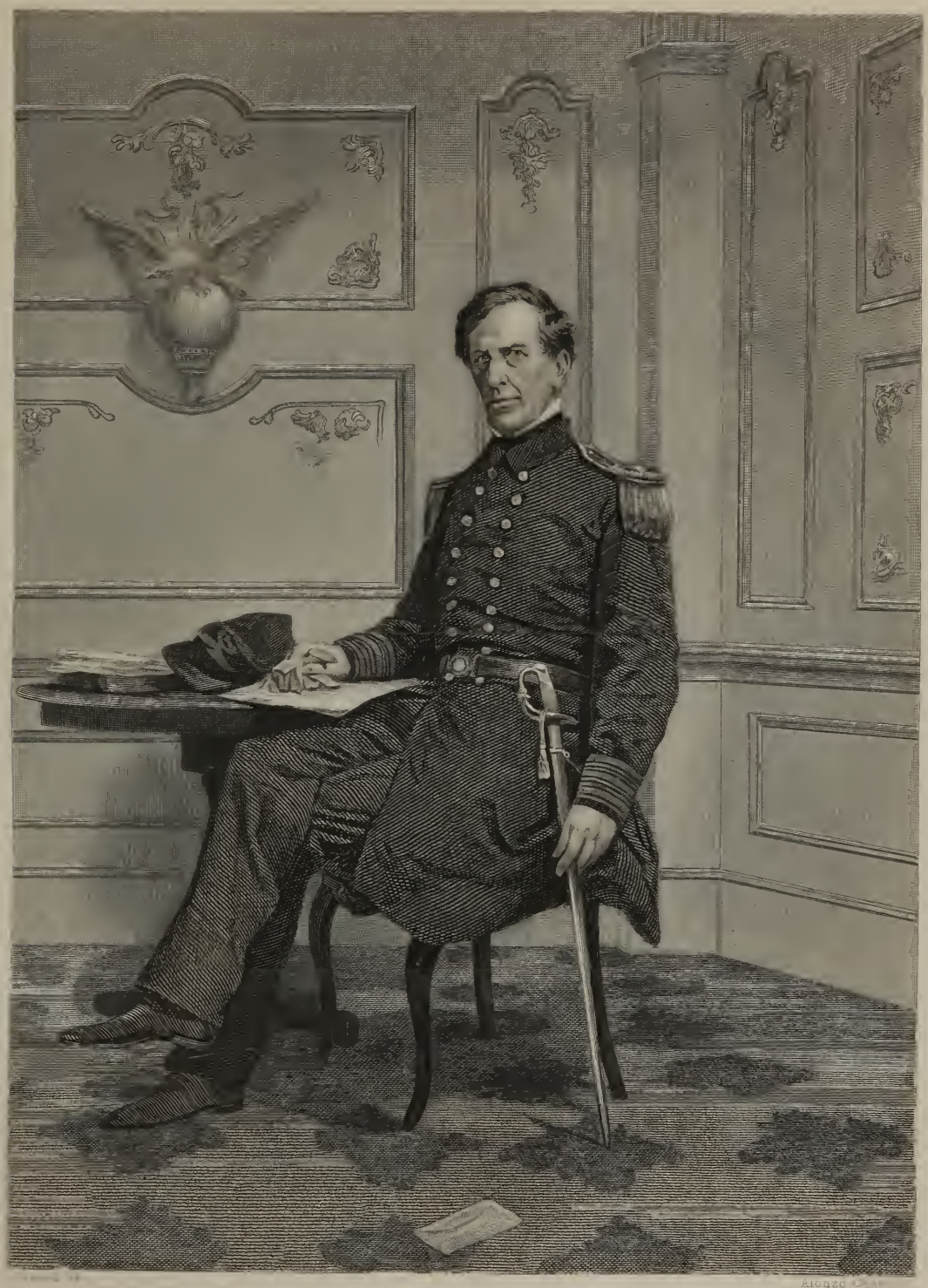
Every honor was paid the remains of the voyager whose fate it was to die in the city which held the ashes of Columbus. The University and the authorities of Havana, the citizens of New Orleans, of Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Baltimore, through which cities his body was conducted in one great funeral procession to Philadelphia, marked the occasion by appropriate ceremonies. The services at Philadelphia were peculiarly imposing. His remains were finally laid in the family tomb at Laurel Hill cemetery.

The superiority of mind to body never had a more striking illustration than in the case of Dr. Kane. He triumphed by sheer energy of will. The fiery spirit which might have worn out others quickened and exalted him. In his vivid conceptions and striking language he was essentially a poet—one of those who lives thrice the life of common men in quickness and sensibility. So that we may not pronounce his life short or his death untimely. His eager spirit wrung from fate a triumph ant experience seldom granted even to fourscore. He achieved fame and success in the eye of the world in a noble sphere of action, and has left a most enduring monument of his exertions in his truthful and eloquent writings. Had he lived, he doubtless would have added to his fame a great reputation in science, upon which his mind was bent; but he has left enough in this department to cause his name for that also to be permanently remembered

CHARLES WILKES.

This eminent naval officer was born in the city of New York, in the year 1801. Of a family and connexions of high standing in the community, he chose the navy for a pursuit, at a time when its heroes of the war of 1812 were at the height of their reputation, and the enticements of the profession were most fascinating to an ingenuous youth. He entered the service about the age of fifteen. He was with Commodore McDonough on the Mediterranean station, in 1819 and 1820, and the following year with Commodore Stewart on the Pacific, where he acquired a reputation by his services which gained him a separate command. He was promoted in 1826, to a lieutenancy. In 1830, he was appointed to the charge of the depot of charts and instruments at Washington, when, says his biographer, in "Appleton's Cyclopædia," "he was the first in the United States to set up fixed astronomic instruments and observe with them. The observatory was in his own garden, where he was prevented from enclosing in a permanent structure the stone piers to which his instruments were attached, by an informal notice from the Navy Department that a National Observatory was unconstitutional." He was subsequently engaged in a difficult and successful survey of George's Bank.

When the United States Government had, after many suggestions on the subject, finally resolved, agreeably to the precedents of various European nations, upon setting on foot a National Exploring Expedition on a liberal scale, Lieutenant Wilkes was chosen its commander. The act of Congress authorizing the expedition, was passed in the spring of 1836. Its main object was to facilitate American commerce in the interests of the whale fisheries and other advantages in the vast middle and South Pacific ocean, by a thorough exploration of that sea with its various groups of islands, and the preparation of accurate charts for the safety of future voyagers. Ample provision was made in the appointment of scientific men of well settled reputation, to take charge of the different departments of observation. Two naturalists, Charles Pickering and T. R. Peale; a mineralogist, James D. Dana; a botanist, William Rich; a philologist, Horatio Hale; two draughtsmen, Joseph Drayton and Alfred Agate, were among the persons of this class assigned to the expedition. Five vessels were selected for the service, the sloops of war Vincennes and Peacock, the brig Porpoise, and two



Alonzo Chappel

Charles Wilkes

New York pilot boats converted into the tenders renamed Sea-gull and Flying Fish. These constituted the squadron of which Lieutenant Wilkes was appointed commander. His instructions, prepared by the Secretary of the Navy, the eminent author J. K. Paulding, marked out the track of the expedition. It was to sail from Norfolk by way of Rio Janeiro to the Rio Negro and Terra del Fuego, where the Porpoise, with the tenders, was to proceed to an exploration of the southern antarctic. Rejoining its comrades, the whole squadron, after sweeping a vast track of the southern ocean, were to put in to Valparaiso for supplies, visit next various groups of islands, the Navigators, Feejee and others, making for Sydney in New Holland, whence a second attempt was to be made to penetrate within the antarctic region south of Van Dieman's land. The Sandwich Islands, with the north west coast of America, Oregon, and California were afterward to be visited, when the expedition, coming to the Sea of Japan and the coasts of China, was to return home by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. Such was the comprehensive plan entrusted to Lieutenant Wilkes and his able coadjutors. Its execution occupied nearly four years from the date of leaving Norfolk in August, 1838, to the return to New York in June, 1842. The design was successfully carried out, the various lands indicated were visited, and abundant observations taken of their political, social, physical, and material conditions; of what nature had done for them, and how man was employing his opportunities. In addition to the survey of regions within the usual path of commerce, the adventure and original observations in the antarctic cruise in the beginning of 1840, entitled the expedition to the honors of discovery. For this and other contributions to scientific knowledge in this extensive voyage, Lieutenant Wilkes was awarded the gold medal of the Geographical Society of London. In 1845, he published his "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition," in five volumes, amply illustrated by the artists who accompanied him. It is not merely an interesting account of the various vicissitudes and sea-adventures of the voyage, but a valuable summary of the multifarious knowledge acquired in the different departments of the expedition.

In 1849, commander Wilkes published a second work entitled "Western America, including California and Oregon," which was welcomed for its important contributions to the knowledge of a region whose sudden rise as the seat of empire on the Pacific was to be a wonder even among the rapid triumphs of American civilization. Captain Wilkes—he attained the rank in 1855—continued to be employed in home duty till, in the first year of the rebellion, he was sent in command of the steamsloop San Jacinto, to the coast of Africa. It was on his return from this voyage that an event occurred which brought Captain Wilkes prominently before the world and engrafted his name on the history of maritime jurisprudence.

On his approach to the American

coast, Captain Wilkes, at the island of St. Thomas, learning of the movements of the Confederate war vessel Sumter, went in search of her in the Gulf of Mexico. Hearing that the Confederate ambassadors Messrs. Mason and Slidell had escaped the blockade of Charleston, and were on their way to Europe, he resolved to intercept them. The vessel in which they had embarked reached Havana, where the ambassadors took passage in the British steamer Trent. Assuring himself to his satisfaction of his legal rights in the premises, Captain Wilkes determined to lie in wait for the Trent and remove her "contraband" passengers. He accordingly, on the eighth of November, 1861, stopped the Trent in the Bahama Channel, off the coast of Cuba, and demanded the surrender of the "ambassadors." The proceeding was conducted with all due courtesy, but naturally in the existing temper of British officials, produced something of a scene on board the steamer. "Much persuasion," says Captain Wilkes, "was employed, and a little force," when the ambassadors and their secretaries of the legation were secured and carried off in triumph. On the 15th, the San Jacinto, with her extraordinary passengers, reached Hampton Roads, whence she proceeded to New York, where she was met by an order to carry the prisoners to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor. At Boston, at New York, and elsewhere, Captain Wilkes was feted for his energetic proceeding, which was generally commended. The lawyers approved of the act, and Captain Wilkes justified the arrest of the ambassadors as "the embodiment of despatches," a solution as ingenious as General Butler's solution of the negro difficulty in an early period of the war, by liberating and employing the colored man under the new name which he gave him of "contraband." Congress also, at the opening of the session, endorsed the act, but the Government did not commit itself. The subject passed into the hands of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, who, anticipating the demands of England, held the affair open for diplomatic consideration. The claims of Great Britain were consequently met with dignity, and though Messrs. Mason and Slidell were surrendered, some important American principles regarding the rights of neutrals were established in the dis cussion.

Subsequently to this affair, in 1862, Captain Wilkes was raised to the rank of Commodore, and in August of that year was placed in command of the flotilla in James' River. He afterward, as acting Rear Admiral, sailed in com mand of a squadron sent in quest of the Confederate privateers or vessels of war in the West Indies.

W. I. Watt

WILLIAM JENKINS WORTH.

This distinguished officer of the Mexican war, who led his gallant division in so many important actions from the first arrival of General Taylor at the Rio Grande to the last victory of General Scott at the capital, was born in Hudson, Columbia county, New York, March 1, 1794. His family was of an old New England stock. We are told, in the brief accounts of his life which have been published, little of his early education. He appears to have been well instructed in the ordinary English branches, and being a youth of decided ability, he needed little more to advance him in the world. It is said that when he was quite young he was engaged as a clerk in a store at Albany; but he could not have been long employed in merchandise, for we find him at the age of eighteen, on the breaking out of the war of 1812, occupied in the service of General Morgan Lewis as his secretary, and in the spring of the following year accompanying that officer to the scene of military operations on the Canada frontier with the rank of lieutenant. In the capture of Fort George, in the month of May, he acted as aid to General Lewis, and in the following November reappears in the engagement at Chrystler's Farm on the St. Lawrence, his name being especially mentioned with honor in the dispatch of General Boyd, who commanded on that occasion.

He continued in service on the frontier, and in the spring of the following year was diligently employed in studying the art of war in the drill operations and manœuvres of General Scott's celebrated "Camp of Instruction" at Buffalo. We learn this from the correspondence which passed between the young officer and his friend General Lewis, who invited him in June to New York to become once more a member of his military family. It was on the eve of the movement of Scott's brigade toward the field of Chippewa that the ardent young soldier replied, "having participated in three months' fatigues of the Camp of Instruction, the enemy being within striking distance, separated only by the Niagara, which we cross on the morrow, and the battle-field in view will, I trust, excuse my choice. The campaign promises to be a stirring one, and you, I am sure, would not pardon my leaving."

A few days after this manly letter was sent the battle of Chippewa was fought, and how well the writer kept the promise of his epistle on that occasion is witnessed in the generous tribute of General Scott to his merits in

the field, where he served as one of his aids. "His zeal and intrepidity won the admiration of the whole brigade." He also received the acknowledgment of his services in promotion to the rank of captain. He was, again, in the sequel of this fight in the campaign, the still more deadly engagements at Niagara and Lundy's Lane. In that series of close encounters few who did their duty could escape, and Worth, like the brave officer whom he served, bore with him painful proof of valor from the field. He was incapacitated for further duty in the war now approaching its close by his severe wound; but he bore with him to his retirement the dearest rewards of the soldier in the honors of that brilliant campaign on the Niagara River. "The conduct of Captain Worth, my aid-de-camp," wrote General Scott in his dispatch to the war department, "was marked with his usual skill and gallantry. I had already derived much benefit from his services, when he received a wound, at the moment believed to be mortal, in the act of passing through a blaze of fire to communicate an order. His conduct in this second affair will not only bear a comparison with his own services in the first, but with the services of any other officer of his rank in either action." In recompense for these distinguished services, he received the further rank of major.

Major Worth was for a year confined to his bed and room by his wound, which left him with a lameness for life. On his recovery he was appointed commandant at West Point, and served for many years at that military academy as instructor of tactics. In 1824, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1832, he received his commission as major of ordnance. In 1835, he was voted a sword by the legislature of New York for his ability as an officer and for his personal bravery in the battles of the late war with Great Britain. In 1838, as colonel of the eighth regiment of infantry, he was employed on the Niagara frontier in allaying the disturbance excited by the insurgent Bill Johnson, in what is known as the patriot war. His firmness and consideration in the discharge of this delicate duty exhibited the higher qualities of the soldier.

It was his good fortune, also, after the laborious efforts of many distinguished officers who had taken part in the vexatious struggle, to bring the Florida war to a termination. He was the last officer placed in command by the government in that region, succeeding General Armistead at the head-quarters of the army at Tampa Bay, on the 31st of May, 1841. The war had then been in progress for more than five years accumulating about the army a herd of camp followers, civilians who fattened on the government contracts for provisions, transportation, and the numerous necessities of the army in this novel and difficult region. "The army of Florida," says the historian of the war, "had become a component part of a civil government, to which it was in many respects subservient. The influences operating were unmilitary in character and effect."[1] It was necessary

[1] Sprague's Florida War, p. 268.

to break through this system as well as to follow up the enemy with vigor. The first order of the new commander exhibits the spirit with which he encountered the work before him. It enjoins that all expenditures of money on account of barracks, etc., at temporary posts, except such slight covering as might be indispensable, must be first sanctioned at head-quarters; it revokes all safeguards and passports granted to Indians, thus cutting off a prolific source of treachery; it requires the incessant scouring of the country adjacent to the numerous posts, removing all restraints previously imposed upon district commanders in respect to offensive field operations, and provides for three reports each month of the results of this activity. The energy imparted by proceedings like these brought the war to an early termination. In April, 1842, Colonel Worth himself directed the movements and bore part in the decisive engagement which led to the capture of the redoubtable chieftain Halleck Tustenuggee, the last formidable supporter of the war. The greater part of the remaining hostile Indians were removed from the country, and in August the pacification was pronounced complete.

Worth, ever acquitting himself with honor where distinction was attainable, always came out of his campaigns with fresh promotion. His well-earned titles were the result of actual service. Thus, as we have seen, his conduct at Chippewa and Niagara followed by his brevet commissions as captain and major, and his lieutenant-colonelship following "ten years faithful service in the grade of brevet major;" so, for his "gallantry and highly distinguished services as commander of the forces in the war against the Florida Indians," he received, in August, 1842, the commission of brigadier-general by brevet.

On the first movement of the army of occupation toward the Rio Grande, the initial step of the war with Mexico, General Worth was with the force of General Taylor, gallantly leading the way in the first venturous crossing of the Colorado. When the army reached its station opposite Matamoras, he was employed in the preliminary conferences with the Mexican authorities at that place. In one of these unsatisfactory negotiations he was met by General Vega, with whom he sustained a spirited colloquy on the relations of the two countries. The replies of General Worth were direct and to the point. "Is it," he was asked, "the intention of General Taylor to remain on the left bank of the Rio Grande?" "Most assuredly," was his answer, "and there to remain until directed otherwise by his government." The Mexican General thereupon expressed his indignation at seeing the American flag on the bank of the river on Mexican territory. "That," replied Worth, "is a matter of taste; but notwithstanding, there it would remain." He also remarked that General Mejia, then in chief command at Matamoras, might, "by a very simple operation, determine when and where the war should begin, but it would be for the United States to say when and where it should end."[1]

Owing to some unlucky agitation of

[1] Thorpe's "Our Army on the Rio Grande," p. 22.

a point of etiquette, which led to his resignation of his commission, General Worth was not present in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, but their echoes speedily called him again to the field. He withdrew his resignation, hastened to the camp at Matamoras, and in the subsequent advance upon Monterey was entrusted with one of the most important movements of the siege. He had the independent command of the operations on the western side of the town, General Taylor himself personally directing those on the east and south. The success of both was indispensable to the successful issue of the 23d of September. General Worth turned the greater works of the city and cut off the enemy's retreat on their rear, making a simultaneous advance into the heart of the city with the storming parties from the other side. This advantage was not, however, gained without hard fighting. He had first to take some formidable defences which lay in his path. On the 21st, he directed the storming of the works commanding on one side of the valley the approach to the town—the forts named Federacion and Soldado. They were gallantly carried under his orders, and the advantage of position thus gained led the next day to the conquest of the chief remaining work on that side, the fortified hill on which the Bishop's Palace was situated. The city was then open to the invaders. On the morning of the 23d, General Worth, hearing a heavy fire from the opposite quarter, concluded that a main attack by General Taylor was in progress, and resolved to second it by storming the town. The details of the operation, as given in his dispatch, will show something of the courage and spirit with which this contest, on the third day of hard fighting, was carried on. An attack like this, in open daylight in the streets of a city where every house was in a measure a fortress, could hardly be excelled in peril. "Two columns of attack were organized, to move along the two principal streets, leading from our position in the direction of the great plaza, composed of light troops slightly extended, with orders to mask the men whenever practicable; avoid those points swept by the enemy's artillery; to press on to the first plaza, Capella; to get hold of the ends of the streets beyond, then enter the buildings, and by means of picks and bars break through the longitudinal section of the walls; work from house to house, and, ascending to the roofs, to place themselves upon the same breast-height with the enemy. Light artillery by sections and pieces followed at suitable intervals, covered by reserves to guard the pieces, and the whole operation against the probable enterprises of cavalry upon our left. This was effectually done by seizing and commanding the head of every cross street. The streets were, at different and well-chosen points, barricaded by heavy masonry walls, with embrasures for one or more guns, and in every instance well supported by cross batteries. These arrangements of defence gave to our operations at this moment a complicated character, demanding much care and precaution; but the work went on steadily, simultaneously and success-

fully. About the time our assault commenced, the fire ceased from our force in the opposite quarter. Disengaged on the one side, the enemy was enabled to shift men and guns to our quarter, as was soon manifested by accumulation of fire. At dark we had worked through the walls and squares, and reached to within one block of the great plaza, leaving a covered-way in our rear; carried a large building which towered over the principal defences, and during the night and ensuing morning, crowned its roof with two howitzers and a six-pounder. All things were now prepared to renew the assault at dawn of day, when a flag was sent in, asking a momentary suspension of fire, which led to the capitulation upon terms so honorable to our arms."[1] At the head of the American commissioners who negotiated this capitulation stood General Worth, and to him was appropriately assigned the government of the town when the enemy withdrew. The department at Washington again responded to the gallant deeds of Brigadier-General Worth, conferring upon him by a commission dated May 4, 1847, the rank of major-general by brevet, from the 23d September, 1846, the day of the surrender, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey."

After these scenes, General Worth was stationed with his division at Saltillo, prepared to take part in the onward expedition of General Taylor into the heart of Mexico, when the movements of that line of the army were suddenly arrested to favor the new campaign under General Scott, directed to the capital by way of Vera Cruz. Foremost among the forces of the army of the Rio Grande, diverted to the approaching enterprise, was the command of regulars under General Worth. He made preparations for his departure to the new scene of operations in January, and was with General Scott at the first landing of his forces at Vera Cruz. To him was accorded the post of honor in leading the way in the disembarkation of the troops, and when this brilliant operation of the 9th of March, 1847, was successfully accomplished, to Worth's division was assigned the important position on the southeast of the city. His brigade had its full share of the arduous duties of the investment and siege—duties formidable under any circumstances, but enhanced in this case by the inclemency of the climate and the want of the usual facilities for land operations. The batteries, however, once in order, were served with terrible effect, and the result was the capitulation on the twenty-seventh of the month, negotiated on the part of the Americans by a commission, of which General Worth was placed at the head. He had performed the like service, as we have seen, at Monterey, and again, as at that place, was placed in command of the conquered city.

He remained at Vera Cruz, organizing his military government of the city and castle, till the army took its departure toward the capital, when he followed with his division, coming up in time to take part in the first great

[1] General Worth's Report to Major Bliss, Monterey, September 28, 1846.

action at the pass of Cerro Gordo. He led his brigade in the arduous service on the left of the Mexican line, supporting General Twiggs in turning the enemy's position, and when the heights were conquered and the foe discomfited and flying, he pursued them with his division with characteristic energy, entering Jalapa in advance of the army on the day after the battle, the 19th of April, and leading on his men to the occupation of the town and castle of Perote on the twenty-second. Still in advance, on the 15th of May, General Worth entered Puebla. There the army rested, the Home Government credulously intent on peace negotiations and slowly forwarding the means of continuing the war. At length, reinforcements having arrived, and the troops having been kept in an efficient state of drill under the eye of such experienced masters of tactics as the commander-in-chief, General Worth and his associates, the army began its march on the 7th of August for the city of Mexico.

The disposition of the troops, it will be remembered, in this last great movement of the army, was at first on the near approaches to the city of Mexico by the national road, the advance post being as far advanced as Ayotla, leading to the eastern entrance of the city. It was General Scott's grand strategic plan, however, not to encounter the formidable defences on this side, but to turn them if possible by a roundabout movement, through the rugged, but, as it proved, not insurmountable region, which was less defended, to the westward. In this retrograde movement round the Lake of Chalco, the troops stationed in the rear came to lead the advance, and as General Worth's first division was in such a position, it fell to him to open the way by the new road cut by the army as it proceeded to the south and west of the lake. On the 17th of August, after a march of some difficulty, he occupied San Augustin, which was taken as the base of the new operations. His division thus constituted the right wing of the army, the left being pushed toward the enemy's defences at Contreras. In front of him was the fortified position of San Antonio. The heights of Contreras were gallantly stormed by General Smith on the morning of the twentieth, and simultaneously with this brilliant success, General Worth had advanced from his position before San Augustin, driven the enemy out of San Antonio, and pushed on to the intrenchments at Cherubusco, where he opened the engagement. The portion of the victory which fell to his division was at the bridge or *tête-de-pont*, which was taken by his second brigade of infantry at the point of the bayonet. The capture of this position determined the day. It became a means of assault upon the remaining defences; the enemy, including the large reserve of Santa Anna, was overpowered, and Mexico practically opened to the invaders. General Worth, ardent as ever in pursuit, followed the flying enemy to the very gates of the city.

It was his fortune to be employed in the most adventurous operations of this war to its very close. To him,

when hostilities, after another brief interval for ineffectual peace negotiations, had been resumed, was committed the attack on the works of Molino del Rey, dominated by the fortress of Chapultepec, one of the most perilous and obstinate struggles of the war. In the subsequent storming of the castle, his force acted as a reserve, following in pursuit to the city when the work was taken. It was his design to enter the city and take possession of its National Palace. His path led over a causeway beset by fires of musketry from the buildings along the road, a battery in front and another in its rear, at the gate of the city. To meet these perils he borrowed a lesson from the enemy, turning their own works upon them. He planted two mountain howitzers on buildings higher than the rest on either side, thus sweeping the neighboring houses and the road. Entering the first houses, the men worked their way with pickaxes and crowbars from house to house, burrowing through walls and ascending the roofs, till, as General Scott remarks in his dispatch, "the assailants were soon in an equality of position fatal to the enemy." By evening the two batteries were carried, and the San Cosmo gate only remained between General Worth and the great plaza in the heart of the city. That night of the memorable 13th of September, the civil authorities, the military commander having left the place, brought overtures of surrender to General Worth. The next day the American occupation of the city was perfected.

The war being completed, General Worth was ordered to the department of Texas. His death occurred while he was stationed on that service at San Antonio, May 7, 1849. His remains were brought to New York, under direction of the corporation of the city, and temporarily interred in the cemetery at Greenwood, whence they were removed on Evacuation day, November 25th, 1857, with public honors, to the tomb prepared below the imposing monument to his memory which the city of New York had caused to be erected on one of the most conspicuous sites in the city, on Madison square, on a gore of land between Broadway and the Fifth Avenue. The ceremonies were conducted with unusual pomp. A large military procession conducted the remains to the tomb, the seventy-first regiment of state militia being detailed as a guard of honor; the religious exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, once a soldier under the gallant general at whose funeral rites he was now assisting; dedication Masonic ceremonies were performed, and an oration was delivered by the Hon. Fernando Wood, the mayor of the city. The monument is a striking shaft of granite, inscribed with a long roll of battles, from a solid base, decorated with a bas-relief representing the gallant hero mounted on a spirited steed, leading his men to victory

EDWIN VOSE SUMNER.

This eminent military officer, whose veteran services in successive campaigns, among the most arduous of the war of the Rebellion, especially entitle his memory to grateful recollection among his countrymen, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1796. He was educated at his native city and at the neighboring academy at Milton. Unlike most of the officers of the army, he was not a student at West Point. He entered the service March 3d, 1819, with the appointment from the commander-in-chief, General Brown, as second-lieutenant of the second infantry. He served in this regiment in the Black Hawk War, and in various duties, with credit and efficiency, till, in the year 1833, he was transferred to the second dragoons with the rank of captain. This brought him into active service, on the western frontier, among the Indian tribes—a duty which was varied, in 1838, by his appointment to the command of the cavalry school of practice at Carlisle Barracks, in Pennsylvania—an employment for which his skill and energy as a disciplinarian peculiarly fitted him. In 1846, after twenty-seven years of military service, he attained the rank of major in his regiment of dragoons.

The breaking out of the Mexican War provided him a new field of duty, with an adequate opportunity for the display of his abilities. He was with the army of General Scott from its landing to its arrival at the capital, and was distinguished at every point where he had an opportunity for action. In a successful charge upon a body of lancers at the bridge of Medelin, near Vera Cruz, in his command of the mounted rifles in the assault at Cerro Gordo, where he was wounded, and for his gallantry in which affair he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel; and especially in his services at El Molino del Rey, where, constantly under fire, he maintained his position, and held in check a body of five thousand Mexican lancers, thus contributing materially to the success of the American army. For this new proof of his merits he was brevetted Colonel. In July, 1848, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the first dragoons. In 1851, and for the two following years, he was in command of the military department of New Mexico, and for a part of the time acted as civil governor. In 1854 he visited Europe on official business, to report on certain improvements in the cavalry service, and on his return was, in 1855, promoted to the colonelcy of the first cavalry regiment, on its organization in that year. This brought

E. V. Sumner

him again into service on the frontier. Among other duties which he discharged at this time was the successful conduct of an expedition, in 1857, against a hostile band of Cheyenne warriors in Kansas Territory. The following year he was appointed to the command of the Western Department, and rendered efficient service in Kansas by his mingled energy and moderation in the maintenance of order in the midst of the political and social difficulties of the territory.

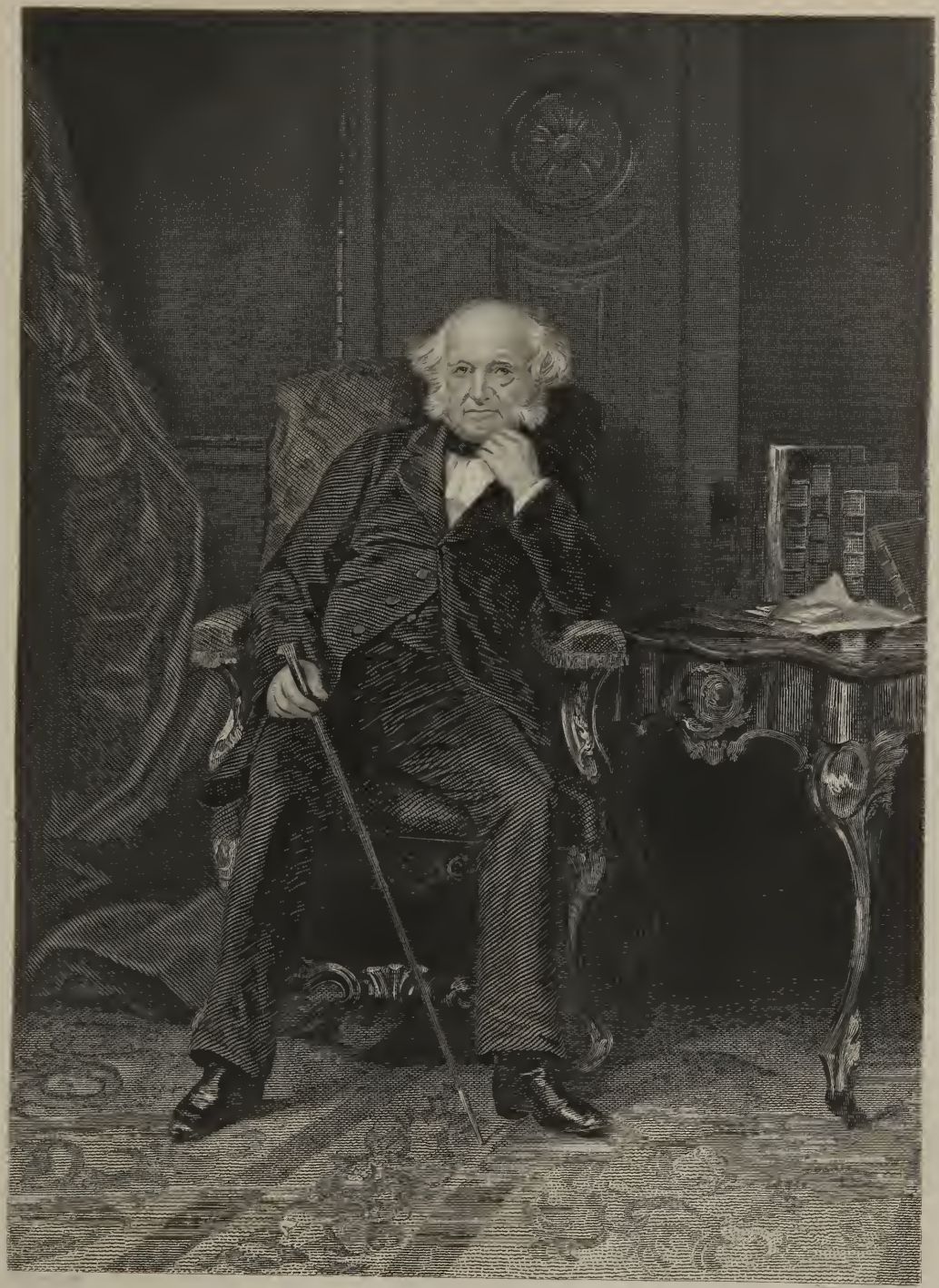
The outbreak of the Rebellion found him with the rank of colonel, which was soon, however, exchanged for a position more worthy of his long and patriotic service. On the defection of General Twiggs, and the removal of the name of that officer from the roll of the army in disgrace, Colonel Sumner was appointed to the vacant brigadiership. He was now sent to the Department of the Pacific, in California, whence, he was, in the spring of 1862, called to active service in the Army of the Potomac, then rapidly completing its organization under General McClellan. In the campaign on the Peninsula he was actively employed, from the siege of Yorktown to the final retreat to the James River. When an attack was made by the enemy in force upon the Union Army, then within a few miles of Richmond, at Seven Pines, General Sumner, who was stationed on the left bank of the Chickahominy, by his prompt passage of that river with his corps, turned the fortunes of the day in the repulse of the Confederates at Fair Oaks. He was equally distinguished by his services in the Seven Days' Battles which succeeded, and in which he was slightly wounded. Having received the rank of major-general of volunteers and brevet major-general in the regular army, we find him in command of the second corps, in McClellan's brief campaign in Maryland in September, 1862, when, at the hard-fought battle of Antietam, he was again wounded. Continuing with the Army of the Potomac on its transfer to the command of General Burnside, he was with that officer, in command of the second and ninth corps, forming the right grand division at the battle of Fredericksburg. His division was the first to cross the Rappahannock. Its attacks upon the enemy's position were made with the greatest gallantry, and in the disastrous returns of the day it reported the heaviest losses.

When General Hooker succeeded General Burnside in the command of the Army of the Potomac, General Sumner was relieved at his own request. He was next appointed to the command of the Department of Missouri, but the very day the order was published he was suddenly taken from the world. He died on the 21st March, 1863, after a brief illness, at Syracuse, New York, where he had been for a short time sojourning. He left the reputation of a high-minded, energetic officer. He was distinguished as a disciplinarian, while his integrity and patriotism, through forty-four years of public service, entitle him to a high place among the defenders of his country.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the United States, was born at Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, December 5th, 1782. His name imports his Dutch descent, his family being among the early settlers who came from Holland to the New Netherlands. Abraham Van Buren, the father of Martin, is spoken of as a farmer in moderate circumstances, "an upright, amiable, and intelligent man, of strong common sense, and distinguished for his pacific disposition." He had little opportunity to bestow upon his son a costly classical education; but the boy had the benefit of such instruction as the village school and academy afforded, and its course included "some knowledge of Latin." His quickness and intelligence marked him out for the profession of the law, the study of which he commenced at the early age of fourteen, in the office of Mr. Francis Sylvester, a highly respectable practitioner at Kinderhook. This apparently premature entrance in the training of the profession is accounted for by a former regulation of the bar, which required a seven years' course of instruction, except in the case of those who had received a collegiate degree, when an allowance was made for the usual four years of the undergraduate course.

The young Van Buren was early set to try cases in the Justices' Courts, and as it is always in America but a single step from the lawyer's office to the political arena, he found his way when he was but eighteen to a nominating convention of the Republican party, of a candidate for the State legislature. These and similar employments marked the young man while he was yet a student, for future activity and employment in public affairs. This tendency was increased by his engagement in the last year of his preparatory course in the office of Mr. William P. Van Ness, a distinguished leader of the Republican party in the city of New York, and friend of Aaron Burr. The latter is said to have cultivated the society of the young student at law from Columbia County, and impressed upon him much of his political sagacity in the organization and government of party. In 1803, in his twenty-first year, Mr. Van Buren was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the State, and returned to Kinderhook to begin practice at the law. His half-brother, his mother's son by a first marriage, Mr. James I. Van Alen, afterward a member of Congress, was there established as a lawyer, and the two formed at once a business connection. This part



M Van Buren

ner, who was somewhat of a politician, was attached to the Federal party, which was the ruling influence in the county, and many considerations were urged upon young Van Buren to adopt the prevalent creed. He had, however, chosen his path. "Firmly fixed," says his biographer, Mr. Holland, "by reflection and observation in the political faith of his father, who was a Whig in the Revolution, an anti-Federalist in 1788, and an early supporter of Jefferson, he shrunk not from the severe tests which were applied to the strength and integrity of his convictions. Without patronage, comparatively poor, a plebeian by birth, and not furnished with the advantages of a superior education, he refused to worship either at the shrine of wealth or power, but followed the dictates of his native judgment and benevolent feelings, and hesitated not, in behalf of the cause which he thus adopted, to encounter the utmost violence of his political enemies. That violence soon burst upon his head with concentrated fury. His character was traduced, his person ridiculed, his principles branded as infamous, his integrity questioned, and his abilities sneered at." This is one side of the picture—the opposition of the Federalists; it has another, the partisan friendship of the Republicans. The latter gave the young lawyer and politician their support; he throve in his profession; was married happily, in 1806, to Miss Hannah Hoes, a distant relative on the mother's side; and in 1808 had his first party reward from the Republican state administration of Governor Tompkins, which he had assisted into office. He received the appointment of surrogate of Columbia County, which induced him to remove to the county seat at Hudson, where he devoted himself assiduously to the bar

In politics, as we have seen, Mr. Van Buren was an active participant from the start as an ardent supporter of the Jeffersonian politics of the day. In the State divisions he attached himself to the fortunes of Governor Tompkins, and was prominent in sustaining his anti-bank policy. It was on the latter issue, in opposition to Edward P. Livingston, a bank-democrat supported by the Federalists, that Mr. Van Buren was chosen a State senator from the counties comprising the Middle District. It was a closely contested election, the successful candidate having a majority of only about two hundred in an aggregate vote of twenty thousand.

It was the season of a new Presidential election, the first term of Mr. Madison being about to expire. As it was the custom at that time to nominate the State electors by a caucus of the political parties in the legislature, Mr. Van Buren was, of course, called upon to participate in their decision. The Republican members had already, in their spring session, nominated De Witt Clinton for that high office, a nomination to which Mr. Van Buren now gave his support. This brought him in a quasi union with the Federalists, who gave their support to Mr. Clinton, and has led his biographers to take particular pains to exhibit his adherence to the war policy of the administration at Washington, toward which, at the outset at least, Mr. Clinton had

been opposed. But whatever doubts may have been thrown over his views by this accidental party relation, seeming to compromise his thorough-going republicanism, his adherence to war measures was made explicit enough in the Address which he prepared as chairman of the committee nominating Governor Tompkins for reëlection in 1813, and by his subsequent advocacy in the legislature of the most stringent war measures, particularly in an act to encourage privateering, and another which was known as the "classification law," of the nature of a conscription, authorizing the governor to place at the disposal of the President twelve thousand men of the militia—a measure which, though adopted, peace intervening, was not required to be put in practice. The acts just alluded to were violently opposed by the Federalists, and submitted to a severe scrutiny after their passage, in the Council of Revision, a body which then sat as an integral part of the legislature in confirming its laws. Chancellor Kent there delivered an opinion against them. It was published, and replied to by Samuel Young, then Speaker of the Assembly, in several newspaper articles signed "*Juris Consultus*," which were answered by the chancellor under the signature "*Amicus Curiæ*." Upon this Mr. Van Buren met the latter, directing his attention especially to the assault upon the morality of the privateering law, in a series of articles signed "*Amicus Juris Consultus*."

After peace was concluded, in the words of his eulogist, Colonel Benton, "to complete his course in support of the war, and to crown his meritorious labors to bring it to a happy conclusion, it became Mr. Van Buren's fortune to draw up the vote of thanks of the greatest State of the Union, to the greatest general which the war had produced —'the thanks of the New York legislature to Major-General Jackson, his gallant officers and troops, for their wonderful and heroic victory, in defence of the grand emporium of the West.'"

The ability displayed by Mr. Van Buren in the Senate indicated him as a worthy incumbent of the office of attorney-general of the State, an appointment which he received in 1815. He was also in this year created a Regent of the University, and in the following was reëlected for another term of four years to the Senate. He then took up his residence at Albany, where he continued his practice at the bar, which had steadily increased, and formed a partnership with his pupil, the late Benjamin F. Butler, to whom, as the political relations of Mr. Van Buren became more engrossing, the business of the office was gradually relinquished.

It is not necessary here to attempt to follow Mr. Van Buren through the intricate windings of New York political history. It is a story of cross purposes, which can be fully understood only by a minute study of the history of the times, if, indeed, we are as yet supplied with the full materials for its comprehension. It may be sufficient to say that much in those days, by a politician bent upon advancement, had to be accomplished by management and intrigue. The ship was to be assisted in

its course by side winds and under currents. Thus we find Mr. Van Buren with his party at one time, by some process of fusion of Republicans and Federalists, supporting De Witt Clinton; at another, leading in his overthrow. It became a question of party existence. What is called the Albany Regency, a body of practised politicians who combined their resources in office and through the press in establishing and cementing democratic authority, was called into being. Clinton had the prestige of a great name in the State, and the influence of commanding talents, sustained by the most indomitable usefulness and industry; he was the great supporter of the Canal policy, which was at length triumphantly carried through, but which had, meanwhile, to bear the brunt of a ruthless opposition; in his personal bearing he was charged with haughtiness, which was, probably, nothing more than the dignity and reserve of a superior nature, exclusively engrossed in honorable ends, requiring the devotion of the whole man. At any rate, a party struggle ensued between the friends of the governor and of Mr. Van Buren, which was conducted with great acrimony. One of its results was the removal of the latter from his office of attorney-general, by that political machine of the old constitution, the Council of Appointment, in 1819, at a moment when he had become obnoxious to the Clintonians by his efforts to oppose the reëlection of their chieftain. The decapitation caused some stir at the time, which is commemorated in one of the poetical effusions of the Croakers, with a prophetic hint of the victim's higher destiny.

'Tis vain to win a great man's name,
  Without some proof of having been one,
And *killing*'s a sure path to fame,
  Vide Jack Ketch and Mr. Clinton!
Our Council well this path have trod,
  Honor's immortal wreath securing,
They've dipped their hatchets in the blood,
  The patriot blood of Mat. Van Buren.

He bears, as every hero ought,
  The mandate of the powers that rule,
He's higher game in view, 'tis thought,
  All in good time; (the man's no fool),
With him, some dozens prostrate fall,
  No friend to mourn, nor foe to flout them,
They die unsung, unwept by all,
  For no one cares a *sous* about them.

It was about this time that the democrats, including Mr. Van Buren, engaged in one of those party compromise manœuvres to which we have alluded, in the election of Mr. Rufus King, an old federalist, to the Senate. In support of this measure, Mr. Van Buren wrote and published, in conjunction with the late Governor Marcy, a pamphlet entitled "Considerations in favor of the appointment of Rufus King to the Senate of the United States." In the great question of the day, in which Mr. King bore so prominent a part, the admission of Missouri into the Union, Mr. Van Buren concurred with the Senate in its instructions to the State representatives at Washington, to insist upon the prohibition of slavery. His service in this body ended with the expiration of his second term, in 1820, when he was not a candidate for reëlection. In February of the following year he was chosen by the legislature Senator of the United States. In the same year he was also elected a mem-

ber of the convention to revise the constitution of the State, from Otsego County, his party not being strong enough to return him from his own district. When this important body met he took an active part in its deliberations, advocating generally a medium course of reform. On one of the prominent subjects under discussion, the extension of the right of suffrage, he was in favor of a relaxation of the old system, but stopped short of universal suffrage. That was a measure of an after day. He was opposed to the continuance of the Council of Revision, and in favor of the substitute for its check upon hasty legislation, of the veto power of the governor. He favored the direct choice of officers of government by the people, with some reservations, however, which, adopted at the time, have been subsequently removed. His course was thus politic, and, in a measure, conservative.

The convention concluded its sittings in time for Mr. Van Buren to take his seat, at the opening of the winter session of the Senate at Washington, by the side of his colleague Rufus King. His reputation being now well established, he was at once charged with important duties as a member of the committees of finance and the judiciary. One of the topics which early engaged his attention was the abolition of imprisonment for debt in the process of the United States Courts, unless in certain cases of fraud—an amelioration of the statutes of the olden time, which he had already advocated in the State jurisprudence at Albany. He also proposed amendments to the judiciary system, and was a prominent speaker in the discussion of a bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy.

On the accession of Mr. Adams in 1825, Mr. Van Buren, who had already attached himself to the fortunes of Jackson, was enrolled in the number of the President's opponents. Among other measures of the Administration, the proposed Panama mission drew forth his determined opposition.

In 1827 he was reëlected to the Senate by a decisive vote of the New York State Legislature, but he had little more than entered on the new term, when he was chosen, on the death of De Witt Clinton, who expired suddenly while in office, Governor of New York. He consequently resigned his seat in the Senate and began his new course of duties in January, 1829.

Mr. Van Buren had not been long at Albany, in his seat as governor, when, on the entrance of Jackson upon the Presidency in 1829, he was called to the high office, directly, according to the old precedents in the line of succession, of Secretary of State. He held this for two years, when political hostilities having grown rife in the cabinet, a dissolution seemed inevitable, and, "convinced that the success of the administration, and his own prospects for the future, demanded his retirement from a position so unpleasant, he led the way by a voluntary resignation of the office which he held."[1]

Mr. Van Buren retired during the recess of Congress in April, 1831, and was immediately appointed by the

[1] Jenkins' Van Buren. Governors of New York, p. 414.

President Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. He accepted the position, the duties of which were not altogether disconnected from those of his late office, so far as they related to the settlement of open questions with England, which he had already had in hand. He reached London in September, and was received with every attention by the government. Before, however, he was well seated, his appointment, on being submitted to the Senate, was rejected by that body, on the ostensible ground of certain instructions, in reference to the trade with the West Indies, which he had forwarded, when Secretary of State, to the previous minister, Mr. McLane. The political constitution of the Senate, which was now arraying its forces, may be presumed to have had more to do with the rejection, which was decided against the appointment by the casting vote of the Vice-President, Mr. Calhoun.

That act, it was often said, made Mr. Van Buren President. He was the victim of an opposition vote, and was ruthlessly thrown out from an honorable office which he was well qualified to discharge. This, at least, was the view of the Democratic party, and the friends of the President, who continued to give him his support. Consequently when General Jackson was nominated for reëlection, it was with Martin Van Buren on the ticket for Vice-President. Both were chosen by a decided majority, the vote being the same, with the exception of that of Pennsylvania, which, in consequence of Mr. Van Buren's anti-protectionist views, was withheld from him.

As the presiding officer of the Senate, during the stormy period of Jackson's second term, the new Vice-President, by his parliamentary experience, unwearied attention, and that polished courtesy which always characterized his bearing, won golden opinions from all parties. He was the devoted supporter of the measures of the President in this active period, which witnessed the overthrow of the United States Bank, the decided stand taken with regard to nullification in South Carolina, and the indemnity negotiation with Louis Philippe. The reign of Jacksonism, as it was sometimes called, became fully established, and Mr. Van Buren succeeded to the retiring chieftain as his rightful political heir. He was nominated to the Presidency at Baltimore, in May, 1835, and in the ensuing election of the following year was chosen by a majority of forty-six votes over all other candidates.

His inauguration, on the 4th of March, 1837, was duly celebrated according to custom, by the delivery of an address, and administration of the oath at the portico of the Capitol. The day was a very fine one, as the new President was driven to the spot, seated alongside of the retiring incumbent, in a phæton made of the wood of the frigate Constitution, which had been presented to General Jackson by the democracy of New York. The address was chiefly a eulogy on the success of the Government in its triumph over all previous obstacles. The agitation of the slavery question was pointedly alluded to and deprecated in earnest terms. The speaker renewed his

pledge as "the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of every attempt on the part of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, against the wishes of the slaveholding States; and also his determination, equally decided, to resist the slightest interference with it in the States where it exists."

In the selection of his Cabinet, Mr. Van Buren retained those who held office under the late administration, including John Forsyth, of Georgia, in the State Department; Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, in the Treasury; Amos Kendall in the Post Office, and Benjamin F. Butler as Attorney-General. Mr. Poinsett, of South Carolina, was appointed in the War Department to succeed General Cass, who proceeded as Minister to France. The bureau of administration thus organized, the government with an established, recognized policy, appeared to have an easy course before it. There was, however, a cloud rising which soon burst upon the country. The difficulty arose from the banks out of the plethora of the public treasury. A large surplus had accumulated in the State banks, which were the substitutes of the former national institution, which was now to be divided among the States. Credit had been stimulated, paper money had been expanded, and the result was now the contraction, memorable in our commercial annals, of the year 1837. The banks suspended specie payments, millions of value were depreciated, and the whole system of trade and industry seemed in utter wreck and ruin. An extra session of Congress was called in September, to take into consideration the state of affairs in relation to the public credit. A message from the President proposed the remedy which, known under the name of the Sub-Treasury, has passed into an established feature of the government unquestioned in party conflicts. The Independent Treasury Bill, which thus separated the financial affairs of the State from all banks whatsoever, making the care of the gold and silver paid for duties, a simple matter of safe keeping, under the charge of certain officers, met at the outset with considerable opposition. It passed the Senate in this extra session but was defeated in the House of Representatives. The same fate attended it in the next regular session. It did not become a law till the last year of Mr. Van Buren's Presidential term, in 1840. It was undoubtedly the most important event of his administration.

The foreign policy of the country was conducted with ability during this period. Two questions of some importance arose in these connections, one in relation to Texas, the other regarding the management of the frontier difficulties with Great Britain. In respect to the former, which came up on the proposition for the annexation of Texas to the Union, the President was opposed to the measure. He thought the independence of that State had not been fully recognized by the United States, and that to enter upon annexation would be, as the event proved, to encounter hostilities with Mexico, with which country he desired to maintain peace. In the Maine Boundary Question

and the Niagara frontier disturbances he pursued a firm and equable policy, protecting the rights of the country and checking the lawless spirit which had been aroused within our own borders.

In the election of 1840 Mr. Van Buren was again the candidate of his party, in a canvass in which he suffered an overwhelming defeat. The country, depressed by the financial crisis from which it had not yet recovered, was bent upon political change. General Harrison, a popular hero of the West was nominated by the Whigs and borne into office by a triumphant vote. He received two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes against the sixty of President Van Buren. The administration of the latter being thus ended, he retired from Washington on the accession of the new President, to his old home at Kinderhook, where he had purchased an estate which had belonged to the late Judge Van Ness, to which he gave the name Lindenwold. In 1844 his friends again brought him forward as a candidate for the Presidency, and an earnest effort was made for his nomination in the national convention of his party at Baltimore. It might have been obtained for him but for a letter which he wrote in favor of deferring the annexation of Texas till the consent of Mexico should be obtained. Something more decided was required by the convention on this point, and the nomination was given to Mr. Polk, who was less scrupulous in regard to the measure. Mr. Van Buren, true to the party organization, which he had done so much to aid in previous days, gave an influential support to the democratic candidate, and on his election, was tendered the mission to England, which he declined. Four years now elapsed, and 1848 brought round again the recurring struggle for the Presidency. A division had arisen in the ranks of the democracy in the State of New York, involving the question of the introduction of slavery into the new territory acquired from Mexico. Two delegations were sent from rival factions to the nominating convention of the party at Baltimore. In the political nomenclature of the day one bore the name of Hunkers, the other of Barnburners. The latter, which represented the interests of Mr. Van Buren, was in favor of freedom in the territories. Resolutions were passed in the convention admitting both delegations, upon which the Barnburners retired. The faction of the latter then held a convention of their own at Utica, at which Mr. Van Buren was nominated as an independent democratic candidate of the Free Soil party, as it began to be called. General Cass was the regular nominee at Baltimore, and General Taylor of the Whigs. The result of the election was a Free Soil popular vote for Van Buren, chiefly drawn from New York, which gave him over 120,000; Massachusetts, 38,058; Ohio, over 35,000; Illinois, nearly 16,000; Pennsylvania, about 11,000—an aggregate of 291,378. General Cass received 1,233,795 votes; General Taylor's votes exceeded this by 138,447. Mr. Van Buren did not receive the electoral vote of a single State.

Mr. Van Buren, "a passive instrument in the hands of his old and de-

voted friends," appears to have been little concerned at the result. It was not his humor or his character. He had seen enough of party not to be greatly affected by its decisions, and he had, moreover, reached an age of honorable, well-earned repose, which his habits of study and reflection, a certain philosophic temper, and his happy family relations disposed him to enjoy.

The retirement of Mr. Van Buren's latter days was varied by a visit to Europe, undertaken for his health in 1853. There he remained for more than a year, visiting various countries and enjoying such attention as befitted the elevated career in which he had moved. On his return his time was chiefly passed at his estate of Lindenwold, among the scenes of his childhood, in Columbia County, varied by an occasional visit to New York. An asthmatic affection was gradually growing upon him, which increased in intensity, and finally brought him to his end. His death occurred on the 24th of July, 1862, in the midst of the great political and social revolution, which in the storm of civil war was shaking the land to its foundations. In the public honors which were paid to his memory the association was not forgotten. President Lincoln, in a national tribute of respect, announced his death to the country. "This event," was the language of his Proclamation, "will occasion mourning in the nation for the loss of a citizen and a public servant whose memory will be gratefully cherished. Although it has occurred at a time when his country is afflicted with division and civil war, the grief of his patriotic friends will measurably be assuaged by the consciousness that, while suffering with disease, and seeing his end approaching, his prayers were for the restoration of the authority of the Government of which he had been the head, and for peace and good-will among his fellow-citizens. As a mark of respect for his memory, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several Executive Departments, excepting those of the War and Navy, be immediately placed in mourning, and all business be suspended during to-morrow. It is further ordered that the War and Navy Departments cause suitable military and naval honors to be paid on this occasion to the memory of the illustrious dead." The courts of New York paid their eulogies to the man and his active influential life.

The funeral services were performed at the Dutch Church, in the village of Kinderhook, in the presence of a large gathering of friends and neighbors, when a discourse befitting the occasion was delivered by a friend of the deceased, the Rev. Dr. J. Romeyn Berry, in which a stirring incentive to patriotism, rendered doubly impressive by the national crisis, was a prominent topic.

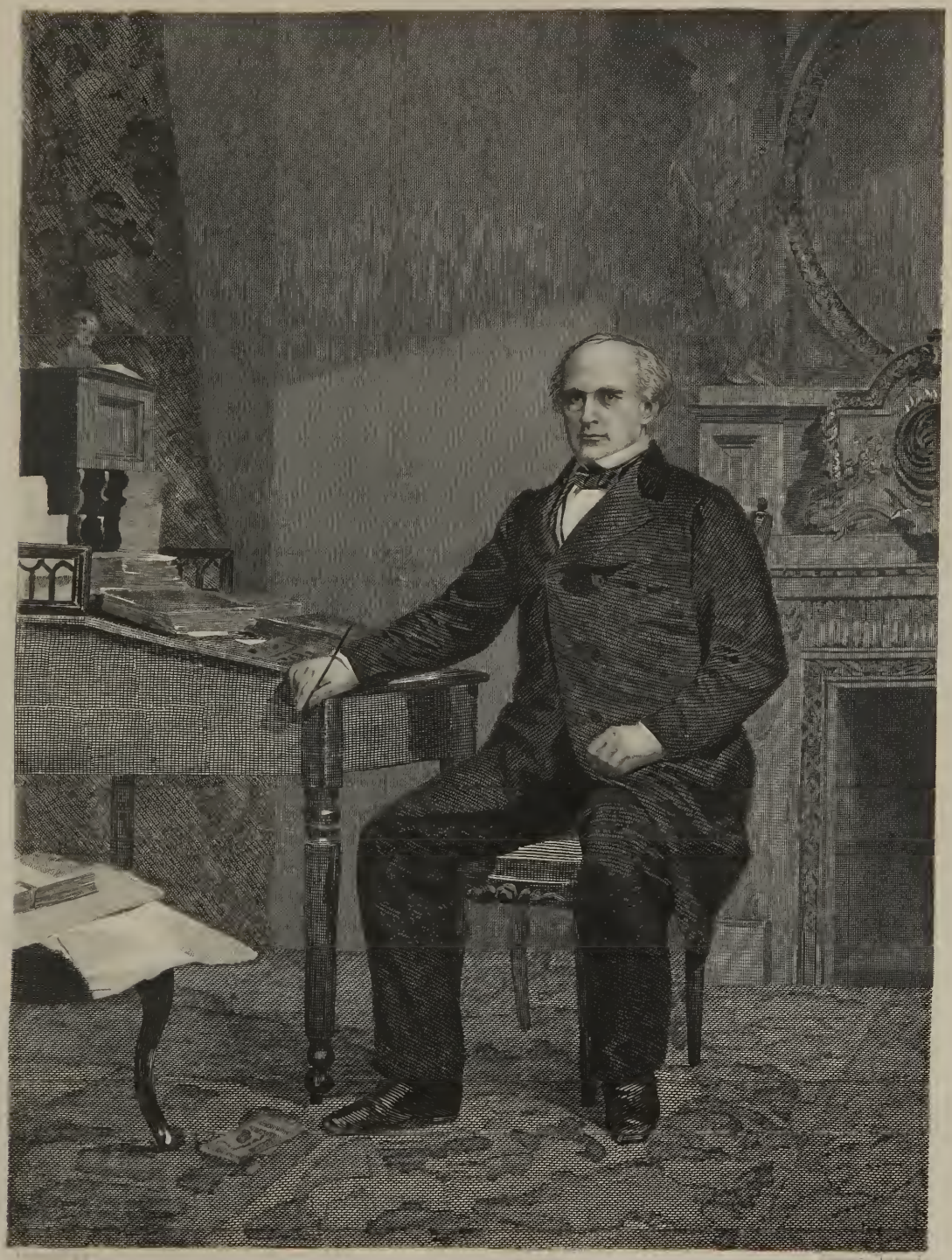
Mr. Van Buren had been long a widower, his wife having died in 1818, twelve years after their marriage, leaving him a family of four sons, Abraham, John, Martin, and Smith Thompson. Mr. John Van Buren is well known as an eminent legal practitioner in New York, and more widely of late by his active participation in the political movements of the day.

The more prominent characteristics

of Mr. Van Buren have been delicately touched by a son of one of his most devoted friends, Mr. William Allen Butler, in an interesting obituary sketch of the "Lawyer, Statesman and Man." "In his personal traits," says he, "Mr. Van Buren was marked by a rare individuality. He was a gentleman, and he cultivated the society of gentlemen. He never had any associates who were vulgar or vicious. He affected the companionship of men of letters, though I think his conclusion was that they are apt to make poor politicians and not the best of friends. Where he acquired that peculiar neatness and polish of manners which he wore so lightly, and which served every turn of domestic, social, and public intercourse, I do not know. It could hardly be called natural, although it seemed so natural in him. It was not put on, for it never was put off. As you saw him once you saw him always—always punctilious, always polite, always cheerful, always self-possessed. It seemed to any one who studied this phase of his character as if, in some early moment of destiny, his whole nature had been bathed in a cool, clear and unruffled depth, from which it drew this life-long serenity and self-control. It was another of the charges against him that he was no Democrat. He dressed too well, he lived too well, the company he kept was too good, his tastes were too refined, his tone was too elegant. So far as democracy is supposed to have an elective affinity for dirt, this was all true; he was no Democrat in taste or feeling, and he never pretended to be. . . . As to the elements of the widest popularity, they were not in him. He never inspired enthusiasm, as Jackson did, or Henry Clay. The masses accepted him as a leader, but they never worshipped him as a hero. . . . Mr. Van Buren has left memoirs, partly finished. If his reminiscences can be given to the world as he was in the habit of giving them to his friends, in all the freshness of familiar intercourse, they will be most attractive. There was a charm about his conversation when it turned on the incidents of his personal experience which could hardly be transferred to the printed page, so much of its interest depended on manner and expression. Mr. Van Buren had no wit, but he had humor, and a keen sense for the humorous, and he could reproduce with rare fidelity whatever in the actions or the character of men he had thought worth remembering."

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE.

This eminent statesman was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. He received some early school instruction at Keene, in the same state, where his father had removed; and, after the death of that parent, the boy, at the age of twelve, went to Worthington, Ohio, where he was assisted in the completion of his education by his uncle, Philander Chase, the eminent Episcopal Bishop of the State. He entered the Cincinnati College, of which Bishop Chase was President, and after pursuing its studies in the Sophomore Class, returned to his home at his mother's house in New Hampshire, where he was admitted to the Junior Class at Dartmouth, from which College he graduated in 1826. We next find him at the national capital, in charge of a classical school, supported by some of the eminent public men of the day, whose sons were placed under his tuition. Among these were Henry Clay and William Wirt. With the latter, then in the height of his professional fame, Mr. Chase, in his hours of leisure, studied law, and relinquishing his school, was in 1829 admitted to practice in the District of Columbia. In the following year he returned to Cincinnati, and became earnestly engaged in his profession. A proof of his zeal and industry in those early years of patient waiting and devotion, of which the law is usually exacting, is to be found in a valuable annotated edition which he prepared of the Statutes of Ohio. His practice now increased, and in a few years he began to be prominently known to the people of the United States by his advocacy before the Supreme Court of what may be called the principles of freedom in the National Constitution, in legal cases growing out of the claims of slavery upon colored persons who had taken refuge in Ohio. This course naturally made him a leader in the new political organizations, which were required to secure the maintenance of these principles. Having been attached to the Democratic party, he now tested party distinctions by their greater or less subserviency to the slave power, of which he was a resolute opponent. Independent action was needed, and in this Mr. Chase was a pioneer of the Republican cause. At the head of the liberty party in Ohio, he devoted himself unreservedly to the inculcation of the creed that slavery was in its nature a local, and not a national institution, and that the powers of the Government, under the Constitution, were to be exerted on the side of freedom.



S. P. Chase

From 1841, by his pen and in conventions, he battled for these principles, till he had the satisfaction, in 1848, of witnessing their adoption by the free-soil party of that day. The following year he was elected by the democratic and free-soil members of the Ohio Legislature to the United States Senate, where, in opposition to the compromise measures of Mr. Clay—the repeal of the Missouri Act in the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and in other proceedings, he maintained the principles of freedom, of which he was now acknowledged among the foremost and most able advocates. He was also diligent in his attention to National and Western interests, in the furtherance of the projected Pacific Railway, and the free homestead bill. In 1855 he was elected by the free-soil vote Governor of Ohio. On his entrance upon the office, he brought his accustomed energy to his new duties, advocating all liberal measures of improvement, and particularly distinguishing himself by his efficient recommendations in regard to the financial policy of the State. His services in these respects were so marked, and his principles held in such esteem, that he was triumphantly elected to a second term.

This brought him to the opening of the new era, when the principles of national policy, which he had so long supported, became dominant in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. His appointment to a seat in the new Cabinet at Washington was a tribute to his ability and persistent advocacy of the doctrines of the successful Republican party; and in consideration of his integrity, and the financial skill which he had displayed in the Governor's chair in Ohio, he was wisely placed at the head of the Treasury Department. In the records of the great struggle with the Rebellion, the history of the gigantic financial measures proposed and carried into effect by him, which became a necessity of the times, and which, whatever their ultimate result, with equal simplicity and success met the successive enormous demands of the day—will give to Secretary Chase, certainly no inferior place in the annals of this extraordinary period.

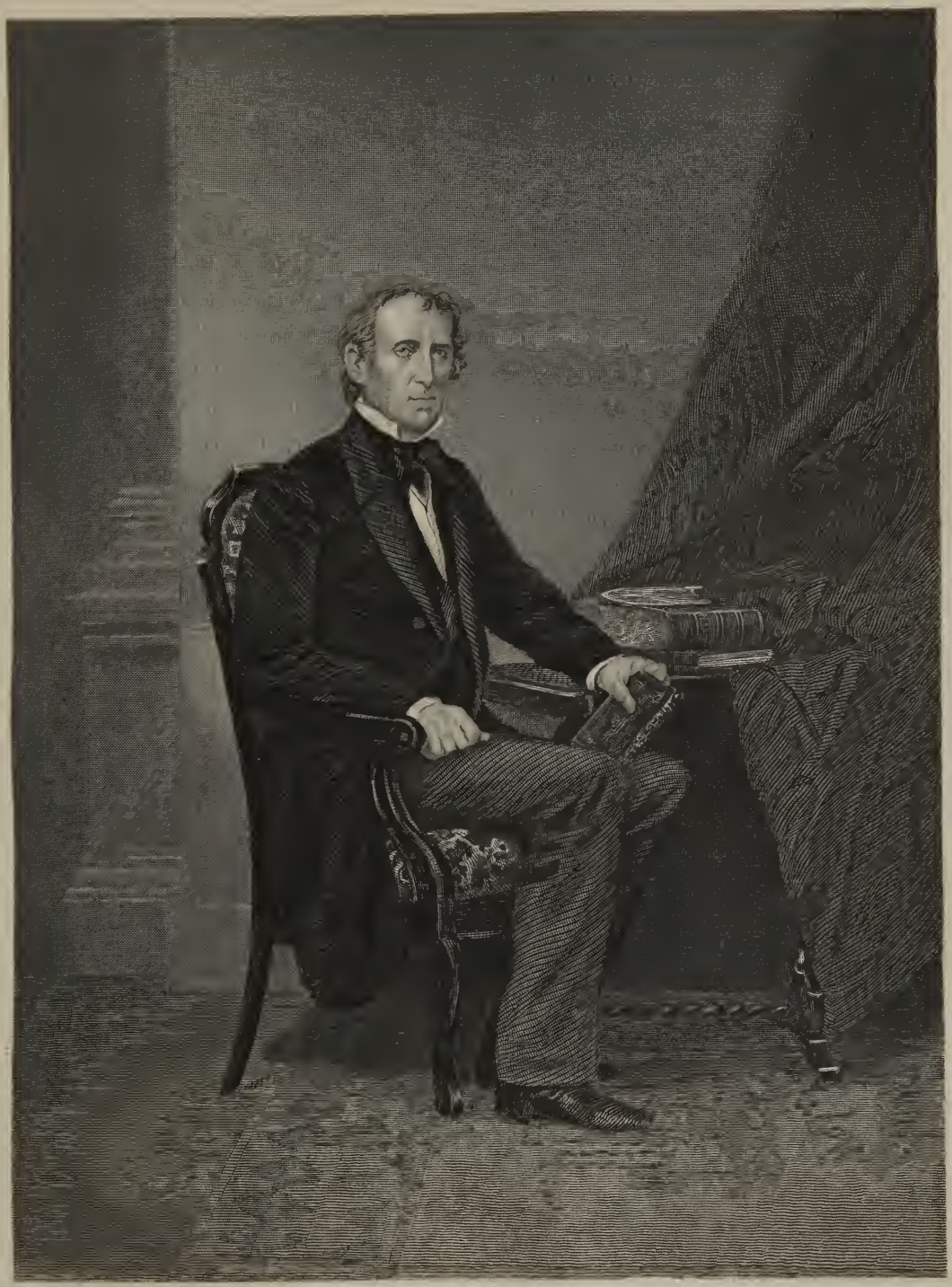
JOHN TYLER.

The family of John Tyler was of an old English stock, established in Virginia from the early days of the settlement. He is said, in fact, by one of his biographers, to be descended from that redoubtable Walter or Watt Tyler, the man of Kent who offered such brave resistance to the tax-gatherers of the second Richard, and who had for his associate the famous John Ball, a reverend itinerant, to whom is attributed the wholesome democratic inquiry

> When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then the gentleman?

Be all this, however, as it may, the grandfather of the President was a respectable landholder in the colony of Virginia, in the vicinity of Williamsburgh, enjoying the office of marshal in the ante-revolutionary period. His son, John Tyler, born in time to take part in the new era, was a member of the House of Delegates from Charles City County when Patrick Henry and his associates sounded the first notes of revolt. As the cause advanced he devoted his fortunes and energies to the patriotic work, and was rewarded by the suffrages of the people with the highest honors of the State. He rose to be speaker of the House of Delegates, Governor of the State, Judge of the United States District Court, and in his last days, in the period of the second war with England, was created by President Madison, Judge of the Federal Court of Admiralty. He died at the age of sixty-five. He was the intimate friend and correspondent of Patrick Henry, for whom he entertained an ardent admiration. No one was more esteemed or better thought of in the State.

This revolutionary patriot left three sons, the first of whom appears to have been called Watt, after the old Englishman of the people, the stout rebel of the fourteenth century. The second, destined to occupy the chair of the President of the United States, named after his father and grandfather, John, was born in Charles City County, March 29, 1790. The youth had the education and training of the son of a Virginia gentleman. At the age of twelve he entered the college of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, and enjoyed the particular friendship of the venerable Bishop Madison, who had then presided over the institution for a quarter of a century. He graduated with credit, his commencement address on "Female Education" gaining more than the usual plaudits of such occasions, and next occupied himself with the



John Tyler

study of the law, partly with his father the judge, partly with the eminent lawyer Edmund Randolph, who was at one time Governor of the State, and who was conspicuous in the affairs of the nation as a member of the old Congress, the Convention of the Constitution, and the cabinet of President Washington. At nineteen, we are told, he was permitted to practice at the bar, no question being made as to his age; and his success was decided. On arriving at twenty-one he was unanimously elected a member of the House of Delegates. It was at the season when the war with Great Britain, long imminent was on the eve of actual outbreak. The topic was an attractive one for many a nascent orator throughout the country, and was not neglected by the youthful Tyler. By education and tradition he belonged to the democratic party, and his voice was raised in favor of a vigorous prosecution of hostilities by the government. When the war had been entered upon and the British forces in Chesapeake Bay threatened an attack on Norfolk and Richmond, the young legislator turned his attention to the more active preparation for the field. He occupied himself in raising a company of militia in his county, whose services happily were not called for. This slight flavor of warfare in comparison with the important military deeds of many of the occupants of the Presidential chair, gave him the familiar title, during his canvass for the Presidency, of Captain Tyler; a title by which he is yet occasionally named.

We must not, however, anticipate this portion of his career. He continued for five years a member of the House of Delegates in Virginia, in the last of which he was raised to a seat in the executive council. He had hardly, however, entered upon this new honor when another awaited him, at the close of 1816, in his election to the House of Representatives, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the incumbent. His rival in the canvass was a gentleman, Mr. Andrew Stevenson, afterward distinguished at Washington, whom he defeated by a majority of some thirty votes. At the next regular election his triumph over the same candidate was more decided. In his course in the House he pursued generally the career, so plainly marked out under the rigid party discipline in that State, of a state-rights or strict constructional Virginia politician. He was opposed to internal improvements, and to that great evil in the eyes of all thoroughly-trained democrats, a national bank. He opposed Mr. Clay in his attempt to gain the recognition of the independence of the South American Republics, but was with him in the censure of General Jackson's assumptions of responsibility in the Seminole wars. A third time elected to Congress, he voted in 1820 for the unrestricted admission of Missouri into the Union. Before his new term of office had expired he was compelled to seek retirement in consequence of ill health. He returned to his farm in Charles City County, and continued the practice of his profession.

According to a custom which does honor to American politics, he thought it no indignity after occupying a seat

in the national councils, to return again to the humbler duties, with which he had commenced life, of service in the legislature of his state. He was for three years, from 1823 in the House of Delegates, applying his best efforts to the welfare of Virginia. It is an example which might be more generally imitated. Our state legislatures embrace a variety of interests unknown to the national representatives at Washington, and the maturity of years and experience might be brought to them with effect. Mr. Tyler in this capacity applied his efforts to the improvement of Virginia, and many of the finest roads in the state, it is said, are due to his exertions.

In 1825 he was chosen Governor of the State, and in the following year was taken from that office to succeed John Randolph in the Senate of the United States. It was the third year of the administration of John Quincy Adams when he took his seat and he at once engaged on the side of the opposition, that is in support of the inevitable nomination of General Jackson as the succeeding President. In the late election he had been in favor of the Southern candidate, Mr. Crawford, and on the decision being carried into the House, had cheerfully acquiesced in Mr. Clay's casting vote for Mr. Adams. The latter soon lost ground and every means was taken for his defeat.

When General Jackson was elected, Mr. Tyler was one of his supporters in the Senate, at least on such questions as his rejection of internal improvements and veto of the Bank. He opposed a tariff for protection. On one important measure, however, he was in opposition to the President. He took part with the South Carolinians in their nullification doctrines, and spoke against the Force Bill introduced into the Senate to aid General Jackson in their overthrow. When Mr. Clay introduced his compromise bill, modifying the obnoxious tariff, Mr. Tyler gave it his support.

On the close of his term in 1833, he was again elected to the Senate. It was the beginning of that second term of Jackson's administration memorable in the annals of the country for the accomplishment of his warfare against that political giant, the Bank of the United States. To these measures Mr. Tyler in conjunction with Mr. Calhoun and other members of his party stood opposed. He voted in favor of Mr. Clay's resolutions of censure, standing on his old Virginia ground as a strict constructionist, hostile to all undue assumptions of power on the part of the Executive. He did this at the time no less in accordance with his own feelings than with the views of the Virginia legislature which had elected him. Time passed on, and the President, gaining ground throughout the country and in the Senate, the pertinacious resolution of Mr. Benton to expunge the obnoxious resolution was pressed to a final issue. Mr. Tyler now received instructions to vote for it. What should he do? The right of instruction and the duty of the Representative to obey it had always been a maxim of his political creed, which it so happened that he had on more than one occasion in his career, brought conspicuously before the public. Could he now disavow his cho-

rished convictions? One choice was left him—to resign, and he cheerfully met the issue, resigning his seat in the Senate rather than take part in the mutilation of the sacred record. In his letter of resignation to the Legislature of Virginia he wrote: "I dare not touch the Journal of the Senate. The Constitution forbids it. In the midst of all the agitations of party, I have heretofore stood by that sacred instrument. It is the only post of honor and of safety. A seat in the Senate is sufficiently elevated to fill the measure of any man's ambition; and as an evidence of the sincerity of my convictions that your resolutions cannot be executed, without violating my oath, I surrender into your hands three unexpired years of my term. I shall carry with me into retirement the principles which I brought with me into public life, and by the surrender of the high station to which I was called by the voice of the people of Virginia, I shall set an example to my children which shall teach them to regard as nothing, place and office, when to be either obtained or held at the sacrifice of honor." In the excited state of the political world at the time, when the attention of the whole community was fastened upon the scene in the Senate, such an act could not escape notice. It met with the general plaudits of the country.

Mr. Tyler now became a resident at Williamsburg, the early residence of his father, and passed his time in comparative retirement. In the presidential canvass of 1836 he was placed on the ticket for Vice President in several of the states, receiving forty-seven votes in all. His support was derived from the Southern State Rights Party in opposition to Jackson and Van Buren. Two years later, in 1838, we find him once more seated in the Virginia House of Delegates "acting with the Whig Party, under which name the different sections of the opposition to Mr. Van Buren's administration gradually became amalgamated in Virginia." This connexion introduced him to the Whig nominating convention of 1839, which sat at Harrisburg where he made his appearance as a friend of Henry Clay. Upon the vote being taken in favor of General Harrison, Mr. Tyler was adopted on the ticket as Vice President. In the election which ensued he was chosen by the same overwhelming vote with the President.

The fourth of March, 1841, saw the inauguration of President Harrison at Washington, and barely one month after, Vice President Tyler was himself summoned from his home at Williamsburg to enter upon the duties of that high office. It was the first time death had seized an occupant of the presidential chair. President Harrison died on the fourth of April, at Washington. Congress was not in session. The officers of the cabinet, of whom Daniel Webster was at the head, took charge of the government for the moment, immediately sending a special messenger with an announcement to Vice President Tyler of the melancholy fact. On the morning of the second day, the sixth of April, Mr. Tyler arrived in Washington, and the same day, before Judge Cranch, of the District of Columbia, took the oath, "faithfully to execute the

office of President of the United States, and to the best of his ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." He did not think it necessary to make this oath after that which he had taken on entering upon his duties as Vice President but as a measure of prudence and "for greater caution as doubts may arise." On receiving the members of the cabinet he expressed his wish that they should remain in office. The funeral of the late president took place on the seventh and was attended by President Tyler.

There was no public ceremonial of an inauguration on his taking the oath before Justice Cranch and consequently no public address, but two days after the funeral, on the ninth of April, an "inaugural address" was issued by the President which was read with much interest. It was expected to solve the question which began to be much agitated of the degree of conformity of the views of the new incumbent to the Whig principles of his predecessor. He had, as we have seen, been led on various occasions to coöperate with the Whig party, but many of his antecedents were directly hostile to their views. His name had been placed on the ticket in the Southern interest and as a friend of Mr. Clay, without any distinct pledges on his part to serve the doctrines of the party. In fact the probability of his being placed in the authoritative position of President had not been very seriously if at all entertained, by the convention which, somewhat hastily, put him in nomination. The address, however, was upon the whole, acceptable to the Whigs; it certainly gave little satisfaction to the opposite party which saw in it a lurking condemnation of the "assumptions" of President Jackson, and an inclination, at least, toward a national bank.[1]

A few days after this address President Tyler issued "a recommendation" to the people of the United States, of a day of fasting and prayer, in recognition of the solemn bereavement in the death of the late president.

An extra session of Congress had been already summoned by President Harrison, to meet the last day of May. It sat from that date till September. As its main object was to take into consideration the financial condition of the country, and, if possible, provide ways and means for its relief, the question of the creation of a new United States Bank became a paramount subject of discussion. The President was apparently in favor of such an institution. In his message he reviewed the previous course of legislation in this matter, and admitted the last substitute, the subtreasury, to be condemned by the people. "To you, then," he concluded, addressing Congress, "who have come more directly from the body of our common constituents, I submit the entire question, as best qualified to give a full exposition of their wishes and opinions. I shall be ready to concur with you in the adoption of such system as you may propose, reserving to myself the ultimate power of rejecting any measure which may, in my view of it, conflict with the Constitution, or otherwise jeopard the prosperity of the country—

[1] Benton's Thirty Years' View, II., 212.

a power which I could not part with if I would, but which I will not believe any act of yours will call into requisition." This sentence foreshadowed the result. Two bills were prepared according to plans more or less adapted to the views of the President, and both, when they had been passed after much discussion in Congress, were vetoed by him. For the plans and devices, the learned political doubts and constitutional arguments on either side we must refer the reader to the debates in Congress and the messages of President Tyler himself. On the side of the Whigs throughout the country there sprung up a great disaffection in consequence, toward the President whom they had created. On the other hand, the Democratic party thanked their unexpected assistant with moderated enthusiasm. It was thought to be the last effort in Congress to establish a National Bank. Other measures of relief, however, were passed at this extra session including the bankrupt act and a national loan.

The defection of President Tyler, as it was considered, from the Whig party caused the resignation of most of the members of his cabinet. Daniel Webster, however, remained in the office of Secretary of State to complete the important negotiation with England in reference to the disputed North Eastern Boundary. This treaty, one of the most important acts of President Tyler's administration, was negotiated between Lord Ashburton who was sent a special minister from England for the purpose, and Mr. Webster as Secretary of State in 1842. Mr. Webster held his office in the cabinet till May of the following year. His successor was Mr. Abel P. Upshur of Virginia, who perished while in office, in February, 1844, by the fatal explosion on board the Princeton, on the Potomac. Mr. Calhoun was afterwards appointed Secretary of State, and in 1844 negotiated a treaty of annexation between the United States and the Republic of Texas, which was rejected by the Senate. In the following year the annexation, which had been recommended by the President, and became a test question with politicians through the country, passed both houses. This was among the last acts of President Tyler's administration. His successor, Mr. Polk, had already been chosen, and a few months after, on the fourth of March, 1845, entered upon the duties of his office. Mr. Tyler then retired to his seat in Virginia, carrying with him to grace his home a lady of New York, a daughter of the late Mr. David Gardner, whom he had married during his Presidency, in 1844. He had been previously married in 1813 to a lady of Virginia, Miss Letitia Christian, who died at Washington, leaving three sons and three daughters. One of the sons, Mr. Robert Tyler, attracted some attention in the literary world as the author of a poem entitled Ahasuerus. After his retirement from the Presidency Mr. Tyler passed his time in honorable leisure, appearing on one or two occasions to deliver public addresses on anniversary and other meetings of historical or other general interest. His first production of this kind was an address which should have been mentioned in the order of our nar-

rative, delivered in July, 1826, at the capitol square in Richmond, in memory of his own and father's friend, the illustrious Jefferson.

The agitation arising out of the Presidential election of 1860 brought Mr. Tyler again before the public. When the success of the Republican party in the election of Mr. Lincoln was followed by threats and active measures of disunion on the part of the South, he was sent by the legislature of Virginia to Washington, a member of the notable Peace Convention of delegates from the northern and border States, a measure originally proposed in Virginia with the view of warding off impending hostilities between the two portions of the country by some adjustment or compromise of the questions in dispute. The convention met at Washington on the 4th of February, 1861, and Mr. Tyler was chosen its President. In an opening address he declared the object of the assembly "to snatch from ruin a great and glorious confederation, to preserve the government, and to renew and invigorate the Constitution." In the course of his remarks he observed that "our ancestors probably committed a blunder in not having fixed upon every fifth decade for a call of a general convention to amend and reform the Constitution." The convention, in which twenty-one States were represented, debated for three weeks various propositions, and finally determined upon the recommendation of a plan, extending the line of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific, and proposing additional securities for the "peculiar institution" by limitation of the legislation of Congress, and other measures. The whole was submitted to the consideration of the national Congress then in session, and the convention adjourned.

Congress was not disposed to accept this and the like palliatives of the national difficulties which were proposed in that body. The crisis rapidly approached. The acts of secession of the Southern States were followed by the attack on Sumter. Virginia, no longer neutral, cast in her lot with the Confederacy, and Mr. Tyler followed the fortunes of his State, and became an active Secessionist. He was chosen a senator in the Confederate Congress, and held this position at the time of his death, which occurred suddenly at Richmond, January 18, 1862.

J. C. Fremont

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

John Charles Fremont was born at Savannah, Ga., January 21st, 1813. His father, born in France, had settled in Norfolk, Virginia, where he supported himself by teaching his native language. He married a lady of good family of the State, whose maiden name was Ann Beverly Whiting, of Gloucester county. Removing from Virginia to South Carolina, his son, John Charles, was born while the family was visiting the adjacent State. The father dying in 1818, his widow lived for a time in Virginia, when she made her permanent home in Charleston, S. C. There her son, a boy of quick intellect, at the age of thirteen, attracted the notice of a worthy lawyer of the city, John W. Mitchell, who placed him under the instruction of a well-known classical teacher, Dr. Robertson, with whom, proving an apt scholar, he was taught in a single year, sufficient Greek, Latin, and mathematics, to enter the junior class in Charleston College. There he ranked high, but neglecting the necessary attendance, was expelled from the institution.

On leaving college he occupied himself diligently in the business of tuition in the city, giving private lessons in mathematics, teaching classes in several schools, and adding to these labors the superintendance of an evening school. His mathematical acquirements presently brought him employment as a surveyor, and when in 1833, the sloop-of-war Natchez was stationed in the harbor, sent there to enforce the proclamation of President Jackson, by friendly influence at Washington, he was appointed teacher of mathematics on board that vessel and was two years absent with her on the Brazilian station. On his return he was commissioned professor of mathematics in the Navy, in consideration of which his Charleston college conferred upon him the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. The land, however, not the sea, was to be the field of his future labors. Receiving a government appointment as civil engineer, he resigned his post in the Navy, and became actively engaged in the survey of the mountain region of the Carolinas and Tennessee. In this capacity he passed the winter of 1837–38, with Captain Williams, in a survey of the Cherokee Country. In 1838 he was commissioned second lieutenant of the corps of topographical engineers. Two years were now passed by him with Mr. Nicollet, a French savan, employed by the government in explorations of the country north of the Missouri, to the British line. In the spring

of 1841, by order of the War Department, he was engaged in a survey of the Des Moines River, on the western frontier. Returning to Washington while engaged in preparing the report of these expeditions, he was married in October, to Jessie, daughter of Senator Benton.

The next year saw him launched on that career of original explorations which has identified his name with the passes and defiles of the Rocky Mountains, and the great interests of the Pacific coast. Impressed by his previous travels with the opportunities of discovery in the remote west, and urged by his love of adventure to the undertaking, in pursuance of plans of his own, and assisted by the sagacity and influence of his father-in-law, he was placed by the War Department at the head of an expedition ordered to explore and report upon the country between the frontiers of Missouri and the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and on the line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers. Within six months of the time of leaving Washington, between May and October, he had organized the expedition—a band of Creole and Canadian voyageurs, accompanied by Mr. Charles Preuss, an artist from Germany, and the celebrated hunter Kit Carson, as guide—and traversed the region west of Missouri, along the Platte, to the South Pass, which he fully explored, extending his journey to the Wind River Mountains, on the north, the highest of which 13,750 feet above the sea, he ascended, planting the United States flag on its summit—in commemoration of which event the Peak now bears his name. The report of this exploration to the Engineer Department, dated, Washington, March 1st, 1843, written in the form of a journal, filled with observations of the aboriginal inhabitants whom he met, the geographical, natural history, and other scientific details of the route, was universally regarded as one of the most interesting and valuable contributions of the kind yet made in America, while its value was greatly enhanced by its bearing upon the rapidly developing progress of the western settlements, whose teeming population was even then looking forward to an outlet to the Pacific.

These satisfactory results led to a second expedition under Lieutenant Fremont, to Oregon and North California, in 1843–4. Carefully selecting his party, which was again reinforced by the invaluable Kit Carson, Lieutenant Fremont left the frontier of Missouri in May, 1843, pursued his way by the Kansas and Platte rivers to the South Pass, which he reached in August, then turned in a south-westerly course to the Great Salt Lake, whence he proceeded northerly to the upper tributaries of the Columbia, following that river to the Pacific, where he arrived in November. On his return home he took a new route through an entirely unknown region to the south-east, which led him through many wintry perils to a desert region, separated by a range of mountains from the Bay of San Francisco. In danger of starvation, he crossed the Sierra Nevada, to the Valley of the Sacramento. Thence skirting the Western base of the moun-

tains, he crossed to the Great Basin, and reached Kansas in July, 1844, by way of the South Pass. Government rewarded the Explorer with the brevet rank of Captain in the army.

A third expedition carried Captain Fremont into California at the transition period in its fortunes, when, by the fortune of war it was about passing from Mexican rule to the possession of the United States. Having spent the summer and autumn of 1845 in exploration of the region of the Great Basin, he entered in the winter the Valley of the San Joaquin. The Mexican Governor at Monterey, General Castro, was inclined to oppose his progress, but the apparently imminent hostilities were for the time obviated. In the spring of 1846, however, when Fremont was making his way towards Oregon, he was recalled by an outbreak of the American settlers on the Sacramento, against the Mexican authorities, who were showing themselves hostile, and was placed at the head of the movement which speedily resulted in the independence of Northern California. A naval squadron now arrived and took possession of Monterey. Fremont, appointed by Commodore Stockton, military commandant and civil governor of the country—at the head of a body of mounted riflemen suppressed insurrections, and held the region for the United States. General Kearney now arrived and claimed command as superior officer. A conflict of authority arose in which Fremont sided with Commodore Stockton. The Government at Washington decided in favor of Kearney, between whom and Fremont difficulties arose, which ended on their way home, in the arrest of the latter. He was tried by a court martial at Washington, found guilty of mutiny, disobedience of orders, and conduct prejudicial to military discipline, and sentenced to dismissal from the service. President Polk refused to confirm the verdict of mutiny and remitted the sentence; but Fremont refusing to accept a pardon, resigned his commission.

In October, 1848, on his own account, Fremont engaged in another expedition to the Rocky Mountains, by the southern route of the Rio Grande, in which, losing his way in the mountains, west of Santa Fe, he suffered great hardships with his party. Arriving in California the following spring, he made his permanent home in that country, where he had purchased the vast Mariposa Estate, of which, however, he did not gain full possession without a protracted law-suit. In 1849, he was appointed by President Taylor commissioner to run the boundary-line beween the United States and Mexico, and the same year was elected by the Legislature of the new State of California United States Senator. He took his seat immediately on the admission of the State, in September, 1850, and having drawn the short term, served through the session. In 1852, he visited Europe, was received with distinguished attention, and on his return to the United States, at the end of a year, in view of the proposed railway to the Pacific, engaged in a fifth exploration to investigate more fully the route of his last previous expedition. In 1855, we find him a resi

dent of the city of New York, where he presently became an object of attention to the Republican party, as a popular candidate for the Presidency. Avowing his devotion to their free soil policy, he was nominated by their convention in 1856, and in the ensuing election, in which he was defeated by Mr. Buchanan, received a popular vote of 1,341,514, and the electoral vote of the New England States, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

Fremont now returned to California, where he employed himself with the development of his large estate. The outbreak of the Rebellion in the spring of 1861, found him in Europe, where, after taking part in May in a patriotic meeting of his countrymen in Paris, he hastened home, bringing with him a large and valuable assortment of arms for the Government. On the sixth of July, having been appointed a major-general in the regular army, he was placed in command of a new military district known as the Western Department, embracing the State of Illinois and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico. Hastening to St. Louis, he infused extraordinary activity into the military movements of the department, proclaiming martial law in the city and shortly after throughout the State, and at the close of September, having rapidly organized his forces, took the field at the head of a large army to meet the enemy at Springfield. There, on the eve of an intended general engagement he was superseded by General Hunter. Taking leave of his troops, he returned to the East, and was not again called into active service till the following year, when in March, he was appointed to the command of the new Mountain Department, embracing the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of the Department of the Mississippi. It was understood that a main object of this service was a descent to the region of East Tennessee, which was held as a powerful rebel stronghold; but from this or any similar project, General Fremont was diverted by the active movements of the Confederate General Jackson, along the line of the Blue Ridge. General Fremont hastened from his head-quarters at Wheeling, to the assistance of General Milroy at Franklin, whence he was ordered across the mountains to the aid of General Banks, who, after having been driven out of the Shenandoah Valley, was again pressing General Jackson on his retreat. Coming up in time to pursue the enemy, he kept on his rear till a stand was made by Jackson in the engagement on the eighth of June, at Cross Keys. The battle, claimed as a Union victory, resulted in severe losses on both sides, and the escape of the enemy. General Pope was next placed as commander-in-chief of the Army of Virginia, which, reducing General Fremont to a subordinate command, he asked to be relieved, a request which was granted by the President. Since that time to the present (June, 1863), General Fremont has not been employed in active service.

Franklin Pierce

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President of the United States, was born at Hillsborough, in the State of New Hampshire, November 23, 1804. His father, Benjamin Pierce, a native of Massachusetts, with many other spirited youths, entered the Revolutionary army at the summons of Lexington, served through the war with credit, and retiring with the rank of captain, a year or two after peace was declared, became the purchaser of a plot of fifty acres in the present town of Hillsborough, then a rough clearing in the wilderness. There he built a log-house and settled down to the clearing of the land, his second wife, to whom he was united in 1789, becoming the mother of the subject of this sketch who was the sixth of her eight children. The captain of the Revolution meanwhile attracted the attention of the people of the region, was made brigade major on the organization of the militia of the county; in 1789 was elected a member of the House of Representatives at Concord, continuing to serve in that capacity for thirteen years till he was chosen a member of the Governor's Council. An eminent member of the Democratic party, he was an ardent supporter of the war of 1812, sending two of his sons to the army. He rose to be Governor of New Hampshire in 1827, and was again elected to that office in 1829. He subsequently lived in retirement, leaving the world in 1839, at the venerable age of eighty-one. The people of New Hampshire have not yet forgotten the shrewd sense and kindliness, the unaffected democratic principles, of the honest, cheerful old soldier of the Revolution and Governor of the State. It is to his memory, doubtless, supported by the popular traits of character inherited from him, that his son has been indebted for much of his advancement.

Franklin had good opportunities of education. He was early sent to the neighboring academies at Hancock and Francestown, enjoying at the latter the advantages of a residence with the family of an old friend of his father, Peter Woodbury, whose son, Judge Woodbury, became afterward so eminent in public affairs. Young Pierce, who was of a warm-hearted, susceptible nature, was much impressed by the superior mind and character of the lady of this household, the mother of Judge Woodbury. Indeed he appears in his boyhood to have won the kindness of those around him by his frank, ingenuous disposition. He was admitted to Bowdoin college in 1820. It is to

the credit of young Pierce as a collegian that, having fallen into some indifference during the first years of his course, he more than regained his position in the upper classes, graduating with credit in 1824. It is a fact worth mentioning, though, as his biographer remarks, by no means unusual in the history of the rise of New England statesmen, that in one of the winter vacations Franklin Pierce took a turn at school-keeping.

His college instruction being completed, he began the study of the law as a profession in the office of Judge Woodbury, of Portsmouth, the son of his father's old friend, then Governor of the State, and soon afterward greatly distinguished at Washington as Speaker and senator, and member of the cabinet of Jackson. After a year with this eminent jurist, Mr. Pierce completed his studies in the law school at Northampton and the office of the Hon. Edmund Parker, at Amherst. He was admitted to the bar in 1827, and opened an office opposite to his father's house at Hillsborough. His success, though he had the advantage of the family popularity, was not very decided at the outset. His biographer, indeed, speaks of his first case as a decided failure. He had not yet learned the full command of his resources. It was his fortune to make his position at the bar good by steady effort. Politics, meanwhile, offered him a ready resource, as his father had just been elected Governor. Democratic sentiments were gaining the ascendency under the influence of Jackson, and to this cause young Pierce devoted himself. In 1829, and for three successive years, he was elected to the legislature of his State, as representative of Hillsborough, filling in 1832 and 1833 the office of Speaker. In the last year he was chosen a member of Congress, taking his seat in the House of Representatives at Washington, in December. He was again elected and served a second term. He was of course a steady, unflinching supporter of the administration, for the democratic rule of those days admitted no other—not a frequent, or long, or eloquent speaker, but a zealous, persistent committee man, giving his vote for the measures of his chief, seconding the views of the South, and, a decided man generally in his party relations.

In 1837 he left the House of Representatives for the Senate of the United States, where he was the youngest member of that body. His term of service embraced the whole of Mr. Van Buren's administration and a portion of that of his successor, during which his services to his party were resolute and unintermitted. They were not forgotten when an opportunity subsequently arose to confer upon him the highest reward. He retired from public life at the end of the period for which he was elected, having his residence now at Concord, in his native State. He had been for some time married to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Appleton, once President of Bowdoin; his father was now dead; and his domestic affairs required his care at home. Thither he retired to devote himself assiduously to his profession. His success was immediately assured, his practice at the bar yielding him a very

handsome income. In proof of his contentment and the sincerity of his wishes for retirement, he declined in 1845 an appointment by the Governor to the United States Senate to fill the place vacated by Judge Woodbury, and a proffer by the Democracy of his State of a nomination as Governor; refusing also in the following year a seat in the cabinet of President Polk as Attorney-General. He held meanwhile the post, at home, of District Attorney of New Hampshire.

His reluctance to engage in public life at Washington partly proceeded from his professional duties in his own State and partly from the health of his wife, to which the climate of the seat of government was unfavorable. In his letter to President Polk, dated September 6, 1846, declining the position of Attorney-General, he made use of this expression: "When I resigned my seat in the senate in 1842, I did it with the fixed purpose never again to be voluntarily separated from my family, for any considerable length of time, except at the call of my country in time of war." The reservation, looking to the date, was not without its significance. General Taylor had in May fought the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and it was evident that more serious struggles, which would call out a new military force, were impending. Congress was slow to admit the necessity in making provision for the additional force, but when the time came and the bill creating ten new regiments was passed, Franklin Pierce was looked to and created by the President a brigadier-general, his commission being dated March 3, 1847. He had previously enrolled his name on the first list of volunteers at Concord as a private soldier. He considered his acceptance of the duty a fulfillment of his pledge on taking leave of the Senate. The old military spirit of two wars in which his father and brothers had taken part again lived in the family.

The brigade of which he was placed in command consisted of twenty-five hundred men, composed of the ninth regiment of New Englanders, the twelfth from the south-western States, and the fifteenth from the north and west. They were to assemble at Vera Cruz, and join the forces of General Scott on his march to the capital. General Pierce sailed from Newport on the 27th of May, with a portion of the New England regiment; the voyage was calm and consequently long; bringing the passengers to the rendezvous at the most unhealthy season of the year. As the vomito then prevailed at Vera Cruz, the prospect of landing new recruits was anything but a happy one. It was the work before the new general, however, and he courageously faced it. The portions of his Diary published by his biographer, show the full extent of the difficulties which he encountered, and which were met by him with manly resolution. Avoiding the city, he stationed his men on an extensive sand beach in the vicinity, where they would at least have the benefit of a free circulation of air. It was the beginning of July, and no means were at hand to expedite the departure for the interior. A large number of wild mules had been collected, but, inferior as they were for

purposes of transportation, they were so ill provided with proper attendants that most of them broke away in a stampede. "The Mexicans fully believe," is the language of the journal of June 28, "that most of my command must die of vomito before I can be prepared to march into the interior." A delay of but a day or two was expected; it was now running into weeks. Then he records the services of Major Woods, a West Point officer "of great intelligence, experience, and coolness, who kindly consented to act as my adjutant-general." There is a serious case of vomito in the camp, Captain Duff, who is sent to the hospital in the city. At length, after three weeks on the shore, the advance is sent off, and a few days after the general himself follows. It is not an easy road to travel. The great battles of the previous expeditions had cleared the road of extensive fortifications, but left it free to be assailed by straggling parties of guerillas, of whom General Pierce and his men are to have a taste as they carry their train of men and munitions to the main army at Puebla. He was twice attacked on the route, on leaving San Juan, when both sides of the road were beset by the Mexicans, and again at the National Bridge, where a formidable effort was made to arrest his progress. The enemy had erected a barricade at the bridge, and manned a temporary breastwork on a high commanding bluff above. General Pierce, looking around for means of annoyance to cover his advance, found a position for several pieces of cannon, but the main advantage was gained by a portion of his command in charging the defences at the bridge and gaining the enemy's works from the rear. In this engagement, which seems to have been well managed in securing the speedy retreat of the Mexicans, General Pierce was under fire, and received an escopette ball through the rim of his hat, without, however, other damage, as he adds in his journal, "than leaving my head for a short time without protection from the sun." The train thus relieved advanced to the Plan del Rio, where the bridge, a work of the old Spaniards, was found to be destroyed. Its main arch, a span of about sixty feet, was blown up. Below yawned a gulf of a hundred feet. The bank in the neighborhood appeared impassable for wagons. In this emergency General Pierce called upon one of his New England officers, Captain Bodfish, of the Ninth Infantry, who "had been engaged for many years in the lumber business, and accustomed to the construction of roads in the wild and mountainous districts of Maine, and was, withal, a man not lightly to be checked by slight obstacles in the accomplishment of an enterprise." This enterprising officer had by no means the resources of Maine at his command, for there was no timber in the vicinity; but the road was constructed, nevertheless, and the train passed in safety over it. After this there were no extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, and General Pierce, on the seventh of August, reached the head quarters of General Scott at Puebla, with his brigade, which, after undergoing some changes on the way at Perote, consisted of some twenty-four hundred

men. The guerillas who infested his path had not succeeded in capturing a single wagon.

With this reënforcement General Scott immediately began his advance to the valley of Mexico. In the first action, that at the heights of Contreras, where the enemy's works, having been approached with difficulty, were successfully stormed with great gallantry, General Pierce was in command at the outset in the attack upon the front of the intrenchments. It was a duty of peculiar toil and hazard. The ground, the famous pedregal, was a broken, rocky surface, impracticable for cavalry and harassing for infantry. General Pierce was the only mounted officer in the brigade, and, as he was pressing to the head of his column, after addressing the colonels and captains of his regiment as they passed by him, his horse slipped among the rocks and fell, crushing his rider in the fall. This was the first of a series of disasters which weighed heavily upon General Pierce through the remainder of the brief campaign, but which his energy and spirit enabled him in a considerable measure to overcome. He was at first stunned by the fall with the horse, but recovering his consciousness, was hurried on in the battle, having been assisted to a seat in the saddle. When told that he would not be able to keep his seat, "Then," said he, "you must tie me on." He lay that night writhing in pain from his wounded knee, on an ammunition wagon, to be mounted again the next morning, the decisive day at Contreras, and was enabled to hold his position and lead his brigade in pursuit. In the course of this duty he was summoned to the commander-in-chief, who perceived at once his shattered condition. "Pierce, my dear fellow," said the veteran kindly, "you are badly injured; you are not fit to be in the saddle." "Yes, general, I am," replied Pierce, "in a case like this." "You cannot touch your foot to the stirrup," said Scott. "One of them I can," answered Pierce. The general, says the authentic narrative before us, looked again at Pierce's almost disabled figure, and seemed on the point of taking his irrevocable resolution. "You are rash, General Pierce," said he; "we shall lose you, and we cannot spare you. It is my duty to order you back to St. Augustin." "For God's sake, general," exclaimed Pierce, "don't say that! This is the last great battle, and I must lead my brigade!" The commander-in-chief made no further remonstrance, but gave the order for Pierce to advance with his brigade. The sequel may best be told in his biographer, Mr. Hawthorne's, interesting narrative. "The way lay through thick, standing corn, and over marshy ground, intercepted with ditches, which were filled, or partially so, with water. Over some of the narrower of these Pierce leaped his horse. When the brigade had advanced about a mile, however, it found itself impeded by a ditch ten or twelve feet wide, and six or eight feet deep. It being impossible to leap it, General Pierce was lifted from his saddle, and in some incomprehensible way, hurt as he was, contrived to wade or scramble across this obstacle, leaving his horse on the hither side. The troops were

now under fire. In the excitement of the battle he forgot his injury and hurried forward, leading the brigade a distance of two or three hundred yards. But the exhaustion of his frame, and particularly the anguish of his knee—made more intolerable by such free use of it—was greater than any strength of nerve, or any degree of mental energy could struggle against. He fell, faint and almost insensible, within full range of the enemy's fire. It was proposed to bear him off the field; but, as some of his soldiers approached to lift him, he became aware of their purpose, and was partially revived by his determination to resist it. "No," said he, with all the strength he had left, "don't carry me off! let me lie here!" And there he lay under the tremendous fire of Cherubusco, until the enemy, in total rout, was driven from the field." In the negotiations which immediately ensued, General Pierce was honored by the commander-in-chief with the appointment of one of the commissioners to arrange the terms of the armistice. Jaded and worn out as he was, having been two nights without sleep and unable to move without assistance, he attended to this duty before seeking repose.

In the subsequent action of the campaign, at the battle of Molino del Rey, he rendered an important service to General Worth at the close of that bloody fight, in interposing to receive the fire of the enemy, and, the victory having been gained, occupied the field. He would have been prominently engaged in the sequel to this battle, the storming of Chapultepec, but he had now become so ill as to be compelled to seek relief at the head-quarters of General Worth, where he remained when this concluding action of the war was fought. He rose, however, from his sick couch to report himself to General Quitman, ready to take part in the final assault upon the city; but this perilous duty was happily spared him by the timely capitulation.

On his return to the United States at the close of 1847, General Pierce having resigned his commission at Washington, was received at Concord, in his native State, with the utmost enthusiasm. Welcomed to the town hall in a complimentary speech by General Low, he replied in an address of great propriety, skillfully turning the occasion to the praises of his comrades in the war. He spoke of the New England regiment in general, of its sacrifices and deeds of honor, and particularly of the brave men who had fallen on the field. He also paid a well-deserved compliment to the officers furnished to the war by the Military Academy at West Point, a tribute which came with more emphasis from his lips, as in former days in Congress he had opposed the usual annual appropriation for that institution. In recognition of his services, he was shortly after presented with a sword by the legislature of New Hampshire.

General Pierce now passed into retirement and was again engaged in the practice of his profession. He took part, however, in the political affairs of his party, particularly in the canvass of 1848 when General Cass was a candidate for the Presidency. The Democratic party then suffered a defeat, but

rallied again for action in 1852, when General Pierce was put in nomination for that high office. Previously to this election his position was strengthened in New Hampshire by his election as President of the convention for the revision of the State constitution, and as the time for the choice of a new President of the Union approached he was put forward by the democracy of the State as a suitable candidate. The nominating convention of his party met at Baltimore in June, 1852; there was some difficulty in deciding upon a candidate, and several days had passed in the discussion, when General Pierce was brought forward by the Virginia delegation on the thirty-sixth ballot. His strength continued to increase as the contest was carried on, till, on the forty-ninth ballot, he received two hundred and eighty-two out of the two hundred and ninety-three votes cast. In the election which followed, he was chosen over General Scott, the candidate of the Whig party, by a popular majority of two hundred and three thousand, three hundred and six, their joint votes being two millions, nine hundred and eighty-nine thousand, four hundred and eighty-four. He had the electoral votes of all the States excepting Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Tennessee.

The Presidential administration of General Pierce from 1853 to 1857, when he was succeeded by James Buchanan, was an interval of comparative repose, marked by no extraordinary events of foreign or domestic policy, with the exception of the revival of the slavery agitation in the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Territorial act in 1854, setting aside the geographical limit imposed by the compromise of 1850. In the late Governor Marcy, President Pierce had the services of a Secretary of State of eminent ability, who conducted the foreign affairs of the government with firmness and discretion. Among the home incidents of the time may be mentioned the erection of a Crystal Palace at New York, following the example of the previous great fair at London, for the exhibition of the industry of all nations. This undertaking, which was brilliantly carried out, was inaugurated by President Pierce in July, 1853, shortly after the commencement of his administration. After the close of his Presidential term, General Pierce visited the island of Madeira and made a prolonged tour in Europe. On his return to America, he again took up his residence in his old home at Concord, New Hampshire.

ANDREW HULL FOOTE.

Andrew Hull Foote was born in New Haven, Conn., September 12, 1806. His father, Samuel A. Foote, is known in the political history of the country, as the mover of the resolution in the United States Senate on the Public Lands, which gave occasion to the celebrated debate on the principles of nullification between Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina. He was also Governor of Connecticut. The son entered the navy at the age of sixteen, as acting midshipman, making his first cruise in the schooner Grampus, which was attached to the squadron of Commodore Porter, sent out in 1823, to cruise among the West India islands, for the suppression of piracy in those waters. The service was a peculiar one, requiring the foe to be followed in shallow waters, and employing many an adventurous boat party in close conflict with an unscrupulous enemy. In this warfare young Foote learnt his first lesson of maritime skill and daring. The next year he obtained his warrant as midshipman, when he passed three years with Commodore Hull on the Pacific station. On his return to the United States he served in the West India squadron, as master of the sloop-of-war Hornet, and the same year became passed midshipman. A second three years' cruise in the Pacific succeeded, when in 1830 he was commissioned lieutenant. In 1833, he was flag-lieutenant of the Mediterranean squadron, on board Commodore Patterson's flag-ship, the Delaware. The ship cruising in the Levant, Lieutenant Foote was one of a party which, obtaining leave of absence, made the tour of the Holy Land, visiting Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, and other spots memorable in the scripture narrative. In 1838 we find him first-lieutenant of the sloop-of-war John Adams, sailing round the globe with Commodore Read. In this extended voyaging he was engaged in an attack on certain towns of the island of Sumatra, whose natives had murdered the captain of an American merchantman. He was also engaged in the more grateful duty to a man of his disposition of rendering assistance to the American missionaries of Honolulu, who had suffered some persecution from the French naval commander on the station. From 1841 to 1843 he was on duty at the Naval Asylum, at Philadelphia, where he was zealously engaged in promoting the cause of temperance among its sailor inmates. In his next cruise, in the year last mentioned, as first-lieutenant with Captain Breese, of the Cumberland, he still

C. W. Scott

further endeavored to carry out his temperance principles on the high seas, and succeeded in persuading the crew to dispense with the spirit ration, establishing at the same time a religious service in which he officiated, preaching to and praying with the men. On his return home in 1845, he was employed for several years at the navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., after which, in 1849, he was assigned to the command of the brig Perry, and ordered to the coast of Africa to join the squadron stationed there, in accordance with the treaty with Great Britain to enforce the laws of the two countries for the suppression of the slave trade. Of this cruise, which occupied the next two years, and which was eminently successful in the objects of the mission, Commander Foote, in 1854, published an ample narrative, with incidental discussions on slavery, its history and morality, a particular account of Liberia, and a plea for colonization and protection of the African race, in a volume entitled "Africa and the American Flag."

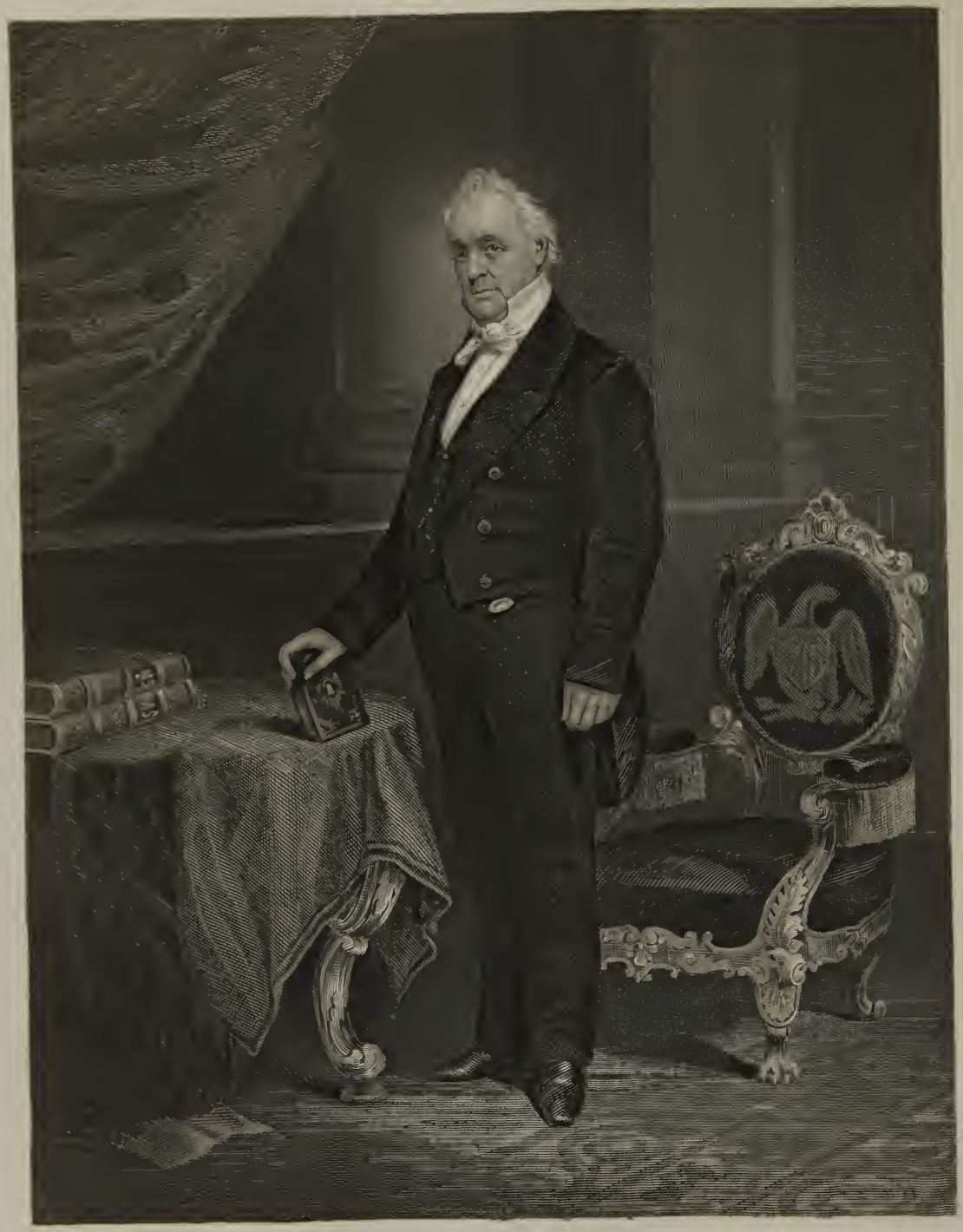
His next cruise, on the China station in command of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, is memorable for his prompt vindication of the American flag in the attack upon the Barrier Forts in the harbor of Canton. It was on the eve of the war between the English and Chinese, when in view of the unsettled state of affairs, it was necessary to afford timely protection to American interests. In the discharge of this duty Commander Foote was fired upon in his boat in the Canton waters, and for this outrage urged Commodore Armstrong, in command of the American squadron, to an attack upon the forts. The Portsmouth, assisted by the Levant, was ordered to this duty. The two ships gallantly approached the forts, four in number, and after a vigorous bombardment, a storming party was formed which landed and gallantly captured the works. After visiting Siam and Japan, and other places of interest, Commander Foote returned to the United States in 1858, when he was assigned to the charge of the navy yard at New York.

There he was stationed at the outbreak of the Southern rebellion, which brought him into active service in a new sphere of duty. Promoted to a captaincy in July, 1861, in September he was ordered to the command of the river flotilla, or fleet building on the Ohio, to operate against the rebels, and effect the re-opening of the navigation of the Mississippi. With his customary energy he entered upon this new career, hastening the work of preparation of the flotilla, which he brought nobly into action in the successful attack upon Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, on the sixth of February, 1862. Taking the lead in the flag-ship, Cincinnati, followed by the Essex and other gunboats of the squadron, the fort on the river bank was attacked at short range, and after a severe and closely-contested action of one hour and fifteen minutes, was compelled to surrender to the navy alone, the coöperating land forces not being in time for the conflict. Returning to Cairo to refit in haste for further operations, the next Sunday found Captain Foote in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of that place, preaching an ex-

cellent sermon in the absence of the pastor, and offering humble and hearty thanks for his victory.

The capture of Fort Henry was speedily followed on the fourteenth, by the attack upon Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, by the gunboats under Captain Foote, in coöperation with the investment by land, of General Grant. In this action Captain Foote was wounded in the ankle, a painful and annoying injury which brought him to the use of crutches, but which he did not permit to disable him from active duty. Hastening to the Mississippi, he advanced to the siege and capture of Island No. X, through the months of March and April, directing with wonted energy and perseverance the naval operations of the flotilla, which materially assisted the army in the reduction of that stronghold. In the midst of the bombardment with which the siege commenced, Captain Foote received, on the deck of his flag-ship the Benton, the news of the death of his second son, a promising youth of thirteen, which occurred at the family residence, at New Haven. The island having fallen, and the success of the naval movements on the Mississippi being assured, Captain Foote, still suffering from his wound, was relieved from duty and returned home to recruit his shattered health. At the suggestion of President Lincoln, a joint resolution was passed by Congress, thanking Captain Foote for his eminent services and gallantry at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Island No. X. He also received the commission of Rear Admiral, the highest rank in the service under the new act of July, regulating the grade of line officers of the Navy.

On partially recovering his strength, Rear Admiral Foote was employed as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, and his health being apparently established, in June, 1863, was appointed to the command of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, charged with the operations against Charleston and other points of that department. He was on his way to this honorable post of duty when he was taken ill at the city of New York, of a disease of the kidneys, and after a short, and severe illness, died at the Astor House, June 26th. His remains were taken to New Haven, where, in the public funeral services every honor was paid his memory. The Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Gideon Welles, in a general order from the Navy Department, expressed the feeling of the nation of his worth. "Among the noble and honored dead," was its language, "whose names have added lustre to our naval renown, and must ever adorn our national annals, few will stand more prominent than that of the gallant and self-sacrificing Christian sailor and gentleman whose loss we now deplore."



James Buchanan

[illegible] from the original in the possession of [illegible] Buttr, Esq.

[illegible] New York

JAMES BUCHANAN.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States, was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, at a spot called Stony Batter, April 22, 1791. His father, of the same name, was an emigrant to the United States from the county of Donegal, Ireland, the very year which closed the war of the Revolution with the declaration of peace. He married, in his new home in Pennsylvania, Miss Elizabeth Spear, the daughter of a farmer of Adams County, in the State. James Buchanan, the elder, became a thriving man, placing his son on the first stage of his future advancement by providing him a collegiate education. The youth was entered at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, and graduated from that institution in 1809, at the age of seventeen, with credit. He then immediately began the study of the law, with Mr. James Hopkins, of Lancaster, and was admitted to practice in 1812. He continued for nearly thirty years assiduously devoted to the profession, reaping a fair share of its pecuniary rewards.

His first entrance upon political life was at the age of twenty-three, when he became a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. It was the last year of the war with England, of which, from the outset, he had been an earnest advocate, carrying his zeal so far as to march as a private soldier in a company organized at Lancaster to proceed to the defence of Baltimore, when Washington had been invaded by the enemy. The company actually made their way to Baltimore, where they were discharged, the occasion for their services having passed by. He was an active supporter of war measures in the legislature of his State, counselling stringent means of defence, and advocating a loan to the United States to pay the militia of the State called into the public service.

In 1820, Mr. Buchanan took his seat in the House of Representatives, and continued a member by successive re-elections for ten years. This period embraced many important public measures, in which he took a prominent part. He was opposed to a tariff for protection, and to a general bankrupt law; when John Quincy Adams was elected, he opposed his favorite project of the Panama mission, and gave his zealous support to the advancement of General Jackson. On that chieftain's election to the Presidency, which was promoted by his influence in Pennsylvania, he was placed at the head of the Judiciary committee, and was one of the five managers chosen by the House

to conduct the prosecution of Judge James H. Peck, of the District Court of the United States for Missouri, against whom articles of impeachment were passed for an undue exercise of authority, in silencing and imprisoning a lawyer in his court, who had presumed to criticise one of his decisions. Judge Peck was defended before the Senate by William Wirt and Jonathan Meredeth. The case was closed by Mr. Buchanan. The result was the passage of a law calculated to prevent a recurrence of the offence.

In 1831, Mr. Buchanan received the appointment from President Jackson of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg, and succeeded in the object of his mission in securing a valuable commercial treaty, opening to our merchants important privileges in the Russian waters. On his return, in 1833, he was elected to the United States Senate, where he rendered important partisan services to the administration of General Jackson, then closely pressed in that body by a combination of its greatest political leaders, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. He was always opposed to the agitation of the subject of slavery in Congress, regarding the discussion of the topic at the North as alike injurious to the prospects of the slave and the integrity of the Union. These were his views when the right of petition brought the discussion before Congress, and he remained steadily on the side of the South in all matters of this nature, where the institution was concerned. An ardent supporter of President Jackson, he, of course, gave his influence in favor of the expunging resolutions of Senator Benton, which crowned the long list of Congressional triumphs of the retiring President. To the administration of his successor, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Buchanan gave important aid in his advocacy of the establishment of an independent treasury, and when that measure was temporarily set aside under the presidency of General Harrison and Tyler, he was urgent in his efforts to defeat the banks, or fiscal institutions, proposed in its place. On all the test questions of the democratic party, Mr. Buchanan preserved political consistency. With one, in particular, he especially identified himself—the Annexation of Texas. He was for immediate action on its first introduction into the Senate, and when it was afterwards adopted, at the close of Tyler's administration, he stood alone in the committee on foreign relations in favor of the measure.

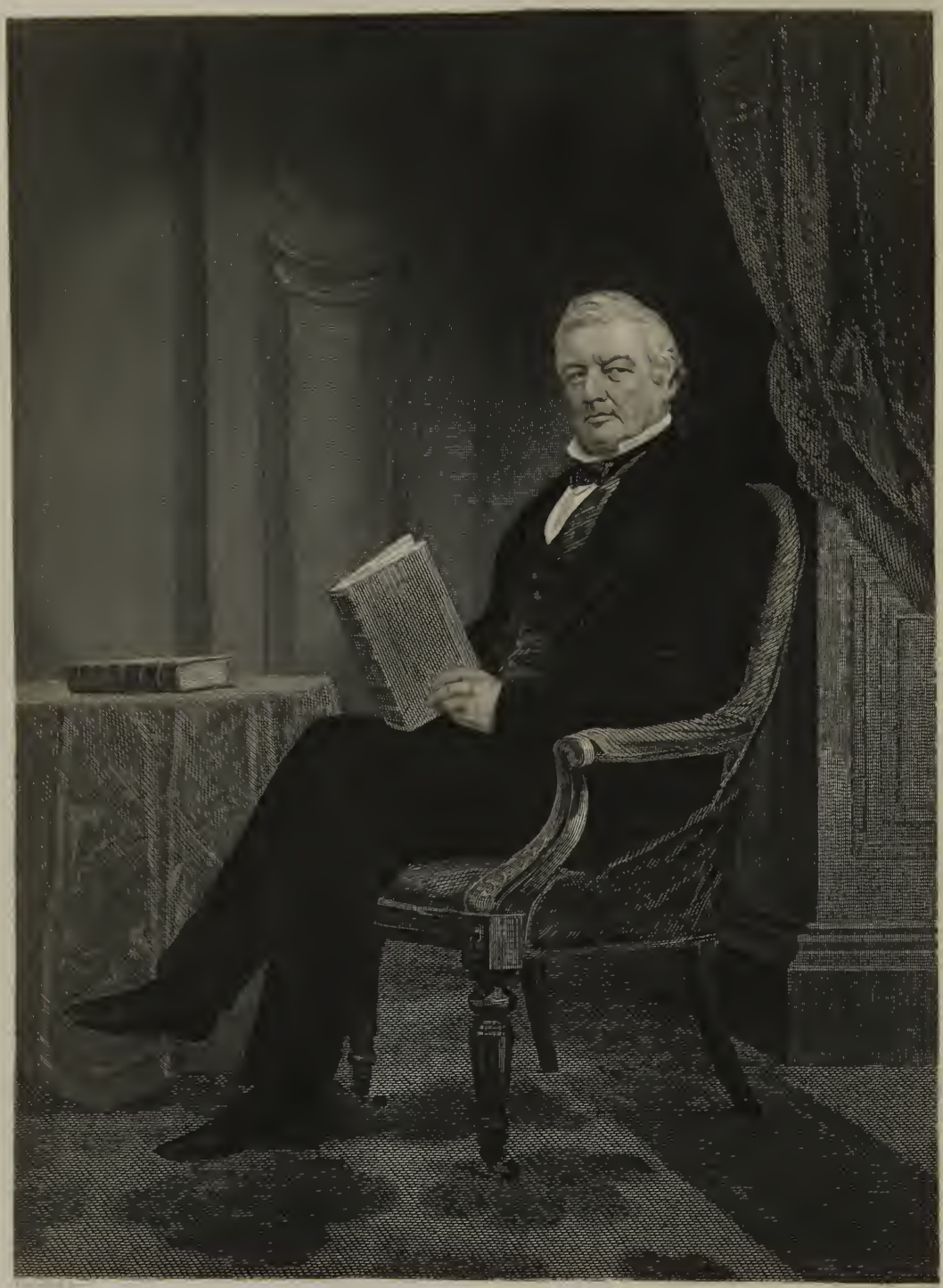
Mr. Polk succeeded to the Presidency in 1845, when Mr. Buchanan was called to his cabinet as Secretary of State. It was an important era in the foreign relations of the country, when the office was no sinecure. The North-western Boundary question was to be settled with England, and on the South-western frontier another difficulty of no ordinary magnitude existed, in the threatened conflict with Mexico. The former was settled on a compromise basis, adopting the parallel of latitude of 49° instead of the ultra demand, insisted upon by certain members of the party, and advocated in an elaborate state paper by Mr. Buchanan himself, of 54° 40′. The Government,

in fact, had become pledged to the latter, but the difficulty was solved by referring the matter to the Senate, where the compromise line was accepted. The Mexican question was of graver responsibility. It was met by the administration as a war measure, and by the spirit and energy of the army of the country, and the volunteers called to the field, was successfully carried through, while efforts were constantly made to bring the contest to an end by negotiations for peace. When the enemy was thoroughly humbled, and his capital gained possession of, the latter finally prevailed. It is to the credit of our government that the war was conducted in no sanguinary spirit of cruelty, and that its terms of reconciliation, though they proved in the end highly advantageous to the victors, were, all things considered, neither exacting nor humiliating to the conquered.

At the close of Mr. Polk's Presidency, Mr. Buchanan retired to his home in Pennsylvania, in the neighborhood of Lancaster, where he lived in comparative retirement, till Mr. Pierce coming into office in 1853, he was appointed Minister to England. He accepted the post and was occupied, in the course of its duties, in a negotiation of the Central American question, and also, incidentally, in a discussion respecting the possession of the island of Cuba. The latter, known as the Ostend Conference, grew out of the design of the President to purchase the island if possible, from Spain, and for this purpose a consultation was had in Europe between the American Ministers to Spain, France, and England, who might aid the undertaking by mutual counsel. The history of this proceeding is thus given in the recent notice of President Buchanan in "Appleton's Cyclopedia." "Ostend was first selected for the place of meeting; but the conferences were subsequently adjourned to Aix la Chapelle. The American Ministers kept written minutes of their proceedings, and of the conclusions arrived at, for the purpose of future reference, and for the information of their government at home. These minutes were afterwards styled a 'protocol,' though they contained nothing but memoranda to be forwarded for consideration to the authorities in Washington. They were not intended to be submitted to a foreign power. They contained no proposition, laid down no rule of action, and in no manner whatever interfered with our regular diplomatic intercourse. The President desired to know the opinions of our Ministers abroad on a subject which deeply concerned the United States, and the Ministers were bound to furnish it to him. Their minutes exhibited the importance of the island to the United States, in a commercial and strategical point of view, the advantages that would accrue to Spain from the sale of it at a fair price, such as the United States might be willing to pay for it, the difficulty which Spain would encounter in endeavoring to keep possession of it by mere military power, the sympathy of the people of the United States with the inhabitants of the island, and, finally, the possibility that Spain, as a last resort, might endeavor to Africanize Cuba, and become instrumental in the reënacting of the

scenes of St. Domingo. The American Ministers believed that in case Cuba was about to be transformed into another St. Domingo, the example might act perniciously on the slave population of the Southern States of our own confederacy, and there excite the blacks to similar deeds of violence. In this case, they held that the instinct of self-preservation would call for the armed intervention of the United States, and we should be justified in wresting the island by force from Spain."

Mr. Buchanan returned home in the spring of 1856, and in the following summer received the nomination for the Presidency from the Democratic convention which met at Cincinnati. In the contest which ensued with Colonel Fremont, the candidate of the new Republican party, he was elected President of the United States by the vote of nineteen out of thirty-one States. The popular vote was, for Buchanan, 1,803,029; for Fremont, 1,342,164; for Fillmore, 874,625. The main interest of Mr. Buchanan's administration centered in the discussion of the control of the territories in reference to the introduction of Slavery. The ominous agitations regarding Kansas, itself the theatre of bloody conflict, employed much of this period. At the close of Mr. Buchanan's term the clouds which had been gathering since its commencement broke in the storm of war. The election of his successor, Mr. Lincoln, the candidate of the Republican party, was followed by secession in the Southern States, and there was no weapon in the hands of Mr. Buchanan powerful enough to arrest the rebellion. He spoke entreatingly, persuasively, in favor of the preservation of the Union; but the South, whose interests he had so long served, was deaf to his appeals. The crisis which had arrived was destined to shatter his political creed. Deserted by his old friends in Congress and even in his cabinet, he summoned to his aid new counsellors like Scott, Dix, Stanton, Holt, and others whose patriotism redeemed the last days of his administration. In weakness, sorrow, almost in despair of the future of his country, he assisted at the inauguration of his successor, and left Washington for the retirement of his home in Pennsylvania.



M. Fillmore

MILLARD FILLMORE.

The family of Millard Fillmore has an honorable descent in American history. Its records are diversified by remarkable incidents of war and adventure. John Fillmore, the great-grandfather of the President of the United States, and the common ancestor of all of that name in the United States, was born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. He is recollected as the hero of a brave and successful struggle with certain pirates into whose hands it was his luck to fall in a sailing venture out of Boston. He was about nineteen when he sailed in a fishing vessel from that port, and had been but a few days at sea when the craft was captured by a noted pirate ship commanded by one Captain Phillips. Fillmore became a prisoner, and so continued on board the ship for nine months, steadily refusing his liberty on the only condition on which it would be granted, to sign the piratical articles of the vessel and take part in its fortunes. Though threatened with death, he persisted in his denial, till finally, two others having been taken captive, he joined with them in an attack on the crew; several were killed; the vessel was rescued and carried safely into Boston. The surviving pirates were tried and executed, and the captors were honored by the thanks of the British government. Young Fillmore afterwards settled in Connecticut, where he died. His son, Nathaniel, was an early settler in the Hampshire Grants, at Bennington, a frontier position in those days which, as a matter of course, made him a soldier in the seven years' war with France. He was also a gallant Whig of the Revolution, serving, when his home became the theatre of hostilities, as lieutenant under General Stark, in the spirited and decisive conflict at Bennington. He died in 1814, leaving a son, Nathaniel, who early in life migrated to what is now called Summer Hill, in Cayuga County, New York, where he followed the life of a farmer. There his son Millard, the future President, was born, January 7, 1800. The family shortly after removed to another place in the same county.

"The narrow means of his father," we are told in a narrative of these early years, published some years since in the "American Review," "deprived Millard of any advantages of education beyond what were afforded by the imperfect and ill-taught common schools of the county. Books were scarce and dear, and at the age of fifteen, when more favored

youths are far advanced in their classical studies, or enjoying in colleges the benefit of well-furnished libraries, young Fillmore had read but little except his common-school books and the Bible. At that period he was sent into the then wilds of Livingston County to learn the clothier's trade. He remained there about four months, and was then placed with another person to pursue the same business and wool-carding, in the town of Sempronius, now Niles, where his father lived. A small village library that was formed there soon after, gave him the first means of acquiring general knowledge through books. He improved the opportunity thus offered; the appetite grew by what it fed upon. The thirst for knowledge soon became insatiate, and every leisure moment was spent in reading. Four years were passed in this way, working at his trade and storing his mind, during such hours as he could command, with the contents of books of history, biography, and travels. At the age of nineteen he fortunately made an acquaintance with the late Walter Wood, Esquire, whom many will remember as one of the most estimable citizens of Cayuga County. Judge Wood was a man of wealth and great business capacity; he had an excellent law library, but did little professional business. He soon saw that under the rude exterior of the clothier's boy, were powers that only required proper development to raise the possessor to high distinction and usefulness, and advised him to quit his trade and study law. In reply to the objection of a lack of education, means and friends to aid him in a course of professional study, Judge Wood kindly offered to give him a place in his office, to advance money to defray his expenses, and wait until success in business should furnish the means of repayment. The offer was accepted. The apprentice boy bought his time, entered the office of Judge Wood, and for more than two years applied himself closely to business and study. He read law and general literature and practised surveying."

Not content with entire dependence upon his benefactor for his support, he resorted to that unfailing resource of an American youth making progress from poverty upward to the intellectual professions—he became a schoolmaster for a portion of the year. At the age of twenty-one he removed to Erie County, and entered a law office in Buffalo. His legal studies were completed in 1823, when, diffident of success in a city so well stocked with the profession as his late residence, he began the practice of law at Aurora. He shortly after was married to the daughter of the Rev. Lemuel Powers. Success came to him gradually, affording him ample time to develop his studies by patient application. He pursued this path, gaining his ground surely and steadily. In 1828, he was elected a member of the assembly in the State legislature by a Whig constituency of his county, and signalized himself at Albany by his advocacy of the bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, a portion of which was prepared by him as a member of the committee. He now had his residence as a member of the bar at Buffalo.

His congressional life commenced in 1833, with his election to the House of Representatives. It was the beginning of the second term of Jackson's administration, that period of conflict which was to test to the uttermost the party strength of the great chieftain, and out of which he was to emerge triumphantly. Mr. Fillmore, a young member of the House of the losing side was there to learn his lesson of political wisdom in the agitation. He secured the respect of his constituents by his course, and made a considerable step onward in his career, without greatly attracting public attention. His term of two years having expired, he was not immediately a candidate for reëlection, but devoted himself to his profession at Buffalo. He was not, however, suffered to rest in private life. In 1836, he was again elected to Congress, taking his seat at the commencement of Mr. Van Buren's administration, and continuing to serve by reëlection through the whole period of his Presidency. He rose with his experience in the national councils, being in this second term, the first session of the twenty-sixth Congress, placed at the head of the committee on elections, which threw into his hands the management of the famous contested New Jersey case. Mr. Fillmore was again elected to the next succeeding Congress of 1841, by a larger majority than he had hitherto received. The Whigs being now in power, he was placed at the head of the important committee on Ways and Means, where he was charged with duties which fully called forth his resources, and placed him at length in a conspicuous position before the public.

At the close of this term, though renominated by his friends in Erie County, he persisted in declining a continuance in office. His profession had claims upon his attention to which he was eager to respond, and his temperament invited repose. His political position, however, was too well established for him to be left in quiet by his party. He was immediately adopted as their candidate for Governor of New York, accepted the nomination, and was defeated in the election of 1844. In 1847 he was chosen comptroller of the State, by a large majority. He commenced his new duties at Albany, at the beginning of 1848, and before the year was closed, was nominated and elected Vice-President of the United States. He had the same vote with his principal, General Taylor, of fifteen States, and a majority of the electoral vote of thirty-six.

The duties of his new office of course involved his resignation of the comptrollership. He entered upon the Presidency of the Senate in March, 1849; it was an office which he was well fitted to discharge, and he left behind him, when he was called to a higher station, an impression of his moderation and urbanity. On the 9th of July, 1850, while Congress was in session, the sudden death of General Taylor, devolved upon him the cares and responsibilities of the Presidency. In deference to the general feeling of regret which was called forth by the departure of this estimable man, and in obedience to his successor's own feelings, his entrance into office was conducted in the simplest manner. The day after the death

of the late President, attended by a committee of the two Houses and the members of the late President's cabinet, the oath was administered to him, not in front of the Capitol but in the Hall of the House of Representatives, by the venerable Judge Cranch, of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, "which being done, President Fillmore, without any inaugural address, bowed and retired, and the ceremony was at an end."[1]

The loss of General Taylor was the more felt as the country was at the time agitated with the discussions growing out of the subject of slavery, which had arisen with the question of the disposition of the territory conquered from Mexico; and the late President, of moderate views, and capable of giving great weight to them in the national councils, by his intimate relations with the South, was looked to as the great mediator in effecting a compromise of the conflicting interests. This had already been proposed by Mr. Clay, and found an advocate in the President. Thus, when his aid seemed most needed, he expired, leaving the great work to be accomplished by his successor. It was undertaken by him, so far as the influence of his office extended, in a spirit of conciliation. His choice of Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, and of the other members of his cabinet, from different portions of the Union, was an earnest of his intentions. The boundary between Texas and New Mexico, a matter of some difficulty, was adjusted, California was admitted as a free State, Utah Territory was organized, and the Fugitive Slave Law enacted. In other affairs of social importance, President Fillmore's brief term of office was signalized by several incidents which will always find a place in the history of the country. The reduction of postage on letters to the uniform rate of three cents, the return of the government Arctic expedition of Lieutenant De Haven, sent in quest of Sir John Franklin, the visit of Kossuth to the country in 1851, the sailing of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan in the following year, are events which will be more lasting in their consequences than many battles which have filled, for the time, a larger space in the public attention.

Mr. Fillmore's term of office closed in the spring of 1853. The following year he made a tour in the South, where he was well received, and in 1855 visited Europe to return in season for the Presidential canvass of 1856. He was put forward in that election as a medium candidate of the American party, between the nominee of the Democratic party, Mr. Buchanan, and Colonel Fremont, of the Republican. In such a contest there was little strength to be wasted by the two great divisions which swallowed up the rest. Mr. Fillmore received the vote only of the single State of Maryland.

Since that period Mr. Fillmore has not been before the public as a candidate for office. He has continued to reside in the western part of the State of New York.

[1] Benton's Thirty Years' View, II. 767.

N. Lyon

NATHANIEL LYON.

The family of General Lyon has been traced in direct male line to a Scottish knight of the sixteenth century, several of whose descendants in that country were driven, in the following century, by the disturbed state of public affairs, to emigrate to New England. Ephraim Lyon, the grandfather of the subject of this notice, served in the War of the Revolution, and subsequently was settled as a lawyer and farmer in the town of Ashford, Connecticut. His third son, Amasa, married a daughter of Lieutenant Daniel Knowlton, an officer of reputation in the old French war and the War of the Revolution, and brother of the memorable Colonel Knowlton, whose skill and valor were so serviceable at Bunker Hill, and who ended his days on the field in the army of Washington, at Harlem Heights. Nathaniel, the fourth son of Amasa, and the seventh of a family of nine children, was born at the old farm-house in Ashford, July 14th, 1818. A thoughtful and studious boy, he diligently availed himself of the means of instruction within his reach at the district school of the town, and warmed by the patriotic blood which ran in his veins, and the example of his ancestors, early formed the resolution of entering the army. His preliminary education having been completed at an academy at Brooklyn, Ct., he was admitted a cadet at West Point, in 1837. His time was profitably passed at this institution, and at the expiration of his course in 1841, standing eleventh in a class of fifty-two, he was sent forth to the world Second Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Infantry.

The first service to which he was called was in the Florida War, which was then drawing to a close, after having for six years taxed the best efforts of successive military commanders of distinction. Lieutenant Lyon's company was distinguished by its activity in the concluding military operations in 1842. He was next stationed at Sacket's Harbor, where we find him employing his leisure in the reading of law and in other studies, cultivating an independent habit of thinking, opposed to the annexation of Texas, and foreseeing in it the germ of hostilities. When the war broke out in 1846, he was sent with his company to join the column of General Taylor on the Rio Grande. He reached the army after the capture of Monterey, and was presently ordered with his company to the command of General Scott, then about to advance upon the capital. Lieutenant Lyon

joined Scott's forces at Lobos Island, and was with them at the landing at Vera Cruz, and in the siege operations against that city. Attached to the advanced division of General Twiggs, he was actively engaged in the battle of Cerro Gordo, and subsequently, in the actions of Contreras and Cherubusco, for his gallantry in which, he was made Brevet Captain.

On his return to the United States, Captain Lyon was ordered to California, where he was for several years employed in active service in campaigns among the Indians, in which he was distinguished by the promptness and celerity of his movements. His conduct of an expedition in northern California against the Indians of Clear Lake, who had committed various outrages calling for redress, gained for him the applause of his brother officers, who, in the words of General Persifer F. Smith, the commander of the Department, "All unite in awarding to Captain Lyon the highest praise for his untiring energy, zeal, and skill." In 1852 he obtained leave of absence to visit his home, to which he was recalled by the illness of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. She died, however, before his arrival.

Returning to California, he was ordered the following year to the East, and after passing a portion of the winter and spring of 1854 at Washington, where the discussion of the relations of the nation to slavery much engaged his attention, he was sent to the territory of Kansas, where the question was about to be answered in physical arguments of a more practical character than the speeches of Congressmen. Lyon, by principle and the constitution of his mind, was in favor of freedom, and he watched the approach of the coming struggle with a solemn sense of responsibility. Impatient of the efforts made to force slavery upon the virgin territory, he determined, if ordered into Kansas to enforce the laws of the unfairly-elected pro-slavery legislature, to resign his commission rather than fight against his convictions of duty. He was sent, however, upon other service among the Indians of the Far West, where his time was chiefly passed in various arduous duties down to the period of his employment in the opening scenes of the War for the Union, in Missouri. Previously to these events he had written a series of articles in favor of the success of the Republican party in the Presidential election, which were printed in the summer and autumn of 1859 in the "Western Kansas Express," and which have since been collected into a volume, and published in New York.

On the inauguration of President Lincoln, Captain Lyon was placed in charge of the arsenal at St. Louis. The forethought and capacity which he displayed in this command determined the political fortunes of the State. The Governor and a large party of wealthy, influential citizens were ready and anxious to side with the South in the rebellion inaugurated in South Carolina. Under the pretence of armed neutrality, though a convention which had been called had pronounced in favor of the Union, it was the effort of Governor Jackson and

the Legislature to hold the power of the State in their hands under influences adverse to the National Government. To resist this, and keep Missouri loyal to the Union, was the work of Captain Lyon, to which he devoted every energy. With a handful of men at the arsenal, he baffled the efforts of a mob of insurgents who beset the place, and secured the removal of a large quantity of arms stored there, to Illinois. A few days after this incident, on the thirtieth of April, he was formally authorized by President Lincoln to enroll a force of ten thousand citizens of the State, and, if necessary for the preservation of the peace, and the authority of the United States, proclaim martial law.

On the sixth of May, affairs at St. Louis were approaching a crisis. The local Police Commissioners demanded the withdrawal of the Federal troops which Captain Lyon had collected, from the grounds around the arsenal, which Captain Lyon refused, and a few days after, on the tenth, himself marched to disperse a band of militia which had been established by the Governor, in a camp near the city, and which was named after him, Camp Jackson. Captain Lyon surrounded the encampment with his men, planting cannon on the adjacent heights, and demanded an immediate surrender. General Frost, in command of the militia, accordingly surrendered the whole force as prisoners of war. As they were marched to the city, an assault was made on Captain Lyon's Home Guard, which fired in return; a number were killed and wounded, and the greatest alarm and confusion prevailed that night in the city. Order was, however, restored by the military. The next day, General Harney arrived and took command in the city, and a few days after Captain Lyon was appointed by the President, Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

When General Harney soon after was recalled, in consequence of an injudicious concession in an arrangement with General Price, of the State militia, General Lyon succeeded him in the Department. An interview with Governor Jackson was presently (on the eleventh of June) held with General Lyon at St. Louis, in which the former promised to disband the State Guard and militia, and demanded in return the breaking up of the Home Guard by the General Government, and that no portion of its troops should occupy any new portion of the State. General Lyon, knowing that Missouri could be held only by positive authority, refused any such negotiation, and Governor Jackson left for Jefferson City, where he fulminated an address "to the people of Missouri," calling for 50,000 men to repel invasion. General Lyon accepted the issue, and on the 13th June, the day after the proclamation, sailed up the Missouri with 1,500 troops for the capital, when the rebellious Governor and his associates fled before him to Boonville, whither, on the seventeenth, they were pursued by the Union force, and offering resistance in the neighborhood of the town, were completely routed.

Having established the national authority in this quarter, General Lyon prepared to move southward, and pass-

ing by forced marches to and beyond Springfield, again, on the twelfth of August, met and defeated the Confederates at Dug Springs, nineteen miles from the latter place. Returning to Springfield, his small and enfeebled force was there endangered by the approach of the enemy in greatly superior numbers. Calling in vain for reinforcements, he was compelled by his sense of the necessities of the occasion, to offer battle on disadvantageous terms. He went out to meet the foe, attacked them on the tenth of August in their camp at Wilson's Creek, and in the midst of the perils of that day which was so gallantly sustained by the Union forces, fell, pierced with three wounds, in the thickest of the fight; nobly offering up his life a sacrifice to the cause of his bleeding country. In the simple and truthful language of Major Sturges, his second in command on that day: "Thus gloriously fell as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword; a man whose honesty of purpose was proverbial; a noble patriot, and one who held his life as nothing when his country demanded it of him."

The remains of General Lyon were brought in long funeral procession, everywhere honored by expressions of profound sympathy, through St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York, and Hartford, to his last simple resting-place, amidst the home scenery of his youth, at Eastford, where, in front of the village church, in the presence of the Governors of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and others in authority, and a congregation of faithful mourners, an oration by the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, was delivered, and the last services performed. Certainly among the heroes of three wars, whose lives are recorded in these pages, no purer or more devoted patriot has challenged our attention than Nathaniel Lyon.

LEWIS CASS.

Lewis Cass was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, October 9, 1782. His ancestry, both on the father's and mother's side, belongs to the early Puritan stock of New England, of which his father, Jonathan Cass, was a sturdy representative. At nineteen, leaving the severe toils of the New Hampshire forest, to enlist, at the first call, as a soldier of the Revolution, he served through the war from Bunker Hill to its close with credit, when he retired with the rank of captain. He was afterwards attached to the army on its reorganization, and, joining Wayne's western army, was appointed a major, and stationed at Fort Hamilton, in Ohio. Resigning his commission not long after, he received a tract of bounty land for his services, upon the Muskingum River, near Zanesville. This became his home and the home of his family; and it was thus that the subject of our sketch was introduced to the western region with which he became so strongly identified.

The birth of Lewis Cass occurred as we have stated, at the close of the Revolution, at Exeter. The boy had at least one piece of good fortune in that locality. It was the seat of the excellent academy of Benjamin Abbott, where many of the most illustrious sons of New England, as Daniel Webster, the Everetts, and Buckingham, received their education. Young Cass was entered there at the age of ten and left it at seventeen, when his father removed to the West. On leaving their home in New England, the family did not at once proceed to their new residence, but travelled thither by a round-about way, with several detentions at cities of importance, which gave the young Lewis a valuable introduction to the society of the period. They tarried for a while at Wilmington, in Delaware, where Lewis was employed in teaching in the academy; thence they journeyed by Harper's Ferry and Winchester to Pittsburg; thence by the river Ohio to Marietta. At every step some interesting acquaintance was formed with the heroes of the late war, or some fresh experience gained of the new western world rising before them. When his father passed on to his land on the Muskingum, Lewis remained at Marietta, to study law with Governor Meigs; Judge of the Supreme Court of the territory, and subsequently with Mathew Baccus, a lawyer of the town. Two years were thus passed when, at the close of 1802, before he was of age, he was admitted to the practice of the profession. Business flowed in upon

him at his office in his father's neighborhood, at Zanesville, and he was speedily accepted as one of the rising men of the new country. He was married in 1806 to Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of a gentleman of New York, who had settled in Virginia, and, the same year, was first introduced to political life by his election as a member of the Ohio Legislature, which then assembled at Chillicothe, the capital of the new State.

The Ohio River was at that moment attracting the public attention as the scene of Colonel Burr's supposed treasonable preparations in the equipment of a fleet of boats, with the intention, as some thought, of separating the western States and dismembering the Union. A messenger, the Chief Clerk in the Department of State, was sent by President Jefferson to ascertain the public sentiment and condition of things in Ohio. He was in communication with the Governor, and the Governor brought the matter before the Legislature. A special committee was appointed, on which Mr. Cass was placed, to investigate the affair. A bill was in consequence reported by him conferring power upon the Governor to arrest all concerned in the conspiracy. The boats were seized and the affair put an end to. Mr. Cass further signalized his patriotism and devotion to Jefferson, by proposing an address to the President, which was adopted by the Legislature. It was clear in its professions of attachment to the Union and the Constitution. President Jefferson replied to the address with unusual satisfaction. "The hand of the people," he wrote, "has given a mortal blow to a conspiracy, which, in other countries, would have called for an appeal to arms, and has proved that government to be the strongest, of which every man feels himself a part. It is a happy illustration, too, of preserving to the State authorities all the vigor which the Constitution foresaw would be necessary, not only for their own safety, but for that of the whole."

Whether owing to the part borne by Mr. Cass in this affair or not, the next year the President appointed him to the office of United States Marshal for the State of Ohio, which he held till the close of the year 1811, when the threatening aspect of the Indians on the frontier, and the imminent war with Great Britain, led to a call for volunteer troops in the State, and he volunteered his services as a member of the newly raised force. Joining this body at the rendezvous at Dayton, in the spring of 1812, he was assigned to the command of one of the three regiments thus formed, and commissioned as colonel. The whole, united with a body of regulars under Colonel Miller, was placed under the command of Brigadier-General Hull, the Governor of the Michigan Territory. The design was to invade Canada from Detroit, coöperate with a similar attack at Niagara, and, joined by a force from Pittsburg, advance to the conquest of Montreal. In accordance with this general plan, Colonel Cass led his troops a rough and wearisome march, two hundred miles through the wilderness, from the station at Urbanna to Detroit. When, on the last day of

June, the expedition reached the rapids of the Maumee, near its entrance into Lake Erie, General Hull, not even then aware that war had been declared at Washington, on the eighteenth sent his sick, a portion of his stores and baggage, forward by water, to Detroit. The British, it appeared, were better informed than he was. They knew that war had commenced, and quietly, from their station at Malden, captured his vessel on its approach to the Detroit River. With the spoils were the private papers of Hull, so that the enemy was put in possession of all the military details and objects of his expedition. The American general received the news of the declaration after this event. Notwithstanding, however, the advantage thus gained, the British made no effort to intercept the march, which was successfully pursued to Detroit. There a council of war was called, in which Colonel Cass advocated rapid action, in an attack upon Malden, while General Hull was irresolute, but presently yielded to the movement. The army crossed the river on the 11th of July, Colonel Cass taking the advance, and being the first to land on British soil after the declaration of war. There was some delay waiting for artillery at Windsor, on the shore opposite to Detroit, while a proclamation, written by General Cass, was circulated among the inhabitants. Hull still counselled inaction. A week after crossing, on the seventeenth, Colonel Cass was allowed to move forward to take possession of a bridge at an intermediate river, four miles from the fort. He managed this affair with success, leaving a company of riflemen to divert the enemy at the bridge, while he passed his men over the river above; he then met the British and drove them before him with loss. This advantage might have led to the conquest of the fort, had not Hull, with inexcusable timidity, withdrawn the force from the position it had so creditably gained. His next movement was to return to Detroit, in consequence of the defeat of a party which had been sent from the camp to assist in bringing up some provisions which were on the way. This retreat took place on the 8th of August. A second detachment, under Colonel Miller, was then sent to escort the provision train, which was also met by the enemy, when a sharp engagement ensued. Though the American party held its ground, it was recalled, the commander-in-chief having a wholesome fear of the Indians who took part in these contests and infested the region. Still a third attempt was made to open the communication with the expected supplies, which was led by Colonels Cass and McArthur. The party started from Detroit on the fourteenth of the month, the very day the energetic General Brock arrived to take the command at Malden, and before its return Hull had surrendered his entire force, including the party led by Colonel Cass and his brother officer. Reluctantly were they compelled to acquiesce in this arrangement. Colonel Cass, on being called to deliver his sword, indignantly drew it from its scabbard, and breaking it in two, threw it away. He was released upon parole, returned to Ohio, and thence travelled

to Washington at the request of his brother soldiers, to inform the government of the particulars of this ignominious surrender.

For the remainder of the year Colonel Cass was incapacitated by his parole from any active part in the duties of the field. He was discharged from this obligation, however, in January, 1813, by exchange, when he was commissioned colonel in the regular army, and charged with raising and organizing an Ohio regiment. He joined General Harrison, the commander-in-chief in the West, in the summer, with the increased rank of Brigadier-General; was with the army in its preparatory movements in the neighborhood of Lake Erie; and, after the victory of Perry, in September had opened the way for the invasion of Canada, crossed with General Harrison to Malden, and with him entered Detroit in triumph. The British General, Proctor, had fled before the advancing Americans, by the way of Lake St. Clair and the Thames. His slow movement gave opportunity for pursuit; he was overtaken by Harrison, and defeated on the 5th of October, in the Battle of the Thames, in which Colonel Richard M. Johnson bore so prominent a part. General Cass was with the American forces, acting with Perry as volunteer aid to the commanding general, and, with the hero of Lake Erie, contributing greatly, by his spirit and exertions, to the success of the day. On the advance of General Harrison, he was left in command of the North-Western frontier, with his head-quarters at Detroit. He had hardly entered upon this office, however, before he received the appointment from President Madison of Governor of the Territory of Michigan. This devolved upon him new and important duties, both of a military and civil character, in making provision for the defence of the frontier, and as the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He took part with General Harrison in the grand council of the Indians at Greenville, in July, 1814, and was afterwards much employed in conciliating the friendly tribes, and opposing the hostilities offered by others, in the region placed under his protection.

On the conclusion of peace, General Cass established himself with his family at Detroit. His attention was at once turned to the settlement and occupation of the territory, which was then a wilderness roamed over by the Indians. The first step was to negotiate with them for the cession of the land. This was successfully accomplished in the treaty which he made, in pursuance of directions of the Government at Washington, with the Indians in council at Fort Meigs, in the spring of 1817, a treaty by which the Indian title to four millions of acres of land in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan was extinguished, and the policy of removal fairly adopted —a treaty which was pronounced by the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, "in its fiscal, moral, and political effects, the most important of any hitherto made with the Indians."[1] General Cass was also engaged in subsequent treaties of cession of the tribes at St. Marys and Saginaw. A military road from San-

[1] Smith's Lewis Cass, p. 112.

dusky to Detroit was undertaken at his instigation, and the first newspaper in Michigan, "The Detroit Gazette," commenced in 1817 under his auspices. Seeing the benefits of a good understanding with the Indian tribes, and for the further development of the country, he advised a government expedition into the Lake Superior region and the intervening territory to the Mississippi, with a view, in the words of his communication to the War Department at Washington, in November, 1819, "to examine the productions of its animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; to explore its facilities for water communication; to delineate its natural objects, and to ascertain its present and future probable value;" with the further political objects of becoming acquainted with the condition of the Indian tribes in the regions, and extinguishing their titles to the land.

The expedition was accordingly organized, with a corps of scientific men, including Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, as mineralogist; Captain D. B. Douglass, Professor of engineering at West Point, as topographer and astronomer; a number of Canadian voyageurs, interpreters, etc., and a small military escort. Thus armed and equipped, the party, led by General Cass, set forth at the end of May, 1820. Entering Lake Huron, it pursued the Michigan shore to Mackinaw, thence by the Sault St. Marie, where an Indian council was held, to the copper region on the southern coast of Lake Superior, advancing to the Fond du Lac, at its most westerly portion. Ascending then the St. Louis River, and crossing by the portages to Lake du Sable, the Mississippi River was entered and traversed a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, to the Upper Red Cedar Lake. They then descended the Mississippi fourteen hundred miles to Prairie du Chien, crossing by the Fox and Wisconsin to Green Bay, whence General Cass returned to Detroit, accomplishing in four months a journey exceeding four thousand miles, "without the occurrence of a single untoward accident sufficiently important to deserve recollection." The interesting volume of Mr. Schoolcraft, "Travels from Detroit to the Sources of the Mississippi," published in the following year, made the incidents of this tour familiar to the public.

For nearly eighteen years General Cass administered the government of Michigan, continuing the negotiations with the Indians, assisting immigration, and in every way developing the resources of the region under his charge. It was a position of great care and responsibility, involving many services of a novel character, which will always find their faithful record, becoming of increasing interest as time separates the reader and the progress of civilization from this early period, already, within the lifetime of General Cass himself, grown antiquated in the history of new States of the Union.

In August, 1831, General Cass was appointed by President Jackson, Secretary of War, on the reorganization of the Cabinet which followed the resignation of Mr. Van Buren. In addition to the political cares of that anxious period, which taxed the energies of every

member of that active administration, and the general duties of his department, General Cass had charge of new Indian negotiations, and even the conduct of a war with the Sacs and Foxes, led by the famous chieftain Black Hawk. Nor was this all. In the same year with this latter conflict on the Mississippi, one of a more portentous character was threatened in the nullification threat of South Carolina. The views of the President in reference to that agitation are well known, as well as the measures he took of counsel and defence to maintain the integrity of the Union. To General Cass, as Secretary of War, fell the delicate task of communicating the necessary instructions to General Scott, who was sent to the region to provide adequate security to the public property and defences of the nation.

General Cass held the office of Secretary of War some three years longer, into the second term of Jackson's administration, when, his health failing under the continuous round of laborious duties at Washington, his resignation was accepted, and he received immediately the appointment of Minister to France. He accepted the office with the condition that he might be allowed to vary its duties by travel in other parts of Europe and the East. The coveted opportunity presented itself in 1837, the spring of the year succeeding his entrance upon his new duties at Paris. Leaving Marseilles in the frigate Constitution, commanded by Commodore Elliott, he visited in turn the memorable lands of the Mediterranean, sacred in history and literature, Rome, Sicily, Malta, Athens, the islands of the Ægean, Constantinople, the coast of Asia Minor, thence to Jaffa, whence he travelled to Jerusalem, Damascus, and Baalbec, crossing Lebanon to Tripoli, where he rejoined the Constitution. Sidon and other places of interest on the coast were then visited, when the voyage was extended by way of Cyprus to Egypt, where he made the tour of the Nile, returning to Paris in November, after an absence of eight months. During the whole of this journey he was occupied with study and observation, of which he has published many interesting particulars, of the men and condition of the various lands which he visited.

Seated once more at Paris, he had, in the occupant of the French throne of that period, a character to study quite as noticeable as any which he had met with on his travels. Louis Philippe, a portion of whose life had been passed in America, in scenes with which the pioneer experiences of General Cass had led him to be perfectly familiar, was naturally attracted toward so intelligent a companion and ready listener. He talked familiarly with him of his life and travels, and communicated many interesting circumstances which, together with other matters relating to the nation, General Cass afterwards gave to the public in a very pleasant volume, entitled "France, its King, Court, and Government."

In 1842, General Cass was engaged in his mission in an elaborate course of opposition to the Quintuple Treaty in reference to the slave trade, proposed between Austria, Russia, Prussia, France

and the United States, one of the provisions of which involved the right of maritime search. He appealed to the people of France in a pamphlet upon the subject, discussing the motives of the British government and the position of his own, the various essential and practical bearings of the question, the history of the discussion, and an examination of its recent course. The treaty was ratified neither by France nor the United States. The matter, however, in the view of General Cass, still existed as ground of diplomatic jealousy between his own country and England; and, thinking the ground which he had taken not properly supported in the treaty made by Mr. Webster with Lord Ashburton, he consequently, in September, 1842, requested his recall. Before leaving Paris, he was entertained at a complimentary dinner given by the Americans in that city. He then returned to America, landing at Boston in December. Thence he hastened to Washington, and shortly after proceeded to Detroit, where a hearty home welcome awaited him.

The remainder of his public life is familiar to the public. In 1845, he was elected by the Legislature of Michigan to the Senate of the United States, and held that position till his nomination to the Presidency, in 1848. In the general election of that year he was the candidate for the chief magistracy of the Democratic party, in opposition to General Taylor, the nominee of the Whigs. He received the vote of fifteen States, and an aggregate popular vote of 1,223,795, being 138,447 less than that of General Taylor, who was elected by the remaining fifteen States. The election being thus decided, General Cass was returned to the Senate by the Legislature of Michigan for the remainder of the period for which he had been originally chosen. In 1851, his senatorial term having expired, he was again chosen senator for a period of six years. The following year his name was again before the democratic nominating convention as a candidate for the Presidency. His election in that body appeared probable in the early stages of the balloting, which was protracted for several days, when Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire received the nomination. In the subsequent election of 1856, General Cass was a supporter of Mr. Buchanan, who, on taking his seat as President, called his friend to his side as Secretary of State. There he remained in the honorable discharge of his duties till near the close of the administration, when, protesting against the want of firmness which prevailed in treating the rebellion which had arisen, and disheartened at the lack of patriotism in the cabinet, he resigned his position in December, 1860, demonstrating by the act, in the words of Senator Baker, of California, "that he loved his country more than he loved either state or place, or power or party."[1] He then retired to his home in Michigan, where on more than one occasion he has given the encouragement of his voice and example to the War for the Union into which the nation was forced.

[1] Speech in the Senate, January 2, 1861.

ORMSBY McKNIGHT MITCHEL.

Ormsby McKnight Mitchel was born of Virginia parentage, in Union County, Kentucky, August 28th, 1810. His father dying when the son was but two years old, the family, in 1816, removed to Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, where young Mitchel received his first education. At the early age of thirteen he began life as a merchant's clerk, serving in that capacity in the town of Piqua, and afterwards in Lebanon and Xenia. At fifteen, he was appointed to a cadetship at West Point, studied zealously, and was graduated in due course in 1829, ranking fifteenth in a class of forty-six, which included Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, who, together with himself were destined, though on opposite sides, to acquire an eminent military reputation in the great conflicts of the unparalleled rebellion in which the fortunes of their country were the stake. Young Mitchel now received the rank of second lieutenant of artillery. He did not, however, leave the Military Academy, being at once appointed Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics, a position which he retained for two years, and which sufficiently points out the strong bent of his mind and his proficiency while in the institution. In June, 1831, Lieutenant Mitchel was employed in the survey of the Philadelphia and Morristown railroad, and in the following September was engaged upon the Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, which occupied him about a month, when he went to his post at St. Augustine, Florida, destined subsequently to be included in his important military command. There he remained until the following June, when he resigned his rank in the army to engage in the profession of the law, to which he had now turned his studies, was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was occupied in practice for two years, when the bent of his disposition and the course of his original studies led him to open a scientific school. For ten years, from 1834 to 1844, he held the position of Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy, and Astronomy, at the Cincinnati College, where he won a distinguished reputation by his scientific abilities, and his zeal and aptitude in the discharge of his new duties. He was meanwhile engaged, from 1836 to 1837, as Chief Engineer of the Little Miami Railroad, and in 1841 was a member of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy at West Point. A project which grew out of his professorship now engaged all the enthusiasm of his susceptible nature. This was

O. M. Mitchel

the establishment of an observatory at Cincinnati, an undertaking beset with many difficulties which were finally overcome by his energy and perseverance. He not only took upon himself, we are told, to raise the necessary funds, but even devoted all the time he could spare from his duties as professor, to oversee the hod-carriers and bricklayers. In November, 1843, the corner-stone of the observatory was laid by John Quincy Adams, and the building was completed in 1845, when Professor Mitchel, to supply the institution with the necessary apparatus, made a flying trip to Europe, visiting London, Paris, and Munich, making his contracts, and returning to Cincinnati, after an absence of only fourteen weeks. He now took up his quarters at the observatory, and commenced his observations of the heavenly bodies, in connection with which he invented a new declination apparatus, which he made the subject of a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and which was favorably reported upon by a committee of that body. In 1846, he began and continued the publication for two years of an astronomical journal entitled the "Siderial Messenger." In 1847, he held the position of Adjutant-General of the State of Ohio. In 1848, he published a series of ten lectures, a popular exposition of the modern astronomy, in a volume entitled "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds," which, from his repute as a lecturer, and its intrinsic merits, was received with general favor. He was the same year appointed Chief Engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. In 1859, he was made Director of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, still holding his supervision of the similar institution at Cincinnati. In 1860, he published a second volume of popular astronomy, "A concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satelites, and Comets," in which he presented the result of his own observations and the new methods which he had employed in the observatories at Cincinnati and Albany.

From this useful career, in which, by his lectures in the chief cities he had excited the enthusiasm of his countrymen for his favorite science, the outbreak of the Rebellion called Professor Mitchel to new duties in the resumption of his early military employments. He was among the foremost to appreciate the demands of the times. In the memorable meeting at Union Square, in the city of New York, on the twentieth of April, 1861, a week after the fall of Sumter, he addressed the vast assembly in words of stirring eloquence. Recalling his early days, when, in his own words, "a poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve, I turned out to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars a month; I worked my way onward until this glorious government gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point, where I landed with a knapsack on my back and, I tell you God's truth—just a quarter of a dollar in my pocket," he vowed anew faithfulness to the nation to which he had then sworn allegiance. No one estimated more truly the sacrifices which would be required in the

War for the Union, and no one was more ready to make them. "I only ask," he exclaimed, "to be permitted to act, and in God's name give me something to do."

The proffer was not neglected. In August, 1861, Professor Mitchel was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and ordered to the Department of the Ohio. He was usefully employed in the organization of the force which was raised in Kentucky, and took the field at the head of an important division in General Buell's army, in the advance upon Bowling Green, in February, 1862. A general order to his troops on that occasion was significant of the energy and rapidity of his movements. In stirring words, commemorating their activity in a march of forty miles in twenty-eight hours and a half, and the flight of the foe, he concluded: "I trust you feel precisely as does your commanding general, that nothing is done while anything remains to be done." Another order of General Mitchel, dated on the soil of Alabama, at Huntsville, records the victorious progress of his division: "Soldiers, your march upon Bowling Green won the thanks and confidence of your commanding general. With engines and cars captured from the enemy, our advance guard precipitated itself upon Nashville. It was now made your duty to seize and destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railway, the great military road of the enemy. With a supply train only sufficient to feed you at a distance of two days' march from your depot, you undertook the herculean task of rebuilding twelve hundred feet of heavy bridging, which, by your untiring energy, was accomplished in ten days. Thus, by a railway of your own construction, your depot of supplies was removed from Nashville to Shelbyville, nearly sixty miles, in the direction of the object of your attack. The blow now became practicable. Marching with a celerity such as to outstrip any messenger who might have attempted to announce your coming, you fell upon Huntsville, taking your enemy completely by surprise, and capturing not only his great military road, but all his machine-shops, engines, and rolling-stock. Thus providing yourself with ample transportation, you have struck blow after blow with a rapidity unparalleled. Stevenson fell, sixty miles to the east of Huntsville, Decatur and Tuscumbia have been in like manner seized and are now occupied. In three days you have extended your front of operations more than one hundred and twenty miles, and your morning gun at Tuscumbia may now be heard by your comrades on the battle-field recently made glorious by their victory before Corinth." For these and other services in Alabama, General Mitchel was promoted to be Major-General.

His next important sphere of duty was in South Carolina, where in September, 1862, he succeeded General Hunter in the command of the Department of the South. There, after bestowing attention upon the military affairs of his department, he became at once engaged in efforts to improve the condition of the negro population, the refugees and others who had gathered

around his headquarters at Port Royal, and at the adjacent islands. With his accustomed enthusiasm, he spared no pains of word or deed to arouse their energies and fit them for the new career before them. After addressing a large assembly of the hitherto despised race, at the opening of a church built for their use, he wrote to Secretary Chase at Washington: "I have spoken to the élite of Boston, the solid, and the scientific, and the literary men of that learned city; I have spoken to the fashionable crowds of New York, in the Academy of Music; I have spoken to the rich and proud citizens of New Orleans; I have spoken to multitudes in almost every State in the Union, but I do not think I ever addressed any audience whose presence touched me more deeply than the sable multitude to whom I endeavored to utter words of encouragement and hope yesterday." Such was the spirit of General Mitchel in whatever his hand found to do.

A fortnight after this was written, before the new general had opportunity—beyond several reconnoisances which he ordered—to test the military spirit of his department, he was suddenly cut off in the midst of his labors. General Mitchel died after a brief illness of yellow fever, at Beaufort, on the thirtieth of October. His remains were brought to New York, and after simple services at the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, with no display, military or civic, were interred in the neighboring Greenwood Cemetery.

The moral and intellectual traits, the personal character of General Mitchel, have been well described by a shrewd and cultivated observer, the Rev. Henry Norman Hudson, an army chaplain at Hilton Head, who joyfully greeted his arrival in the Southern Department. "In person he is rather spare, in stature rather short; with a head capacious, finely shaped and firmly set, an attractive and beaming countenance, every feature and every motion full of intelligence and animation. Therewithal, he is a man of keen discernment and large discourse; swift-thoughted, fluent, and eloquent of speech, free and genial in his dispositions, quick and firm of purpose, of clear and intense perceptions, and sound and steady judgment. All who have met him in the lecture-room must have admired the enthusiasm and whole-souledness of the man in whatever he does or says. Yet a strong force of judiciousness goes hand-in-hand with his enthusiasm. He is indeed brilliant, but not flashing; his brilliancy is that of a solid, not of a surface. Whether discoursing the harmony of the stars, or the cause of his betrayed and bleeding country, he is still the same embodiment of energy and eloquence, with a remarkable power of tickling his hearers, and flashing his energy through them. In brief, his mind abounds in sinew and grip, and his spirit is brim-full of what we call snap; the two together making him bold and strong in conception, rapid and fiery in execution. As a military commander he has, perhaps, more of the *felicitas audax* in his composition than any other of our generals now in the field."

JOHN E. WOOL.

Major-General John E. Wool is a native of the State of New York. He was born at Newburgh, Orange County, about the year 1784, of a family which had been distinguished for its services in the War of the Revolution. Five of the sons of his grandfather, James Wool, a respectable farmer of Rensselaer County, bore arms in that struggle. Two were captured at Fort Washington, and experienced the tender mercies of the New Jersey Prison ship; one became a captain in Lamb's regiment of artillery, and was with Montgomery at Quebec; a fourth was with Stark at Bennington; the fifth, the father of Major-General Wool, was with "Mad Antony" at the storming of Stoney Point — a respectable military lineage for an American soldier of the nineteenth century. Young Wool, we are told, had barely completed his fourth year when his father died. He was then taken to his grandfather's farmer's home, and had such advantages of education as a country school afforded. They were of course limited and of no long continuance, for at the age of twelve the boy was placed in a merchant's store in Troy, where he continued till eighteen, when he opened a book and stationary store on his own account Driven from this by a fire which consumed his stock, he took refuge in the law and pursued the study for more than a year with avidity, in the office of John Russell, an eminent practitioner of Troy.

The perseverance and energy which he has since displayed on other fields would, no doubt, have crowned his labors in the profession with success, had he not been directed to an entirely different mode of life by an opening in public affairs which controlled so many of the spirited young men of his generation. The second war with Great Britain was about to be declared, and new levies of volunteers were called into the field. The army suddenly offered honorable means of support fascinating to the youthful mind. The traditions of arms were recent in the family of young Wool, and he naturally sought a commission. In the spring of 1812, on the eve of the declaration of war, with the recommendation of Governor Clinton, he received his appointment as captain in the Thirteenth regiment of United States Infantry. He immediately set to work recruiting his company, joined his regiment at Greenbush, and in September, proceeded with the regiment to the Niagara frontier. He was in time for General Van Rensselaer's famous at-

John E. Wool

tempt upon the heights of Queenstown.

In the arrangement of that assault it was designed that the force first crossing the river should consist of equal parties of regulars and militia. Colonel Chrystie, in whose ranks Captain Wool was stationed, commanding the former and Lieutenant-Colonel Van Rensselaer the latter. The boats were arranged on the morning of the thirteenth of October for this simultaneous movement. The force ready to cross consisted of about three hundred men of each division. Owing to an insufficient supply of boats, it was impossible at once to transport both parties, and in the haste and confusion the regulars were naturally the first to gain the advantage. The thirteen boats which set out were mostly filled by the soldiers of the Thirteenth regiment. Ten of them landed in safety, three miscarried, and in one of the latter was Lieutenant Colonel Chrystie. This accident threw the command of the regulars into the hands of Captain John E. Wool. Upon his energy the first success of the day, so disastrous in its issue, was to depend.

The British defences at Queenstown at the opening of the attack consisted of a battery on the heights, manned by two companies of the Forty-ninth, with another battery below on the river. The former were speedily reinforced, and a destructive fire from the whole body was thrown upon the advancing columns of the Americans. It was Van Rensselaer's intention to storm the heights, and for this purpose Wool's command was moved forward to the base of the hill. While in line, waiting further orders, an attack was made upon this party by the British which inflicted serious losses in its ranks. Six out of ten officers of Wool's command were killed or wounded. He himself was among the latter, being shot through both thighs; yet in this condition he led one of the boldest movements of the day. Van Rensselaer was also seriously wounded. Though the enemy were repulsed in this conflict, a retreat of the Americans seemed inevitable, when Wool, doubly wounded as he was, undertook to scale the heights and storm the defences. He was gallantly seconded by his officers. Choosing a somewhat sheltered position under a precipice, the ascent was commenced, the men now lifting themselves by the bushes, now supporting themselves by their muskets, till a neglected fisherman's path was struck, which aided the movement. The summit was thus gained without the loss of a man. The small force at the works was taken by surprise, and compelled precipitately to retreat. The American colors were raised, "greeting the rising sun, proclaiming at once the triumph of the Thirteenth regiment and the success of the expedition."[1]

In the retreating party was General Sir Isaac Brock, the British Commander-in-chief on this frontier, who, having the line from the mouth of the Niagara river to guard, had hastened on the first alarm, from his quarters at Fort George, to reconnoitre the American movement.

[1] Mr. Dawson's Battles of the United States, II. 153. Mr. Dawson writes with the aid of original memoranda of the battle by General Wool.

Ordering his troops in reserve to advance to the scene of the invasion, he now put himself at the head of the detachment on the spot, and moved towards the force of Captain Wool, who held a position in the rear of the battery above the village. The Americans, unable to sustain themselves against superior numbers, were driven to the high bank of the river, when one of the officers raised a white handkerchief in sign of surrender. Captain Wool, with his own hands, removed the signal, exhorting his men to resist to the last, and not to yield without a final resort to the bayonet. When their ammunition was nearly exhausted the charge was made, resulting in a partial repulse of the enemy. General Brock being now reinforced was leading on his troops to a fresh attack when he fell mortally wounded by a musket ball. This event inspired his command with fresh vigor in the desire for revenge, but their effort was unavailing against the determined opposition of Captain Wool and his unflinching band. He remained master of the position, ten prisoners and a captured Indian chief being among the proofs of the victory. This was the condition of the valiant handful of Americans at two o'clock in the day, when, reinforcements having added to their numbers, Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott crossed the river to take the command, and experience his share of the fortunes of the day. Captain Wool then retired to pay much needed attention to his neglected wounds.

For this service Captain Wool was created Major, his commission bearing date the day of the battle of Queenstown, October 13, 1812. He was attached to the Twenty-ninth regiment of infantry, and continued to be employed in the defence of the frontier. On the invasion by the British on the line of Lake Champlain, in September, 1814, he rendered important assistance to General Macomb in the military movement at Plattsburgh and its vicinity. On the first advance of the enemy he was sent by General Macomb with a small force of two hundred and fifty men to strengthen the militia, seven hundred in number, stationed on the upper road at the village of Beekmantown. The approaching British column was composed of thousands of veteran troops. There could, of course, under such circumstances, be nothing more than a dignified retreat. That it was a well-conducted retreat, repulsing at one moment the head of the enemy's column and retarding the movement at various points, was due to the energy of Major Wool, who, with his regulars, rallied the militiamen to the work, and availed himself of every means of resistance in his path. General Macomb in his despatch called the attention of the Government to this heroic incident of the day, and Major Wool was, in acknowledgment of his bravery, brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

In 1816 Colonel Wool was made an army inspector, the office being enlarged in 1821 to that of inspector-general. The duties of this office embrace an examination of the entire routine and morale of the army at its different posts, the efficiency of officers

and men, the condition and economical management of all the material of war. The inspector is to exercise a general supervision of all these matters, and be prepared with special reports to the government on the state of the service when information may be needed. The performance of these home duties was varied by a visit of General Wool to Europe in 1832, for the purpose of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the foreign discipline and tactics, and improvements in the art of war. His reception by Louis Philippe, then on the French throne, and by the King of Belgium, was cordial, and opened to him every facility in pursuing his military investigations. He witnessed a grand review by the side of the King of the French of seventy thousand men, and was present with the King of Belgium, at a still larger review of one hundred thousand. He also witnessed the proceedings at the famous siege of Antwerp.

In 1836 he was employed in the removal of the Cherokee Indians to their new home in Arkansas, a duty which required both delicacy and firmness. In 1838 we find him engaged in a military reconnoisance in Maine, on occasion of the boundary dispute with Great Britain. In 1841 he was commissioned Brigadier-General in the line, having held the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General since 1826. The Mexican War, of course, called him into the field. He was early summoned to Washington by the government, on the actual outbreak of hostilities, in 1845, and became engaged in concentrating the troops at the Eastward for a movement to the seat of hostilities. The next year in May, he was ordered by the department to proceed to Ohio, and organize and muster into service a large force of volunteers from that State, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Mississippi. He received his instructions on the thirtieth of May; on the fifth of the next month he was in the midst of his duties at Columbus, holding correspondence with the governors of the States from which his force was to be drawn, and with the subordinate military officers who stood between him and the recruits. Such was his efficiency that in six weeks, by July 11th, he had organized a body of twelve thousand men. This duty accomplished, he was ordered to San Antonio in Texas, where, having concentrated his troops, he was to take command of an expedition planned against the Mexican province of Chihuahua. Leaving Alton, Illinois, on the fifteenth of July, the twenty-sixth found him at New Orleans, the first of August saw him landing his troops at Lavacca, Texas, and the fourteenth witnessed his arrival at the place of rendezvous, San Antonio. It was the intention to deal a blow at the enemy by revolutionizing one of his important northern provinces, supposed to be of great value to the capital. The expedition, however, might have proved of little value in this respect, had it been carried out as anticipated, but it was found to be impracticable, and was abandoned. General Wool accomplished, in little more than a month, between the 26th September and 29th of October, a march of six hundred miles to Monclova, with a

force of about six hundred regulars and twenty-three hundred volunteers, including Colonel Harney's companies of Dragoons, Captain Washington's company of Artillery, Captain Bonneville's two companies of U. S. Infantry, a regiment of Arkansas Cavalry under Colonel Yell, Colonel Hardin's two regiments of Illinois Infantry, and Captain Williams' single company of Kentucky Cavalry. It was the period of repose, after the victory at Monterey, one of the interludes in this singular war which was encouraged and protracted by the vain negotiations for peace, and empty reliance upon the friendship and power of Santa Anna. General Worth, from his resting-place, fully impressed with the difficulties of the undertaking, saw that the northern expedition which had been projected for him beyond the mountains, even were it successfully accomplished, would be fruitless of results. He therefore advised General Taylor to make a better disposition of the troops, by uniting them with his own force in a position where they could make head against General Santa Anna, who was concentrating his forces at San Luis de Potosi.

The wisdom of this counsel was evident, and the proper discretion having been reposed in General Taylor by the War Department, he withdrew General Wool's command from its route to Chihuahua, and stationed it in the neighborhood of his own operations at Parras. At this town General Wool governed with the same discretion which he had shown at Monclova, and such, we are told, was the excellence of his management, and the conduct of his force, that upon his being summoned to the aid of General Worth, a hundred miles distant, at Saltillo, "only fourteen of his men were too sick to march, and the ladies of Parras contended for the privilege of nursing them."[1] This friendly reception of the American troops by the people on the frontier, is a feature of the war highly creditable to the officers employed and the spirit of the men whom they commanded. It is proof alike of their energy and their forbearance. An ill regulated force never would have challenged respect; an inhumane one never could have obtained it.

On the twenty-first of December, General Wool was at Agua Nueva, nine hundred miles distant from his place of disembarkation at Port Lavacca, in Texas, in communication with Generals Butler and Worth, who were watching the movements of Santa Anna. At this crisis a large portion of the troops of General Taylor, including the command of General Worth, were withdrawn by General Scott for his operations against the City of Mexico, by the line of Vera Cruz, and the plan of operations of the battle having fallen into the hands of Santa Anna, by an intercepted despatch, it was thought by some that the Mexican General, leaving behind him the diminished force on the Rio Grande, would turn his attention to the new scene of the war. He determined, on the contrary, however, first to strike a blow at the little army of General Taylor, who, with characteristic hardihood, resolved to meet him

[1] Biography of General Wool in the Democratic Review, Nov. 1851.

in the field. The result is told in the battle of Buena Vista.

This engagement commenced on the twenty-second of February, 1847. The spot chosen to make a stand against the advancing army of Santa Anna at the pass of Angostura, was admirably chosen for defence, and had been first pointed out as an advantageous battle-ground by General Wool, when he passed by it, in one of the movements of his troops on his arrival in the region two months before. To him now fell the first disposition of the troops on the field as the enemy advanced. General Taylor conducting a portion of his command to Saltillo, a few miles in advance, left the command of the rear and the preparations for the defence to General Wool. He had three thousand men under his orders, nearly three-fourths of the entire army, which had but four hundred and seventy-six regulars in all. His first act was to take possession of the road at the centre of the pass, by throwing up parapets, and stationing there the battery of Captain Washington, supported by an excellent disposition of the several companies on the right and left, and in the rear. The ground was naturally defended on one side by the mountain, on the other by deeply-worn channels or fissures, and ravines in front. These dispositions were all made by General Wool early on the morning of the twenty-second, before General Taylor, who had passed the night at Saltillo, came up with Bragg's and Sherman's batteries from that place. At eleven o'clock, Santa Anna summoned the little force to surrender to his twenty thousand men, a proposition which General Taylor "declined acceding to," and the day was spent in movements preliminary to the encounter. General Taylor again passed the night at Saltillo, looking after its defences; and, before he returned the next morning, the battle had begun, General Wool being again in command on the field. The attack was made with great vigor by Santa Anna, who sent forward his force in three divisions. It is not necessary here to recount the varying fortunes of the day. In the conduct of the engagement, as well after the arrival of General Taylor as before, no less than in the effective arrangements at the outset, General Wool was one of the master-spirits of the day, fully sharing the honors with the Commander-in-chief.

Again the government was called upon to reward his services by promotion earned in the field. As before, Queenstown and Plattsburgh, so now Buena Vista yielded its honors. For "gallant and distinguished conduct" that day Brigadier-General Wool was brevetted Major-General. He continued in command at Saltillo, until General Taylor left for the United States in November, when he succeeded to the entire command on the Rio Grande, which he held till the war was ended. Returning homeward by the way of New Orleans, Cincinnati, and Washington, in August, 1848, he reached his residence at Troy, New York, where an enthusiastic welcome awaited him.

In 1854 General Wool was called from his residence at Troy, the headquarters of his military department of the East, to the government of the de-

partment of the Pacific, at a time when the peace of the country was threatened by "fillibuster" movements in that region After accomplishing the object of his mission in this respect, he was called to Oregon, where his efforts were successfully directed to quelling a formidable outbreak of the Indians. At the end of three years General Wool returned home, to be again called into active service on the outbreak of the great Rebellion. When that disastrous event occurred he was one of the foremost to rouse the spirit of the nation by speech and pen, to a sense of the new duties imposed upon it. In the State of New York he was at once employed in the organization of troops for the field, and in August, 1861, was called to the important command of the South-Eastern District of Virginia, with his head-quarters at Fortress Monroe. His command in this region was signalized in May, 1862, by the success of an expedition which he led in person, to the capture of Norfolk. When General McClellan was placed in command of the entire force of the district, General Wool was assigned the Department of Maryland, with his head-quarters at Baltimore. A few days after he received the surrender of Norfolk, his nomination as Major-General of the United States Army was confirmed by the Senate, he having previously to this time held the rank of Brigadier-General and Major-General by brevet. After some months passed at Baltimore, in the important duties of his command, he retired to assume a new appointment, in the superintendance of the Eastern Department.

In addition to his military duties, General Wool is known to the public as a prominent member of the Democratic party. In 1850 he delivered the address at Weybridge, Vermont, on occasion of the completion of a monument to Silas Wright. His pen also has been often employed in compositions of public interest, in reply to various invitations of philanthropical and other societies, and in the discussion of political affairs.

A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12th, 1809, in a district of Hardin County, now included in Lraue County, Kentucky. His father and grandfather, sprung from a Quaker family in Pennsylvania, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia. Thence the grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, removed to Kentucky, where, encountering the fortunes of the first settlers, he was slain by the Indians, about the year 1784. His third and youngest son, Thomas, brought up to a life of rude country industry, in 1806 married Nancy Hanks, of Kentucky, a native of Virginia, so that the blood of Abraham Lincoln is directly traceable to the Old Dominion—the mother of Presidents.

The parents, it is said, partly on account of slavery, partly on account of the disputed Kentucky land titles, removed to a new forest home, in what is now Spencer County, Indiana, when their son Abraham was in his eighth year. The task before the settlers was the clearing of the farm in the wilderness; and in this labor and its incidents of hunting and agricultural toils the rugged boy grew up to manhood, receiving such elementary instruction as the occasional schoolmasters of the region afforded. Taken altogether, it was very little—for the time which he attended schools of any kind, was in the whole less than a year. His knowledge from books was to be worked out solely by himself; the vigorous life around him and rough experience were to teach him the rest. His first adventure in the world was at the age of nineteen, when hired as an assistant to a son of the owner, the two, without other aid, navigated a flat boat to New Orleans, trading by the way—an excursion on which more might be learnt of human nature than in a year at college. At twenty-one, he followed his father, who had now married a second time, to a new settlement in Macon County, Illinois, where a log cabin was built by the family, and the land fenced in by rails, vigorously and abundantly split by the stalwart Abraham.

The rail-splitter of Illinois was yet to be summoned to a fiercer conflict. To build a flat-boat was no great change of occupation for one so familiar with the axe. He was engaged in this work on the Sangamon River, and in taking the craft afterward to New Orleans, serving on his return as clerk in charge of a store and mill at New Salem, belonging to his employer. The breaking out of the Black-Hawk war in Illinois, in 1832, gave him new and more spirited occupation. He joined a vo-

lunteer company, was elected captain, served through a three months' campaign, and was in due time rewarded by his share of bounty lands in Iowa. A popular man in his neighborhood, doubtless from his energy, sagacity, humor, and innate benevolence of disposition, admirably qualifying him as a representative of the West, or of human nature in its better condition anywhere, he was, on return from the war, set up as a Whig candidate for the Legislature, in which he was beaten in the district, though his own precinct, democratic as it too was, gave him 277 out of 284 votes. Unsettled, and on the lookout for occupation in the world, he now again fell in charge of a country store at New Salem, over the counter of which he gained knowledge of men, but little pecuniary profit. The store, in fact, was a failure, but the man was not. He had doubtless chopped logic, as heretofore timber, with his neighbors, and democrats had felt the edge of his argument. Some confidence of this nature led him to think of the law as a profession. Working out his problem of self-education, he would borrow a few books from a lawyer of the village in the evening, read them at night, and return them in the morning. A turn at official surveying in the county meanwhile, by its emoluments, assisted him to live. In 1834, he was elected, by a large vote to the Legislature, and again in 1836, '38, and '40. In 1836, he was admitted to the bar, and the following year commenced practice at Springfield, with his fellow-representative in the Legislature, Major John F. Stuart. He rapidly acquired a reputation by his success in jury trials, in which he cleared up difficulties with a sagacious, ready humor, and a large and growing stock of apposite familiar illustrations. Politics and the bar, as usual in the West, in his case also went together; a staunch supporter of Whig principles in the midst of the democracy, he canvassed the State for Henry Clay in 1844, making numerous speeches of signal ability, and in 1846, was elected to Congress from the central district of Illinois. During his term he was distinguished by his advocacy of free soil principles, voting in favor of the right of petition, and steadily supporting the Wilmot proviso prohibiting slavery in the new territories. He also proposed a plan of compensated emancipation, with the consent of a majority of the owners, for the District of Columbia. A member of the Whig National Convention of 1848, he supported the nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency, in an active canvass of Illinois and Indiana. In 1856, he was recommended by the Illinois delegation as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, on the Republican ticket with Colonel Fremont. In 1858, he was nominated as candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, and "took the stump" in joint debate with that powerful antagonist of the Democratic party. The election ended in the choice of a Legislature which sent Mr. Douglas to the Senate, though the Republican candidates pledged to Mr. Lincoln received a larger aggregate vote. In the ensuing nomination in 1860, for the Presidency, by the convention at Chicago,

Mr. Lincoln, on the third ballot was preferred to Mr. Seward by a decided vote, and placed before the country as the candidate of the Republican free-soil party. He had three rivals in the field, Breckinridge, representing the old Southern pro-slavery Democratic party; Douglas, its new "popular sovereignty" modification; Bell, a respectable, cautious conservatism. In the election, of the entire popular vote, 4,662,170, Mr. Lincoln received 1,857-610; Mr. Douglas, 1,365,976; Mr. Breckinridge, 847,953; and Mr. Bell, 590,631. Every free State except New Jersey, where the vote was divided, voted for Mr. Lincoln, giving him seventeen out of the thirty-three States which then composed the Union. In nine of the slave states, besides South Carolina, he had no electoral ticket. Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Texas, cast their votes for Breckinridge and Lane, 72; for Bell and Everett, 39; for Douglas and Johnson, 12.

In the following February, Mr. Lincoln left his home at Springfield, by a circuitous route, through the Northern States for Washington; when in consequence of a reported conspiracy to interrupt his progress, it was thought necessary to hasten his journey to the capital by night, to secure his safety. It was also expected that some opposition would be made to his inauguration; but the ceremony passed off quietly, and the new President entered on that struggle of the loyal States with the great rebellion, the settlement and conclusion of which were to determine his place in history.

The story of the conduct of that war through four years of unexampled sacrifices by the people, of unprecedented development of the national strength and resources, transcends the limits of a brief biographic sketch. Suffice it to say, that in patient sagacity and magnanimity President Lincoln stood forth the accepted representative and guardian of the people, who, in the recurring election of 1864, again returned him to office by an overwhelming majority of the electoral vote. As the end for which he had so faithfully labored was gained in the assured safety of the Union—when the long protracted war was virtually terminated—he was on the evening of the 14th of March, the anniversary of the attack on Sumter, the opening scene of the war, suddenly stricken down by the pistol-shot of a cowardly assassin as he was witnessing a theatrical performance at Washington, an unexampled act of wanton desperation and malignity, which was regarded with detestation and horror by the civilized world. He survived the murderous assault in a state of insensibility but a few hours, dying early on the morning of the 15th, leaving to his countrymen a name doubly endeared by his virtues and his martyrdom.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786, of a family originally derived from the Lowlands of Scotland. His grandfather, involved in the disturbances of the times, became a refugee to America after the battle of Culloden. He settled in Virginia, and began the practice of the law. His son, a farmer, married Ann Mason, of one of the most respectable families of the State. They were the parents of Winfield Scott. The loss of his father when he was but four years old, and of his mother at seventeen, threw the youth upon the world to work out his own fortunes. His early education in the high school at Richmond introduced him to the law lectures delivered at William and Mary College. He had chosen for himself the law as a profession, and following up the study in the office of David Robertson, was admitted to the bar in 1806; engaged in practice in his native county, and profited by residence and intimacy with Mr. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, eminent in the councils of the State. In 1807 the young practitioner turned his attention to South Carolina, with the view of pursuing his profession at Charleston, but failing to secure from the Legislature of that State, the privilege of exemption from the year's previous residence required in such cases, he abandoned his intention.

There was metal more attractive for the young man in the stirring notes of war which sounded over the country. It was the period of British aggression upon the neutral rights of American commerce, aggravated by her insulting claims of search, brought to an open act of defiance in the attack upon the Chesapeake. The young blood of the country was stirred by the outrage. The rising tide of indignation created soldiers, orators, and statesmen. A new race of our public men in the Senate, and the field, and on the ocean, date from that era. It sent Clay, Calhoun, and others of fame to Congress, and stirred the prompt indignation of Jackson, thirsting for war, in the western wilderness. Winfield Scott was peculiarly its growth. He had volunteered, before his visit to Charleston, as a member of a Petersburg troop of horse, as a guardian of the coast, in the measures taken after the Chesapeake affair, and when the patiently endured aggressions slowly ripened into the warlike proceedings of the following year, 1808, he received from the government the appointment of Captain of Light Artillery. In this capacity he was stationed the next year under

Winfield Scott

the command of General Wilkinson, at New Orleans, of whom he entertained a great distrust. On one occasion, sometime in December, 1809, he committed the imprudence of expressing his opinion at a public table in Washington, in the territory of Mississippi. Wilkinson called his subordinate to account in a court martial, and Scott was accordingly tried for the assertion "that he never saw but two traitors, General Wilkinson and Burr, and that General Wilkinson was a liar and a scoundrel." For this, Captain Scott was sentenced to a year's suspension from rank, pay, and emoluments.

This enforced leisure gave the young captain the opportunity of perfecting himself in various military studies, which he seduously pursued at the house of his friend, Mr. Leigh, in Virginia. The government was very deliberate in entering on the impending war, so that nothing was lost in the way of any important occupation in the field. In the spring of 1812, we find him bringing his legal acquisitions to bear in the service of his new profession, as Judge Advocate in the trial of Colonel Cushing, of which he published a report. "His able management of this interesting case, and his eloquent and well-argued replication to the prisoner's defence," says a competent authority, "afford honorable proof of his legal acquirements and talents." [1]

At length, in the summer of 1812, war was actually declared, and Captain Scott, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the second regiment of artillery, was ordered to the frontier, and took his station at Black Rock, on the Niagara River, protecting the navy-yard at that spot. He had not been long at this post when he was called upon to render assistance to Captain Elliott, afterward the commodore, in the affair of cutting out the Detroit and Caledonia from beneath the guns of Fort Erie. Scott's aid was given with spirit in saving the larger of the vessels from recapture. He had presently an opportunity of taking the command in a more appropriate military engagement on land. The service was one of equal, if not greater courage and resolution, and though the issue was unsuccessful, his gallantry and resources in the field were not the less demonstrated, and he had the rare felicity of being honored in defeat.

The battle of Queenstown, on the Niagara River, has been happily characterized by the latest historian of these events, as "a series of engagements in which were blended the most perfect plans of operations and the most incomplete arrangements for their execution, the most undaunted courage and the most flagrant cowardice, the most triumphant success and the most disastrous defeat." [2] The most important position on the British frontier of Niagara River, below the Falls, was Queenstown. It was defended by a fort on the heights, and was in ready communication with the adjacent post of Fort George, at the mouth of the river. Opposite these positions respectively

[1] Biographical Sketch of General Scott, by Gulian C. Verplanck, in the Analectic Magazine for December, 1814.

[2] Dawson's Battles of the United States, II., 160

on the American side were Lewistown and Fort Niagara. At the former, a considerable body of militia, over two thousand, were assembled; while, at Black Rock and Niagara a still larger number of regulars were stationed. The force was sufficient, if fairly got into the field, to meet the smaller number of the enemy, which had the advantage of position on the opposite shore. The attempt, however, to conquer their works required the most skillful dispositions and unflinching courage on the part of the assailants. The arrangements for the attack, and the direction of the entire American force on the occasion were entrusted to Major-General Stephen Van Rensselaer, of the New York State Militia. Opposed to him on the British side was the vigilant and estimable General Sir Isaac Brock, a leader of distinguished ability. Means of transport were provided, and an attack planned for the night of the 11th of October, 1812, but owing to an unpardonable mismanagement of the boats, it was postponed, to be resumed, with better precautions, in the darkness of the following morning. Detachments of regulars had been summoned from Fort Niagara and Black Rock, and a newly enlisted force of three hundred and fifty regulars, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, arrived, anxious to take part in the action. It was arranged that two parties, of three hundred men each, severally of regulars and militia, should first cross before daylight, and take possession of the fort at Queenstown, and be followed by others of the command on the return of the boats. One of these parties was to be led by Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, the cousin and aid of the New York major-general. The latter was to conduct the movement on the British side. It was intended that an equal number of both divisions should join in the first passage of the river, but there was some confusion in the embarcation, which consisted almost entirely of regulars. Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie did not succeed in crossing, but his command was gallantly led by his senior captain, John E. Wool, who succeeded, spite of serious wounds, in leading his men to the capture of the fort. Lieutenant-Colonel Van Rensselaer was wounded in several places shortly after landing, and was consequently unable to keep the field. During this early part of the engagement, Colonel Scott, who had arrived in the night from Niagara Falls, was posted with his artillery on the heights of Lewiston, protecting the landing and assailing the enemy's works with his fire. General Brock, meanwhile, was hastening, on the first summons of the combat, from his quarters at Fort George. He came up in time to witness the Americans in possession of the fort, and after an unsuccessful attempt to drive them from their position, was rallying on a fresh body of his forces to the encounter when he fell, mortally wounded, at their head. Thus closed the great first act of the day at about eight o'clock in the forenoon.

The arrival at this moment of Colonel Scott marks the second act of the

engagement. He was ordered across the river to assume the entire command, which now consisted of some three hundred and fifty regulars and two hundred and fifty militia. He had hardly, assisted by the skill of Captain Totten, arranged these in a defensive position, when he was attacked by a body of Mohawk warriors enlisted in the enemy's service. This was repulsed, as was also another attack of the British troops, when their main body, eight hundred and fifty in number, came up from Fort George, under command of General Sheaffe. It was an anxious moment for the young American officer, vainly expecting reinforcements from his countrymen on the other side. He resolved to face the enemy while resistance was possible. Addressing his men, he reminded them that they were in a position at the beginning of a national war, where their country demanded a sacrifice, to redeem the ignominious surrender of Hull. "Let us die," he said, "arms in hand;" and all responded to the appeal. The British, thinking this small force but an outpost, approached cautiously, and as they closed in, the Americans for a time withstood their superior attack. It could not be long resisted. Their ranks were broken, and the gallant band escaped for the moment by the precipice to the banks of the river, where boats should have been provided for their rescue. There were none, and nothing was left but capitulation. But even this last resource was environed with difficulties. Several messengers bearing the appropriate signal, were lost in the hostile bands of Indians who beset their path. "At length, Scott determined that he himself would make another attempt. He prepared a flag of truce—a white handkerchief fastened upon his sword—and accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, went forth on a forlorn hope to seek a parley. Keeping close to the water's edge, and under cover of the precipice as much as possible, they descended along the river. They were exposed to a continual random fire from the Indians, until they turned up an easy slope to gain the road from the village to the heights. They had just attained this road, when they were met by two Indians, who sprang upon them. It was in vain that Scott declared his purpose, and claimed the protection of his flag. They attempted to wrench it from his hands, and at the same instant Totten and Gibson drew their swords. The Indians had just discharged their rifles at the American officers, and were on the point of using their knives and hatchets, when a British officer, accompanied by some men, rushed forward and prevented a further combat."[1] The American officers surrendered to General Sheaffe; terms of capitulation were entered upon, and Scott surrendered his force of two hundred and ninety-three men, with all the honors of war. If aught could redeem the disgraceful absence of the militia on that day, it was the gallantry of Colonel Scott and his brother officers and their little band of patriots.

From Niagara Colonel Scott was taken a prisoner to Quebec, whence he

[1] Mansfield's Scott, p 44.

was presently sent in a cartel to Boston, where his exchange was effected in January, 1813. His release brought him again to the scene of his former exertions on the Niagara frontier. He joined the army of General Dearborn, shortly after the brilliant affair at York, memorable as well for the fall of General Pike, as for the victory achieved, with the rank of Adjutant-General, reserving, at the same time his right to command his regiment when the opportunity should arise for service. The occasion soon presented itself in the attack upon Fort George, on the morning of the 27th May. In this affair Colonel Scott had the post of honor, leading the advanced guard, or first division of boats which effected a landing. He was seconded in this movement by his friend Captain Perry, attached to Commodore Chauncey's marine command. The landing was accomplished under fire of the enemy—a service sufficient to test the courage and resources of the future hero of Lake Erie. Scott formed his line on the beach, with the enemy above him on the bank, fifteen hundred strong. Immediately ascending, his men thrust aside the bayonets of the foe, and followed up their first onset so spiritedly that, after an action of some twenty minutes, the enemy were flying before them. The fort, no longer tenable, was abandoned, and one of its magazines fired. Scott was struck by a piece of timber from the explosion, but, eager to preserve the work, dashed on and was the first to enter the enclosure, capturing with his own hands the enemy's flag which had been left flying. He then pushed on the pursuit till he was recalled. There was some satisfaction in being victorious on the scene where he had recently surrendered himself a prisoner.

Colonel Scott remained with the army at Fort George, engaged in various minor military duties till the expedition of General Wilkinson, meditating the capture of Montreal, was set on foot in the autumn, when, leaving the command of the fort, he joined that officer on the St. Lawrence. His duties led him into positions of danger and responsibility on the river, but the extraordinary management of the campaign by his superiors allowed him no opportunity of great distinction. The public was again to be disappointed with the conduct of affairs on the frontier. Scott, patiently biding his time, made preparation during the winter at Albany, for the work of the following year. In March, 1814, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and joined Major Brown on his route to the scene of former glories on the Niagara River. Scott was left at Buffalo to form his men, by a rigid system of discipline, to meet the trained British soldiers in the field. His exertions were not intermitted till his force of officers and men were thoroughly accomplished in every important field-movement. Early in July, his command was fully prepared for action. The British under General Riall were in force at Chippewa, on the bank of the river, above the Falls. On the 3d of July, General Brown captured Fort Erie, and pushed Scott ahead toward the enemy. The next day

both officers, British and American, had their stations behind two small streams on the edge of a level plain, a mile and a half in length and a mile in width, from the Niagara River to a wood. This was the battle-ground of Chippewa, a splendid field for the display of General Scott's newly-taught tactics against the practised veterans of the enemy. The engagement was fought on the fifth. At the moment of the British advance, Scott was about to manœuvre his men in one of his drill parades on the plain. "You will have a fight," said General Brown, coming up; "the enemy is advancing," and he passed on to the reserve, leaving Scott to conduct the operations of the day. The British battalions were drawn up in line across the field, extending into the wood, and were well supported by artillery. They included in their ranks some of the choicest troops of the army. As their whole force was greatly superior to the American, being, all told, a thousand more, it required consummate generalship on the part of Scott to overcome the deficiency. This was accomplished by him by a masterly system of evolutions on the field, outflanking the enemy to some extent, by an oblique movement, enabling him to give effect to a bayonet charge, which proved decisive. This was carried out by the different battalions, supported by the artillery advantageously placed on the bank of the river, and the result was one of the neatest operations of the whole war. The battle commenced at four in the afternoon and continued till evening. The American loss was forty-eight men killed, two hundred and thirty-six wounded, and but two missing; that of the British was two hundred and thirty-six killed, officers and men, three hundred and twenty-one wounded, and one officer, thirty regulars and fifteen militia missing. The moral effect of this action was greater than its physical success. It demonstrated that American troops could be safely brought face to face with experienced British veterans, and that we had at least, one general who, with ability to train and lead them, was quite willing to show himself where honor was to be won.

Twenty days later, in the same month of July, was fought the battle of Lundy's Lane, a sequel to the engagement of Chippewa. The British, after their late defeat, had retreated to their defences at the mouth of the river, on Lake Ontario, to which General Brown directed his attention with the design of expelling them from the region. He was anxious to draw on a conflict, and was manœuvering for the purpose, when intelligence was received at the camp at Chippewa, on the twenty-fifth, that the enemy had crossed the river at Queenstown, with the probable intention of capturing the supplies on the American side. The rumor was soon proved to be false; but its immediate result was a movement against the works at Niagara, where the enemy would be weakened by the force sent across the river. General Scott's command, consisting in all of thirteen hundred men, was instantly sent along the road from Chippewa to accomplish this diversion. It appears not a little singular that on so limited and well-defined a frontier

as that of the Niagara River, manned by several posts, there should be such uncertain intelligence of the enemy's condition and movements. Not only had the enemy not crossed as was supposed, but important reinforcements, brought by Lieutenant-General Drummond from the posts on Lake Ontario, had been received at the mouth of the river, of which the American commander knew nothing. In fact, General Riall was on his march leading the advance of this new army against the American force, when Scott, late in the afternoon, expecting only to encounter, on his own terms, a portion of the force he had already beaten, was suddenly confronted on his road by an imposing array of the enemy in greatly superior numbers. They were drawn up on a ridge on the side of Lundy's Lane, a road at a right-angle to the river, in the immediate vicinity of the cataract, opposite the lower end of the American Fall. It was hazardous to advance in the face of this line; it was at least inconvenient to retreat. Scott, always ready to decide an issue of this kind in favor of the courageous course, resolved upon the attack. Time might be gained till the reinforcements which he sent for should arrive. In this respect, however, the enemy had again the advantage, for their reserve, already in motion, was close at hand in their rear. They had already some eighteen hundred men in line; the entire command with which Scott approached was thirteen hundred. Here again the excellent strategy of the latter proved of avail. Discovering that the British line began from the road along the Niagara, leaving a space between it and the river, he planted a part of his force in that quarter to turn the enemy's left. On the other hand, he was outflanked by the British right wing. An attempt on their part to take advantage of this, led to some serious fighting in that direction in the repulse. Meanwhile, Major Jessup, on the American right, had turned the enemy and captured Major-General Riall, the commander at Chippewa. The advantage at both ends of the line was thus with the Americans. In the centre the enemy stood firm, supported by their battery and their advantageous position. They had the benefit, also, of constant reinforcements. This was the state of affairs at nine o'clock, when General Brown arrived on the field with his reserve. Disengaging Scott's brigade, who, for an hour and a half had borne the brunt of this contest, he interposed fresh troops and ordered the capture of the enemy's battery. The charge was made and was successful. The guns were taken and the height carried. Fresh attacks were then made by the foe to regain their position. These again brought Scott into action. He was already wounded in the side, but he fought on, gallantly charging the enemy as they advanced, till he was prostrated near the close of the engagement, at half-past ten, by a musket ball in his right shoulder. Two horses were killed under him. The loss in his brigade was six officers and one hundred and two men killed, thirty officers and three hundred and sixty-six men wounded and missing In the whole engagement, the American loss,

out of an aggregate of twenty-six hundred in the battle, was one hundred and seventy-one killed, five hundred and seventy-one wounded, and one hundred and ten missing; while that of the British, out of an aggregate of not less than four thousand five hundred, was eighty-four killed, five hundred and fifty-seven wounded, one hundred and eighty-seven missing, and forty-two prisoners.[1] Both the leading generals on either side were wounded, General Brown on the American, General Drummond on the British. The battle, in fact, was a most bloody one. Mr. Verplanck, in the narrative which we have already cited, writing shortly after its occurrence, pronounces it "in proportion to the numbers engaged, the most sanguinary, and decidedly the best fought, of any action which ever took place on our American continent." It was remarkable, not only for the number of men who fell and were wounded on both sides, but for the fearless, repeated crossings of the bayonet—the severest test of a veteran soldier's resolution. The place no less than the time distinguished this engagement. It was fought in the darkness, lit up only by its own deadly fires, its smoke mingling with the spray of the cataract, the sound of its musketry and artillery blended with the ceaseless roar of the mighty Niagara.

It has been noticed that this victory was anticipated by Brigadier-General Scott's preferment, the very day of the action, to a Major-Generalship by brevet. If the voice of a grateful country could lighten the severe wounds of a soldier, Scott had this alleviation of his severe sufferings, in the painful months of recovery. During the brief remainder of the war, General Scott had his head-quarters at Washington and Baltimore, in command of the tenth military district, planning northern campaigns, which happily were not required to be executed.

On the conclusion of peace he stood so high in the estimation of the Government, that he was offered the post of Secretary of War, which he modestly declined on the score of youth. He assisted in the reduction of the army; but, feeling that he was yet a learner in his favorite science, accepted a voyage to Europe, partly of a diplomatic character and partly for the object of professional study. He was assisted in the latter by some valuable introductions from the patriot Kosciusko. There was an excellent opportunity at Paris and elsewhere, of learning the movements of armies from generals who had served in the great European wars just closed at Waterloo. Scott availed himself of every advantage, and returned by way of England to the United States, in 1816. The following year he was married to Miss Maria Mayo, daughter of John Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia.

On his return he was assigned to the command of the seaboard, with his head-quarters in the city of New York. To the ordinary duties of the rank and station in time of peace in which he was sedulously employed, he added, in 1821, the publication of a system of "General Regulations for the Army, or Military

[1] Dawson's Battles of the United States, II., 362

Institutes," embracing the results of his studies and experience in the practice of war. He afterwards presided over a board of officers called to prescribe a uniform system of organization and tactics for the different departments of the militia; and in 1835, at the call of Congress, published a new and improved edition of the "Infantry Tactics." Besides this purely professional labor, he advocated, in an eloquent essay of considerable length, in 1821, a "Scheme for restricting the use of Ardent Spirits in the United States," his efforts being directed, not to total abstinence, but to the limitation of the obvious evils of intemperance. In 1829, he again visited Europe, making the tour of France, Belgium, and Germany.

The only opportunities for military service in the United States between the second war with England and the conflict with Mexico, were in the occasional interruptions of friendly relations with the Indian tribes on the frontier, and the later more continuous struggle with that domestic enemy in Florida. Of the former of these the war with Black Hawk was the most formidable. This insurrection came to a crisis in the summer of 1832, when it assumed the most threatening proportions. The border of the Upper Mississippi in Illinois, adjacent to Rock River, was the main region of the conflict. General Scott was ordered with a considerable force to coöperate with General Atkinson, who was already in the field. This journey was a memorable one, not for its achievements at the close, for the savages were conquered before he arrived on the ground, but for the greater than warlike difficulties, the more than military heroism, which attended its progress. The year in which these events occurred will be remembered as the fatal period of the first introduction of Asiatic Cholera to our shores; and it was in the first months of that terrible scourge, aggravated by a still more fearful panic, that General Scott embarked in July, at Buffalo, conducting a force of nearly a thousand men, in four steamboats by the route of the Lakes, to the theatre of the war in Illinois. The dreaded pestilence broke out in the boats on the Lake. Scott reached Chicago to witness the reduction of his force to less than one half of the number with which he had set out. It is needless to dwell on the sickening detail of suffering and death. It is enough for us here to record the soldier's duty and humane kindness, in prompt obedience to which the Commander-in-chief, himself the while suffering the preliminary symptoms of the disease, gave his personal attentions to the stricken and dying. He might have rested contented with the best general disposition of his troops, and left the rest to his medical officers. "But such," says an officer of the army, an eye-witness of his conduct in these scenes,[1] "was not his course. He thought he had other duties to perform, that his personal safety must be disregarded to visit the sick, to cheer the well, to encourage the attendants, to set an example to all, and to prevent a panic—in a word, to save the lives of others at the risk of his

[1] Mansfield's Scott, p 211.

own." The simple statement of the fact needs no rhetorical comment. It speaks for itself, and cheerful is it, even in the midst of such disaster, to note the humanity of the true soldier. He is, indeed, pledged by the honorable vows of his profession, to meet death in the field, but it is a new test of endurance to encounter the malignity of a fearful pestilence in the hospital. Let the case be reversed. How many medical men would leave their stations to lead a forlorn hope in a siege? It is the novel, unaccustomed enemy that tries the courage.

To these disheartening scenes of war and pestilence succeeded the pleasing duties of peace negotiations with the rebel Indians. Scott was associated with Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, in the interviews with the tribes, and had the chief conduct of the conferences. He managed these with such courtesy and address, that two important treaties were concluded; one with the Sacs and Foxes, the other with the Winnebagoes, ceding to the United States, and thus to the civilization of the world, immense territories in Iowa and Wisconsin.

Such was the employment of General Scott in the autumn of 1832. It was to be immediately succeeded, on his return to Washington, by a mission of a delicate nature, in furtherance of the policy of the administration in regard to the nullification contest of South Carolina, which was now approaching a crisis. The State, by the action of its Legislature, had resolved to set at defiance the authority of the General Government in the obvious exercise of its powers, in the collection of the revenues, a resolution which President Jackson had met by a full declaration of the constitutional principles at stake, and of his purpose to maintain them, in his celebrated Proclamation. He was not a man to whom a state paper, or manifesto of any kind, to which he had once set his hand, was an empty threat. He accordingly took measures to enforce, if necessary, by the full strength of the Government, its violated authority. On the eighteenth of November, three weeks before the Proclamation was issued, General Scott was privately directed to repair to South Carolina and take such precautions as might be necessary to place the United States' defences in that region in a ready condition for action. The Government was not to be caught by surprise should the time come. The mission was executed by Scott in its full spirit. He bore himself so discreetly that he made every necessary arrangement, personally with the United States officers, and in the strengthening of the forts, and collection of troops and supplies, that all was accomplished in the midst of a highly excited people, without interruption. He left Charleston, even, says his biographer, Mansfield, "without having awakened a suspicion of his being connected with impending events." In January he was again landed at his post at Fort Moultrie, prepared to protect by its guns the collection of the revenues at the mouth of the harbor. His purpose could now no longer admit of doubt, but he bore himself with equal prudence and courtesy, till the occasion of his mission had passed by,

after the passage of the compromise acts, and the rescinding by the State of its obnoxious resolutions.

The next important employment of General Scott was in his command, at an early period of the Seminole War in Florida. He took the field in the month of February, 1836, advancing his troops, consisting of a body of twelve hundred regulars, largely reinforced by volunteers from the Southern States, in three divisions, from the north into the heart of the country, to Tampa Bay. The Indians, however, were a politic foe, and, retreating to their inaccessible hummocks and swamps, kept out of the way of this formidable demonstration; nor was a subsequent movement, in smaller parties, more successful in beating up their quarters. The season was advancing towards summer, the health of the troops suffered, and the short campaign, unfruitful in results, was pronounced a failure. There was some disappointment; but the public learnt better, by the difficulties encountered by the brave officers in the slow progress of this war, to estimate the real position of General Scott. He was, shortly after, in the month of May, in Georgia, conducting the operations against the Creeks, when he was recalled to Washington, to meet an inquiry into his management of these Southern campaigns. A court was summoned, composed of Major-General Macomb, foremost in rank in the service, and Brigadier-Generals Atkinson and Brady. Appearing before this tribunal, the verdict of which fully justified his course, General Scott opened his defence in the following characteristic manner: "When a Doge of Genoa, for some imaginary offence imputed by Louis XIV., was torn from his government and compelled to visit France, in order to debase himself before that inflated monarch, he was asked, in the palace, what struck him with the greatest wonder amid the blaze of magnificence in his view. 'To find myself here!' was the reply of the indignant Lescaro. And so, Mr. President, unable as I am, to remember one blunder in my recent operations, or a single duty neglected, I may say, that to find myself in the presence of this honorable court, while the army I but recently commanded is still in pursuit of the enemy, fills me with equal grief and astonishment." The reference to the President, the omnipotent Jackson, who was then in the chair, could hardly be mistaken. The relations between the two victors of the war of 1812 had not always been of the most friendly character. Jackson, who, at times, suffered no regard for self-respect to stand in the way of his imperious will, had in 1817 addressed a very discreditable letter to General Scott, calling him to account for a legitimate expression of opinion on what was admitted to be an illogical assumption of authority, to which Scott had answered with firmness and dignity. Some years after, a manly overture was made by Scott in Washington, and a reconciliation ensued. The management of the South Carolina difficulties would naturally tend to strengthen this feeling. Its interruption by this recall was not carried beyond the grave. The news of General Jackson's death reached Gene-

ral Scott when he was presiding at the board of examiners at West Point. He spoke a few words of eulogy, and suspended the examination for the day, as a token of respect.[1]

In 1837, the prudence and judgment of General Scott were again involved to ward off the war which seemed to be imminent on the Canadian frontier. Singularly enough, the spot to which his efforts were first directed, was that portion of the Niagara River above the falls, where his earliest laurels had been won. It was the time of the burning of the Caroline, that high-handed measure of British retaliation, consequent upon the invasion of a portion of their territory by a lawless band of marauders. A strong party under the name of "Sympathizers," was eager to make common cause with the disaffected in the provinces. There were anger and outrage on both sides, when Scott arrived to play his part of the Great Pacificator. He stood firmly, but courteously between both sides; arrested, by his influence and persuasions, the incipient warfare, and gained time for the sober course of political deliberation, and two years later, in 1839, rendered the same good service in Maine, when the country appeared to be in still greater danger of an actual outbreak of hostilities. His correspondence on the latter occasion with Sir John Harvey, formerly his chivalric antagonist in the war of 1812, but then Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, did much to smooth the pathway of negotiation, for the withdrawal of the troops from the disputed territory, and the peaceful abeyance of the question till it should be adjusted by treaty.

Nothing was more natural after this extended series of services, both civil and military, than that General Scott should be talked of for the Presidency. His political views were generally understood to favor the principles of the Whigs; he was accordingly balloted for in the nominating convention of that body, in 1839, which settled upon General Harrison. The vote cast for him reached, in one of the ballotings, near one-fourth of the entire number. Henry Clay, to whose claims Scott was ever willing to defer, was the third candidate before the convention. In the conventions of the Whig party in the succeeding elections, his name was not forgotten till in the canvass of 1852, his fame in the meantime ripened by the brilliant success of his Mexican campaign, he was brought directly before the public as the candidate for the Presidency.

In 1841, several years previous to the breaking out of that war of annex ation, General Scott became, by the death of Major-General Macomb, the senior officer of the American army, and consequently, next to the President, and the department at Washington, charged with its general administration. Nothing can well be done without at least consulting the experience and listening to the recommendations of this officer. It is his business, beside the discharge of particular duties, to exercise a general supervision over the whole army administration, and, in an annual report, bring a statement of its

[1] Mansfield's Scott, p. 178.

condition, with such suggestions as may occur to him for its improvement, to the attention of the Government. General Scott was engaged in these usual employments of his office at the period of the breaking out of the war with Mexico. He had not been called upon to make any preparations for the conflict, the administration, if it had any distinct intentions in the matter, not thinking it advisable to bring them tangibly to the notice of the public. Of his own motion, however, he had called attention to the weak condition of the army in point of numbers, and, in his report of November, 1845, recommended the filling up of the regiments, which on a peace footing, contained but half their complement. "This," says the historian of these events, Mr. Mansfield, "was General Scott's recommendation, without looking at the question of war with Mexico; although it now appears, from official documents, that the war was then in the contemplation of the cabinet. Had the President recommended and Congress acceded to even this small increase of the military force, it may be doubted whether the invasion of Mexico and the sanguinary battles which followed, would ever have occurred. General Taylor's army would have been increased early in the spring, and the Mexican general would, not improbably, have refrained from an attack, to which he was tempted and invited by the weakness of the American force."[1]

Be this, however, as it may, and without looking at the good or evil of thus drifting into the war, it is certain from our knowledge of all Scott's administrative course, that he would not have gone into the struggle unprepared. It was his disadvantage in the scenes which ensued, not to be on terms of perfect understanding with the Government. The general arrangements, indeed, of forwarding the large volunteer force were placed in his hands, and it was understood, when the first active preparations were made on the breaking out of hostilities that he was to take the command in the field. But while he was bending every effort, and bringing all his resources to expedite the army, he was met by what appeared to him at least a suspicious proposition of the administration party in the Senate, to create two new major-generals, who were to enjoy such command and relative rank as the President might be pleased to assign them. The bearing of this upon Scott is thus described by the narrator of these circumstances just cited. "The effect of this measure, if adopted, would give the President the power of appointing, by law, some new, or junior, or merely political general over the head of Scott. That this proposition, coming from the political friends of the President, should excite the sensibilities of Scott, with the idea that he was to be supplanted in the command of the army, was most natural. That such an idea was not unjust to the President, or his friends in Congress, was sufficiently shown by subsequent events, when the attempt was openly made, and nearly succeeded, to appoint a lieutenant-general to the command of the American army."

[1] Mansfield's Mexican War, p. 27.

This last allusion is to the bill which passed the House of Representatives, but which was defeated in the Senate, the object of which was to give that important and responsible position to Senator Benton, who had busily urged an active prosecution of the war, in place of the "masterly inactivity" recommended by Calhoun.[1]

Rendered thus uneasy in his position, General Scott addressed, in some haste, a letter to Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of War, who had also complained of the dilatoriness of the commander in taking the field, justifying his course in making his preparations; but, at the same time, expressing his reluctance to proceed on so important a mission without "the active, candid, and steady support of his government." He accordingly suggested that "some other commander of the new army against Mexico should be selected," promising his candid aid to the new officer, "no matter who he may be," and adding, in a sentence which has obtained the familiarity of a proverb—"My explicit meaning is, that I do not desire to place myself in the most perilous of all positions—a fire upon my rear from Washington, and a fire in front from the Mexicans." We need not here pursue this unpleasant controversy further, or enter into its motives, or seek to assign the relative success of the disputants; suffice it that for the time Scott remained at Washington till the Government, balked in its schemes of major-generals, and growing impatient of the ineffective though brilliant achievements on the Rio Grande in the month of November, listened to his request for active employment, and called upon General Scott to take the command of the force intended to strike a blow at the heart of the enemy's country, by the line of Vera Cruz. This time there was no interference. "It is not proposed," wrote Mr. Marcy in his order of November 23d, "to control your operations by definite and positive instructions, but you are left to prosecute them, as your judgment, under a full view of all the circumstances shall dictate. The work is before you, and the means provided, or to be provided, for accomplishing it are committed to you, in the full confidence that you will use them to the best advantage."

Thus reassured for the time of the support of the Government, and experiencing, doubtless, the satisfaction of this compulsory compliment to his military genius, he proceeded at once to the seat of war. Under his new instructions, it became necessary to divert an important portion of General Taylor's command from his line to the new operations on the Gulf; in fact, the reduction of the army of the Rio Grande was so complete as to arrest the advance of its commander, and leave him stripped of the regulars, with a small force of volunteers, sufficient only for defence, though the stubborn invincibility of Taylor presently made even this reduced band equal to the brilliant victory at Buena Vista.

General Scott reached the Rio Grande, by way of New Orleans, in January, 1847, sending before him a letter to General Taylor, a model of

[1] Benton's Thirty Years' View, II., 678.

professional and gentlemanly courtesy, in which, so far as words could alleviate an unpleasant necessity, in terms in which the motives of duty, patriotism, and even a chivalrous appeal to friendship, are blended with a natural, easy candor, he softened the withdrawal of most of his best troops from that commander.

The months of January and February were passed by General Scott on the Rio Grande, collecting his forces for the rendezvous at the island of Lobos, on the coast, preparatory to his descent upon Vera Cruz. On the ninth of March, a reconnaissance having been previously carefully made by him, in company with Commodore Connor, who had charge of the naval movements, General Scott led the way from the last rendezvous at Antonio Lizardo, personally directing the debarcation of the army. The spot chosen was some three miles below the city, on the bank opposite the island of Sacrificios. Every disposition was made to receive an attack; but the place was found unguarded by the enemy. With this advantage and a smooth sea, the admirable military and naval arrangements which had been planned with consummate skill, were carried out with the greatest regularity. The landing of the whole force of some ten thousand, was completed in the evening, without the slightest accident. The line of investment of the city was immediately taken up. It was a work of no little labor, owing to the extraordinary difficulties of the ground. A raging Norther swept the loose sand-hillocks, almost stifling the troops; while the inefficient means of land-transportation added greatly to their toils. They all worked with a good will, however, completing the line of five miles on the twelfth. Ten days were passed in forwarding the preliminary operations of the siege, landing the heavy guns from the ships, and opening the trenches. On the twenty-second, the preparations for attack being well advanced, General Scott summoned the city to surrender. A refusal was returned and the fire from the mortar batteries opened the same day upon the town, seconded by some of the smaller vessels of the squadron. New batteries were added, and the fire continued without abatement, and with great damage to the town till the morning of the twenty-sixth, when overtures were received from the Mexican commander, which ended in the capitulation of the city and castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. The town, which had offered a gallant resistance, was thus spared the horrors of the impending final assault. The surrender of the fort, which defended the place from the sea, and was considered impregnable, followed, as a consequence of the taking of the city. After that, it would have been compelled to destroy what it was designed to protect. The surrender was entire. This great triumph, accomplished with little loss to the assailants, inaugurated a series of victories, extending from this base of operations on the sea, along the line of the national road to the very walls of the capital.

On the eighth of April the advance is begun by the division of General Twiggs. The first stand is made by Santa Anna

at the defile and heights of Cerro Gordo, a strong position, some sixty miles from Vera Cruz, walled in by mountains and protected by a deep river. There, with batteries skillfully disposed at the approaches, in front of the crowning fortress of Cerro Gordo, the Mexican General, with some twelve thousand men, partly the remains of his army defeated nearly two months before, at Buena Vista, awaited the approach of the Americans, numbering about eight thousand five hundred. A plan of attack was set forth by General Scott, in a general order on the seventeenth of April, for the following day. "The enemy's whole line of entrenchments and batteries," commences this remarkable document, "will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned, early in the day, to-morrow—probably before ten o'clock, A.M.;"—a sentence which has its happy sequel and consummation in the opening of the same commander's next dispatch to the Secretary of War, of the nineteenth: "Sir, the plan of attack sketched in General Order forwarded herewith, was finely executed by this gallant army, before two o'clock, P.M., yesterday." The history of the battle had been thus already written. The main incidents of this brilliant achievement were the advance of General Twiggs by a road opened through the wood to the enemy's left, where, the night having been spent in raising several heavy guns to a captured hill, commanding a portion of the enemy's position, the morning witnessed the successful assault of the works on the height of Cerro Gordo, by the gallant Harvey and his command, with the immediate pursuit of the flying Mexicans. The attack upon the enemy's batteries in advance, was not at first successful but they were soon rendered untenable by the movements in their rear. The rout was complete. "We are quite embarrassed," wrote Scott, "with the results of victory—prisoners of war, heavy ordnance, field batteries, small arms, and accoutrements. About three thousand men laid down their arms, with the usual proportion of field and company officers, besides five generals, several of them of great distinction." The cost of this special victory to the Americans was comparatively inconsiderable—sixty-three killed, including three officers, and three hundred and sixty-six wounded. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded, exclusive of the prisoners taken, was very much greater.

The losses of an army, however, are not solely to be estimated by the disasters in the field. The exposures of the camp, the wear and tear of the constitution on the march, the diseases of new countries, the reaction of extraordinary efforts and labors, supported by the stimulus of the hour, fill hospitals and thicken graves more than the bullets of the enemy. It need not surprise us, therefore, that General Scott's effective force, on his taking peaceable possession of Puebla, on his advance toward the capital, after his recent victories, was only about four thousand five hundred men. It was a force large enough to maintain its position wherever it might be, and perhaps to meet in a single engagement any superior army which the Mexicans might bring

into the field; but the further approach to the capital involved a series of military encounters and desperate assaults, to which so small a body, though every man might be a Julius Cæsar, was entirely inadequate. It was a matter of necessity, therefore, to wait for reinforcements. They should have been provided before; but Congress had been uncertain and dilatory in action, and it was not till the seventh of August, after nearly three months' comparative inaction, that the army, reinforced by the newly-raised regiments, took up its march toward the city of Mexico. Its marching force consisted of nearly eleven thousand men, arranged under four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Worth, Twiggs, Pillow, and Quitman, and the cavalry brigade of Colonel Harvey. Four days pursuing the way along the national road, brought the advance to Ayotla, in the valley of Mexico, fifteen miles from the capital, on its eastern side. In the intervening space were the strongly fortified hill El Penon, and the well-protected pass by Mexicalcingo. A reconnaissance was made of these points with great hardihood, which confirmed General Scott's previous view, that the proper approach for his army to the capital would be, not by these powerful defences where the attack was naturally expected, but by another route less protected to the south. He accordingly, having assured himself of the practicability of this new expedient, reversing the line of march, directed the course of the army to that quarter, on the fifteenth, round the southern side of Lake Chalco. The whole of this new route was rough and perilous, and beset with difficulties calculated to test the patience of the troops. They were disadvantages, however, which might be overcome with less loss of life than the well-fortified positions and causeway on the eastern side. In three days the army had changed its position and was at San Augustine, the base of operations. In front of it were the strong position of the Heights of Contreras, the entrenchments of Cherubusco, while, in the immediate neighborhood of the city, frowned the fortified hill of Chepultepec, with its adjacent defence, Molino del Rey. All of those places, manned by the best troops in Mexico, on the approach of the American army offered an obstinate resistance, happily determined by their enrollment on the list of American victories. Contreras, separated from the encampment by a rough bed of broken rock, the famous pedregal, when once reached, commanded a good road to the capital, and if taken, would turn the fortified position of San Antonio, on the direct road from San Augustine. To Contreras, accordingly, General Scott first directed his attention. General Valencia was posted there with a battery of twenty-two pieces of artillery and about six thousand men of the army of the north. The immediate direction of the assault fell to General Smith, who, before dawn of the morning of the twentieth, gallantly carried the works, the Mexicans almost instantly retreating before the fierce onset in the greatest confusion, suffering heavy losses of killed and wounded, and leaving a large number

of prisoners and a huge quantity of war material behind them.

The road in that direction was now open to Cherubusco, some six miles distant, and its other approach from San Antonio having been cleared of the enemy, that important position became the next object of attack. It was defended by a field-work at the bridge entering the town, the adjacent fortified church and grounds of the convent of San Pablo, and the banks of the river. The works were supported by the whole reserve of Santa Anna, and the best troops about the capital, numbering in all some twenty-seven thousand. The same day, so brilliantly opened with the victory at Contreras, saw the defeat of the Mexicans at Cherubusco. The bridge head, or *tête du pont*, was gallantly carried by a portion of Worth's command; General Twiggs directed the attack against the convent, and General Shields met the outlying forces of the enemy in a serious encounter. The result, as in all previous instances, was the undoubted superiority of the Americans; who, however, in these Mexican battles, had always full opportunity of showing their mettle and endurance. The capital was now open to the conquerors; but, with his accustomed magnanimity, General Scott paused before assailing the city, to give one more opportunity to those negotiations of peace which had followed and checked the whole progress of the war. It was literally the conquest of a peace. At this last moment, Santa Anna was still looked to for that desirable consummation. An armistice was agreed upon, which resulted, after more than a fortnight's delay, in the resumption of hostilities. On the eighth of September was fought the fiercely-contested action of Molino del Rey, the defeat of a greatly superior force, holding a very strong position, followed on the thirteenth, by the last crowning victory of Chepultepec, and the passage of the minor defences, opening the way for the American army to the city of Mexico. That night a portion of the army was within the city. The next day, the fourteenth, the Mexican army having left before morning, the city council surrendered the capital and the American commander entered in triumph. It was taken, in the comprehensive language of his dispatch, the simplest and happiest eulogy of the many actors of the scenes leading to this event, "Not by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army."

One last military service, not less imposing or of inferior weight to those we have passed in review, remains to be recorded of the now aged general. In the autumn and winter of 1860, when the voice of rebellion threatened the integrity of the Government of the United States, and the safety of the national capital began to be threatened by the bold hand of treason, General Scott, at the last moment, was called by President Buchanan to Washington, to assist with his council in the military preservation of the State. The invitation found him ready to meet it. Once and again, he had expressed his patriotic sentiments in no equivocal terms; nor was it to be doubted by any that,

though allied by birth and various ties to the southern soil, he would suffer no local claim or interest to interfere with his paramount duty to his flag and country. His presence in Washington, in the political crisis of January, 1861, when the powers of government, under the unfavorable influence of the President's recent unhappy message, seemed for the time paralyzed, was accepted as a happy omen for the nation. It was soon felt, as the demand for action became more and more imminent, that the old chieftain of the army would stand forth yet again the protector of the State which his right arm had so often assisted to strengthen. Nor was the expectation disappointed. Under his guidance and supervision, during the last days of the administration of Mr. Buchanan, and the startling months of trials which greeted his successor, nothing was left undone by him to secure the capital and place the scanty military reserves of the country in the best position to meet the coming shock. He had the satisfaction to see those defences of the nation, fearfully thinned as were the ranks of the higher officers of the army by treason or disaffection, growing gradually stronger under his eye, as volunteers flocked to his command, preserving the city, the palladium of the government, till Congress evoked a force capable of resisting the vast numbers of the Confederacy in arms. During the winter, the spring, and summer of 1861, General Scott remained at Washington, controlling, directing, and supervising the vast field of military operations, stretching from the Potomac to the farthest west.

At length, worn out with labors and infirmities, the hour came when he must resign this important command to younger hands. Few scenes in our national history are more impressive than the simple and dignified withdrawal of General Scott, on the first of November, 1861, at Washington. In a parting letter to the Secretary of War, he stated the physical necessities which had rendered his retirement inevitable, and thanked that officer and the President for the personal kindness he had received, and complimented the latter on his conscientious performance of duty in his high office. A cabinet meeting was held, and upon the acceptance of the resignation, that body accompanied the Chief Magistrate to the General's residence. The order of retirement was there read by President Lincoln. It announced the honorable privilege, previously accorded by Congress, of the continuance of the pay and emoluments of the Lieutenant-General, and added one heartfelt sentence of gratitude and respect. "The American people," was its language, "will hear with sadness and deep emotion that General Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag, when assailed by paricidal rebellion." Nor was the parting less

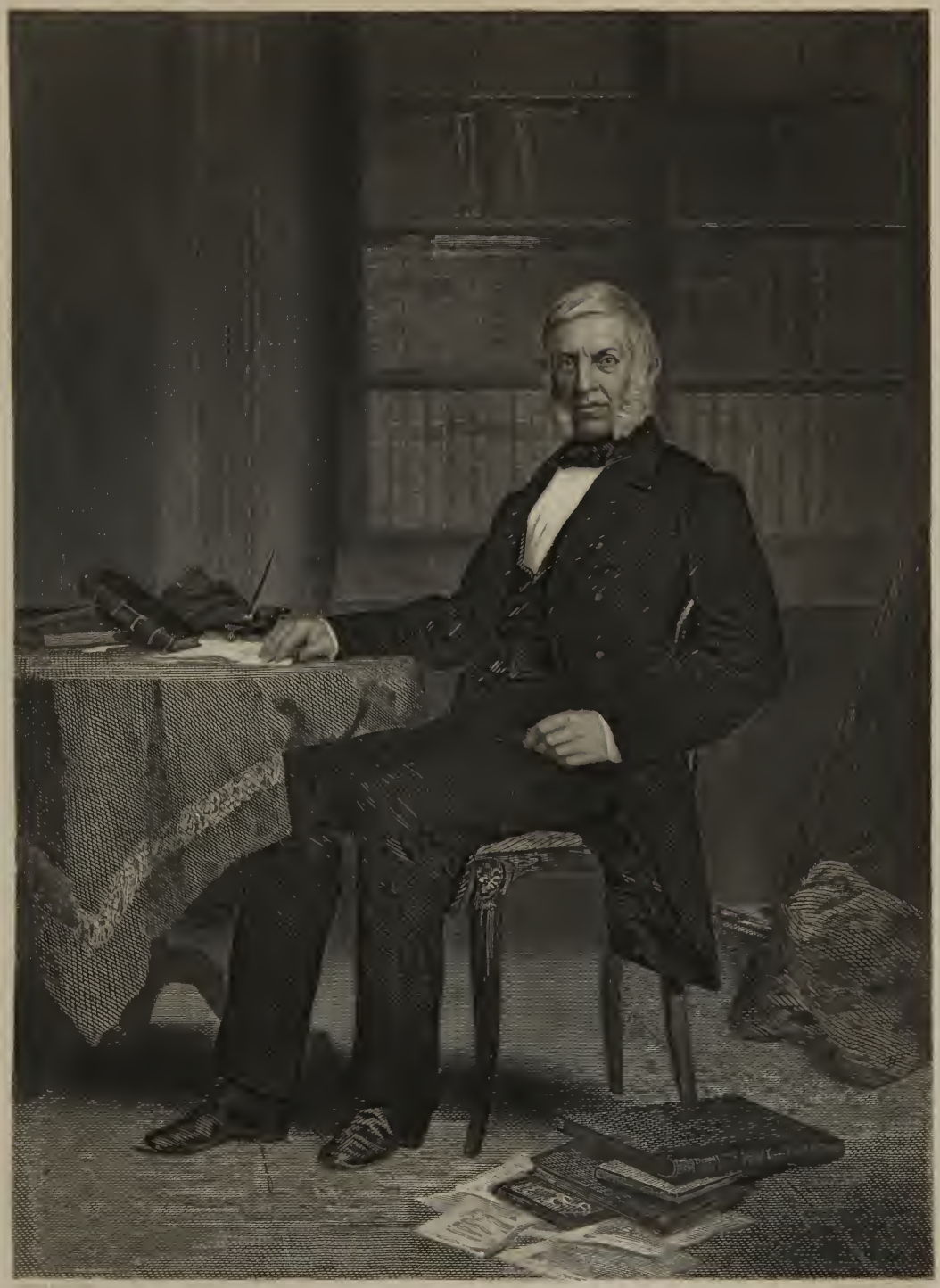
friendly and pathetic with the young officer General McClellan, to whom was now delegated the vast responsibilities from which the worn-out hero withdrew.

General Scott was accompanied to New York by several members of the cabinet, where, after a few days of rest, declining meanwhile all public attentions, he sailed on the ninth of November, in the steamship Arago, for Havre, with the hope of benefiting his greatly impaired health by a few months of winter travel in Europe. In Paris he was enabled to render an important service to his country, in the assurance which he published of friendliness between the nations, when Great Britain was in a fever of excitement over the arrest of the steamer Trent, by Captain Wilkes. Anxious to be again in America, General Scott presently returned and made his permanent residence—in the winter months, in the city of New York, in summer at West Point, where, on one remarkable occasion, in 1862, a hurried visit was paid him by President Lincoln, to consult on a point of military expediency.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

George Bancroft, the eminent historian of the United States, is a native of the State of Massachusetts. He was born October 3d, 1800, at the town of Worcester, where his father, Aaron Bancroft, a distinguished Congregational clergyman, had been settled for many years. To his parent the son is doubtless indebted for the prevailing influence towards literary studies and pursuits which has governed his life. Dr. Bancroft, the elder, indeed was an accomplished writer, of a well-disciplined mind, and master of a style of no little felicity; his sermons on the doctrines of the Gospel were admired by President John Adams, as "a chain of diamonds set in links of gold," and his life of Washington is one of the most noticeable of the many epitomes of a subject which, since the day in which the book was written, has grown so largely in the hands of the biographer.

A parent who had risen from the humble, but honorable pursuits of a farmer's boy, to a distinguished rank in the pulpit, and a reputation as a man of letters, was not likely to neglect the education of his son. We accordingly find him training the young George with care, and early placing him under the direction of the eminent Dr. Abbott, at the Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, a school famous for having included in its ranks numbers of the most distinguished men of New England, in every walk of professional life. That the boy was of a quick mental turn, fully capable of profiting by all which might be placed in his way, of books or instruction, we have the testimony of a contemporary letter written by Dr. Nathan Parker of Portsmouth, a divine of repute, to the father of the pupil. It is dated in October, 1811, when the boy was in his twelfth year; and records a visit to the school and a conversation with Master George, and the favorable impression made upon him in this interview. The youth was "perfectly satisfied with his situation," which was a good sign to begin with. He was also in good health, which was something more to the point. "I was surprised," writes this friend of the family, "at the intelligence with which he conversed, and the maturity of mind which he discovered." He found the lad, though the youngest but three in the academy, emulous of the prizes which were distributed. "He did not think he should gain one, but he would try. These (he adds), you may say are trifling things, but they discover a disposition of mind, with which I think you must



George Bancroft

be gratified. I made inquiries of Mr. Abbott concerning him. He observed that he was a very fine lad; that he appeared to have the stamina of a distinguished man; that he took his rank among the first scholars in the academy, and that he wished I would send him half a dozen such boys." Such praises of preceptors, not always disinterested, are, indeed, to be taken with a grain of allowance; but in the present instance the testimony, so well sustained by the result, is of value. It shows that the excellence of after life is but the continuance of an influence possessed or received in childhood. The sense of obligation then assumed, masters circumstances in every successive relation of the man.

There was an early development in the youth, for, entering Harvard at thirteen, he graduated at seventeen with the second honors of his class—the class including many members who have since become distinguished, among them, the author and politician, Caleb Cushing, and the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng. In the following year, 1818, Mr. Bancroft visited Europe for the purpose of prosecuting his studies in the eminent universities of Germany. He was at Gottingen two years, profiting by the instructions of eminent scholars who then illustrated that seat of learning—Blumenbach in natural history, Eichorn in the oriental languages, Heeren in ancient history, Dissen in the antiquities and literature of Greece and Rome. With the last he went through a complete course of Greek philosophy, and read in the original nearly all the writings of Plato, of whom the professor was a devout admirer. Having obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Mr. Bancroft proceeded to Berlin, where he listened to the lectures of Wolf, the editor of Homer, of Schleiermacher and Hegel. At Heidelberg he studied with the historian Schlosser, all the while making the acquaintance of the eminent scholars of the day. Before returning to America he made the tour of England, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, storing his mind with the ample materials for reflection furnished in their great galleries of art and science, and their living social condition. At Paris, he became acquainted with Cousin, Alexander Von Humboldt, and Benjamin Constant; he had seen Goethe in Germany; in Italy he fell in with Lord Byron, Manzoni at Milan, and Chevalier Bunsen and Niebuhr at Rome. The example of the German scholars taught him the value of labor in research, while their philosophical acumen pointed out the way to make that labor a kindling, life-imparting reality. The thoroughness of his studies, says the account in the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," is shown in the philosophical summaries of Roman history and policy, and of the literature of Germany, then rapidly gaining the ascendant, which he, not long after, published in America; while a thin volume of poems, published at Boston, in 1823, witnesses to his imaginative enthusiasm for art and nature, as he surveyed the ruins of Italy and traversed the sublime scenery of Switzerland. About this time, also, between

his eighteenth and his twenty-fourth year, he wrote a series of translations in verse, of some of the chief minor poems of Schiller, Goethe, and other German authors, which were published in the "North American Review." He furnished, likewise, for the "American Quarterly Review," edited by the late Robert Walsh, a number of articles, marked by their academic and philosophic spirit; among others, a striking paper on the Doctrine of Temperaments; a kindred philosophical essay on Ennui, and papers on Poland and Russia, of historical sagacity and penetration. In 1824, he published a translation of Heeren's Reflections on the Politics of Ancient Greece. He also brought before the public other works of Heeren on the States of antiquity, and the political system of Europe and its colonies, from the discovery of America to the termination of the struggle for freedom of the British colonies.

At the outset, Mr. Bancroft's studies were directed to theology, and "he preached," says Mr. Allibone in his "Dictionary of English Literature," "several discourses which produced a favorable opinion of his talents in this department; but a love of literature proved the stronger attachment." From the bent of his mind, we may presume, had he continued in that relation, he would have distinguished himself by his metaphysical speculations. His able discourse on Jonathan Edwards, read before the New York Historical Society, and published in "Appleton's Cyclopædia," is an indication of the fineness and strength of his powers in this theological direction.

In 1822, and the following year, immediately after his return from Europe, we find Mr. Bancroft's name on the list of tutors at Harvard College, where he gave instruction in Greek. He was subsequently employed in the work of education in association with Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the eminent librarian of the Astor Library, in the conduct of the Round Hill School, at Northampton, Massachusetts. All this while he was an earnest student of politics, in history and the national life around him. His views led him to embrace the principles of the Democratic party, then in the ascendant, under the strong influence of General Jackson's successful administration. He became an advocate of the party doctrines, promoted its interests, and was rewarded by President Van Buren, in 1838, with the collectorship of the port of Boston. He held the office for three years, discharging its duties with his accustomed earnestness. In 1844, he was the candidate of the Democratic minority in Massachusetts, for the office of Governor of the State. In the following year he was called by President Polk to assist in his cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, and marked the brief period devoted to his new duties, by the establishment of the Naval School at Annapolis, and his care of the astronomical observatory at the Capitol. In 1846, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, holding the office for three years, accomplishing, among other diplomatic business, an important modification of the British restrictions in their Navigation Laws. On his return to the United States

he established his residence in the city of New York.

He now devoted himself earnestly to his great work, "The History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent." The first volume was written during his residence at Northampton, and was published in 1834; a second, completed during a residence at Springfield, followed in 1837, and a third in 1840; so that the author carried with him to England a reputation as an historian. His labors were welcomed by Edward Everett in the "North American Review," and by Professor Heeren in Germany. "We know few modern historic works," said the latter, "in which the author has reached so high an elevation at once as an historical inquirer and an historical writer."

This consciousness of his great work, the animating impulse of all historians, from Herodotus to Macauley, has never failed him. The successive volumes of the series have, if possible, increased the author's care and responsibility. The gratitude of the public has warmed him to new labors. His political career and residence abroad as ambassador, so far from interrupting his toils, only added a weight of experience of direct profit to the historian, with whom a practical knowledge of affairs is of the first importance. Resuming the record in 1852, with the publication of the fourth volume, which traces the period from 1748, the author advanced rapidly to the fifth and sixth, the last of which brought the narrative to the immediate commencement of the Revolution, preceding the actual outbreak in Massachusetts. This was published in 1854. In 1858 the work was resumed with the History of the Revolution, of which the second volume, the eighth of the whole work, appeared in 1860. Its progress in events, as the theatre of action has been enlarged, has been attended with a proportionate increase of power and interest, a result which might naturally be expected, as the author approaches his own time and sweeps into the vast world of modern European diplomacy, where the sovereigns of Europe, like the deities in Homer, mingle in the affray, and out of the vast contest is born the new American liberty.

In 1855, Mr. Bancroft published a volume of "Literary and Historical Miscellanies," including several of the early compositions to which we have already alluded, with the addition of several occasional addresses, among them an oration commemorative of Andrew Jackson, and an anniversary discourse before the New York Historical Society, on "The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of the Human Race," one of the most elaborate of his philosophical essays. To this enumeration we may add his lectures on "The Culture, the Support, and the Object of Art in a Republic," "The Office, appropriate Culture, and Duty of the Mechanic," an historical oration at the celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain, in 1855, and a brief oration at Cleveland, Ohio, at the inauguration of a statue of Commodore Perry.

EDWARD EVERETT.

A LIFE of honorable mental activity of no common order is presented to us in the career of Edward Everett. From early youth he is found always in some distinguished sphere of action, not inharmoniously reconciling pursuits seldom united by his countrymen. He brings from his study the fruits of quiet and retired scholarship to ornament the utilitarian necessities of the day—a man of taste and elegance in letters, it has been his fortune to be deeply engaged in public affairs—from his powers of mind and qualifications, he might be a professor, a preacher, a poet, an essayist, a consummate orator, a popular writer, a legislator, a cabinet minister, an ambassador, the head of a college, or the head of a State: nay, he has been all these and honorably celebrated in each.

He was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11th, 1794. His father, Oliver Everett, known as a clergyman and occupant at one time of the pulpit of the Old South Church, in Boston, and subsequently as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Norfolk, belonged to a family which had lived in the town of Dedham from the first settlement of the country. "My forefathers," said on one occasion the subject of our sketch, "were very humble men—farmers and mechanics—and devoted themselves to a most unambitious career. They left nothing to their descendants, of either fame or fortune, but a good name." Edward Everett thus sprang from the heart of the yeomanry of New England, and his boyhood was educated under her most wholesome influences. The accomplished scholar and orator is emphatically the child of her public schools, of which he has so often sung the praises and seconded the endeavors. He began at three years of age with a primer in his hand at the free village school of Dorchester, and while quite a child in that town, appears to have attracted attention by his cleverness and aptness at recitation, for we find that excellent scholar and most estimable man, the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, writing a simple apologue expressly to be spoken at a public recitation by the little orator. He was next introduced to the schools of Boston, where he had, among other preceptors, Ezekiel Webster, the elder brother of the statesman, and took a turn at the memorable old Latin school then under the rule of Master Bigelow. Thence he passed to the famous Exeter Academy under the superintendence

Edward Everett.

of Dr. Abbott, to whose long services it has been his fortune in after life to pay a grateful tribute; and after six months' preparation at this institution, entered Harvard College in 1807, at the early age of thirteen, the youngest member of his class. He was noted as a student beyond the range of his prescribed studies, and as a chief contributor to a college magazine, published by the undergraduates, called the "Harvard Lyceum." His accomplished scholarship was thus already felt and appreciated when he graduated in due course with the highest honors of his class. The topics of his commencement and subsequent Master of Arts address, "Literary Evils," and the "Restoration of Greece," exhibit the two-fold tendency of his mind as a man of letters and man of affairs.

In 1812, the year after his graduation, he became tutor in the college, holding the position till 1814, meanwhile increasing his reputation with the public by the delivery of a Phi Beta Kappa poem on "American Poets," in which he handled the aims and objects, the encouragements and discouragements of an embryo race of bards, whose prospects were for a long time a subject of discussion. They have since entered the field in a body, proved their title to respect, and their claims are admitted as a matter of course, according to their deserts. Mr. Everett has lived to see this development alike with other branches of our literature, and no one deserves more credit for supporting nascent authorship in its infancy by his praises and example, and preparing the public mind for its full advent. The prophecies of his Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1812 of the coming time,

> When bards will spring beneath our native skies,

and the native nomenclature of woods and mountains be subdued by the poet's art, has been realized beyond his conception.

A tutorship at Harvard is an excellent resting-place to secure and perfect previous study and training, and look out upon the world for future occupation in professional life. Mr. Everett's first choice, we are told, was the bar; the influence of his friend and pastor, the amiable and all-accomplished Joseph Stephens Buckminster, determined his preference of divinity. He accordingly, while still a tutor, devoted himself to clerical studies, and was so highly thought of that on the death of his lamented adviser just named, he was appointed his successor, in the Brattle street Church. This was in 1813, before he was twenty. The next year gave birth to his first prose publication, a volume entitled a "Defence of Christianity against the Work of George B. English, entitled the Grounds of Christianity examined by comparing the New Testament with the Old." English was a graduate of Harvard, a man of some education and various accomplishments, who became a vagrant adventurer of war and diplomacy in Egypt and the Levant. His Hebrew reading appears to have turned his head in his earlier days, and it was to answer his vagaries that Everett published his volume.

Everett's pulpit eloquence in Boston,

and in occasional discourses of a later date, is remembered by his friends with admiration of his powers. Judge Story, who heard him in 1820, at Washington, at the capitol, records in his correspondence his appreciation of his eloquence and pathos as he spoke of the brevity of life, and "introduced beautiful extracts from his sermon on the Future Prospects of America," while an equally excellent authority, Senator Rufus King, of New York, who was present, remarked "that he had never heard a discourse so full of unction, eloquence, and good taste."[1] It is now long since Mr. Everett has lifted his voice in a pulpit, at least in his clerical capacity, but a new generation of listeners may, doubtless, gather an excellent idea of his old triumphs in this field by his skillful and eloquent address on Charity, which he has of late years occasionally delivered, equally to the delight and improvement of his large audiences and the welfare of the beneficiaries, to relieve whose necessities he has spoken.

The Brattle street congregation in 1814, was enjoying the eloquence of the gifted young preacher, but Harvard, his alma mater, was not disposed to relinquish her hold upon her favorite son. In that year he was chosen by the Corporation to the post of Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, then newly created, and according to a liberal and enlightened provision of the institution, equally beneficial to the man and the scholar, was allowed time for a preliminary course of travel and instruction in Europe. He accepted the position, and in 1815, left for the old world to pass a period of four years abroad, a new noviciate in the society of Great Britain, the training of German scholarship, and an instructive tour through the central and southern portions of the continent. He was two years at Gottingen, where he received his Doctorate in 1817. He passed the winters of that and the succeeding year in Paris. The next season he was in England and Scotland, making the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and other lights of the age, in politics, literature, and science. His occasional reminiscences of this intercourse in the "Mount Vernon Papers," and other publications, show his appreciation of these opportunities, and the extent of his useful occupation in the pursuit of knowledge. His eminent friendships were the index of his studies of every liberal art, of languages, jurisprudence, government, and the myriad forms of literature.

In 1819, he returned home after a most profitable disposition of his time, engaged in the active duties of his professorship, and joined to them the editorship of the "North American Review." The latter occupation gave full scope to his various attainments and sympathies. He brought with him to the work not only a keen appreciation of all foreign topics, but the most ardent desire to establish the claims of his countrymen before the world. His discussion of the merits and demerits of British travellers, in America in particular, exhibited his anxiety to defend the country from the injurious attacks

[1] Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, p. 534.

of prejudice and calumny; while his papers on art, science, education, foreign literature, showed him equally sensitive to all that would improve and enlighten his own land in foreign culture. A translation of Buttman's Greek Grammar was another of his literary labors of this period. The first of those demonstrative addresses which have given to Mr. Everett a peculiar rank in contemporary oratory, was spoken by him at Cambridge, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1824. His subject was one to which he had given considerable thought, the "Circumstances favorable to the Progress of Literature in America."

The year in which this address was delivered introduced Mr. Everett to public life as a member of Congress from Middlesex, a new sphere of duty which brought to a close his career as a professor. He held his position in the House of Representatives for ten years, by successive reëlections, being during the entire period a member of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, and for two sessions its chairman. His reports on the Panama Mission, and the controversy with France, are remembered among his labors of the department, which were various and important. His speeches were prepared with care and were noted not less for their industry than their elegant propriety. From Congress Mr. Everett was taken, in 1834, to fill the office of Governor of Massachusetts, and was continued in this relation by annual elections for four years. He would have remained a fifth had he not been defeated by a single vote, the majority of his opponent, Marcus Morton. This period of his official life was marked by a considerable development of the resources of his native State, especially in the departments of education and agricultural surveys and law reform—matters in all of which his influence and exertions were prominent. The public orations and addresses delivered by him during his career as Governor, show his readiness to serve the public outside the range of his peculiar duties. Some of his best educational discourses were pronounced at this time.

On his release from the office of Governor in 1839, he made preparations for a visit to Europe with his family—he had married in 1832, the daughter of the Hon. Peter C. Brooks, a wealthy merchant of Boston—and sailed the following year. He had passed one winter in Italy, and was meditating a sojourn in the same region during another, when he was called by the new administration at home, to the mission to England. He entered upon these duties in 1841, and bore a distinguished part in the complicated discussions respecting the north-eastern boundary, the Canadian difficulties, and other vexed questions threatening to disturb the peace of the two countries. There were various changes in the foreign department at home, but Mr. Everett continued to represent the country at London till 1845. On his return to America at this date, he was chosen President of Harvard College, filling the interval of three years in the government of that institution, between Josiah Quincy and Jared Sparks, who was his successor in 1849.

Mr. Everett now availed himself of the opportunity of an interval of leisure to revise and edit a collection of his orations and speeches. A single volume of the kind had been published in 1836; it was now, with the subsequent productions of the author, submitted to careful criticism. The collection includes eighty-one separate orations, speeches, addresses, varying from the brief dinner remarks or response to a sentiment, to the elaborate discussion of a political or scientific theme on an anniversary or State occasion. There are the opening Phi Beta Kappa address on Literature; numerous papers on American history, "The Settlement of Massachusetts," "The Seven Years' War the School of the Revolution," "Anecdotes of Early Local History," "The First Battles of the Revolutionary War," and the like, showing that if the orator had not chosen to be a statesman he might have been the historian of his country; a separate series of semi-scientific papers addressed to working men and agriculturists; earnest and affectionate advocacy of educational and intellectual advantages; eloquent eulogies on Lafayette, Bowditch, Lowell, John Quincy Adams. There is hardly a topic arising out of these various themes which he has not touched upon; he has touched on none which he has not adorned.

Mr. Everett's next official duty was as Secretary of State under President Fillmore, in 1852, on the death of his friend Daniel Webster—a short period of service distinguished by several foreign negotiations of importance, especially the consideration of the tripartite convention with England and France, guaranteeing to Spain the permanent possession of Cuba. He prepared the state paper on this occasion, declining the proposition. In the session succeeding his appointment to the Secretaryship, having in the mean time, been elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts, he took his seat in the Senate of the United States. On the next meeting of that body in December, he found his health seriously affected, but continued through the labors of an exhausting session, following the debates on the Nebraska Kansas bill, till he was compelled in May to resign his seat by the command of his physician.

It was not, however, in the nature of Mr. Everett to be idle, though looking to his fortune, education, and tastes, the charms of his ample library and the sources of his distinguished friendships; above all, to his successful achievements in various departments of noble exertion, there are few men, we should say, to whom the luxury of learned repose would be more attractive, as there are few who could more honorably claim its enjoyment. This, however, is not the plea or the indulgence of Mr. Everett, whose private life, within the last few years, has introduced him to a new field of labors altogether unique, in the annals of literature and eloquence. The part borne by him in the purchase of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, to be held as a perpetual gift to the people of the United States, and most endearing monument of the Father of his Country, is familiarly known to the public in its man-

ner and results, as its extraordinary details will remain a subject of admiration for posterity. Within a period of three years, from the twenty-second of February, 1856, the date of the first delivery of Mr. Everett's Oration on Washington, he repeated this composition to large audiences in various portions of the country, no less than one hundred and nineteen times, producing for the fund the important sum of nearly fifty-seven thousand dollars.

The circumstances which led to this undertaking were somewhat accidental, the oration delivered by Mr. Everett not having been prepared originally for this object. In the autumn of 1855, he was invited by the Boston Mercantile Library Association to deliver a lecture in their approaching course. Having accepted the invitation, and thinking the several visits of Washington to Boston a striking and appropriate subject, he proposed the theme to himself for an address before the society on the twenty-second of February, with the understanding that the proceeds of the delivery were to be applied to some commemorative purpose; and they were actually thus applied to the purchase of a copy for the Institution, of Stuart's full length portrait of Washington at Newport. In the meantime a second application for an address reached Mr. Everett from a society in Richmond, Virginia. He replied that he would repeat the Washington address before them for the benefit of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," the constitution and plan of which had just attracted his attention in the "National Intelligencer." This was a society which had grown out of a suggestion for the purchase of Mount Vernon by private subscription made by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, in 1853, a lady who enforced her views in an address to her countrymen widely circulated in the newspapers, signed "A Southern Matron." Mr. Everett's offer was, of course accepted, and in this way the repetition of his discourse began.

It has constantly been a source of delight to the public to hear Mr. Everett. His reputation as an orator, his graceful action, the charm of his glowing eloquence, the interest of his subject matter, the skill with which he ever blends the useful and agreeable have always found attention, and when it was found that he might be secured at call—for the sake of the patriotic object on which he was bent—applications came to him from all parts of the country. At first he did not entertain the idea of any very extensive delivery of the oration and did not stipulate for the precise appropriation of the funds collected, which he afterwards made a requisite. In every case, however, they were bestowed upon some public object. Finding the matter grow upon his hands, he gave up his time and attention to the work, and, with the zeal and labor of a neophyte making his private fortune in a prosperous run of luck, organized journeys at different times, from Maine to Georgia, crossing and recrossing the highways of the country by sea and land, on more than one occasion being called upon to repeat the lecture on the same spot. It has thus been four times delivered at

New York and Philadelphia to unfailing audiences.[1]

The Address itself is marked by many of the most attractive qualities of Mr. Everett's style. It abounds with the orator's favorite rhetorical amplifications of fact and reasoning, is eminently picturesque, and, indeed, owes much of its charm to a series of brilliant historical tableaux, in the presentation of which no one has ever excelled the orator. The comparison of Washington, to several of the great generals of antiquity and of modern times, including a withering sketch of Marlborough, bringing off Washington the moral victor by the symmetry of his character, constitutes, perhaps, the happiest portion of the address.

In addition to this oratorical labor, Mr. Everett imposed upon himself the onerous obligation of writing fifty-two consecutive essays for a weekly miscellaneous newspaper, the "New York Ledger," for the express purpose of adding the considerable sum of ten thousand dollars to the fund. The money was paid in advance by the publisher, and contributed to that object, Mr. Everett never failing to produce his stated quota of manuscript for his "Mount Vernon Papers," as he entitled them, till the whole were finished. They consist of sketches of different portions of Washington's life, of historical and other essays, and largely of reminiscences of European travel, and intercourse with eminent foreign authors and statesmen. All are written with the accomplished orator's accustomed ease and interesting statement of facts; Mr. Everett never speaking or writing without a useful object, and enforcing it upon the attention by some valuable circumstance or anecdote.

While these various labors, too, have been in progress, Mr. Everett has delivered other discourses for public objects, including an "Address on Charity and Charitable Institutions," already alluded to, the delivery of which on sixteen occasions, has produced thirteen thousand five hundred dollars for benevolent purposes; while an oration on the "Early days of Franklin" has reaped a similar harvest of bounty. In about three years the sum total realized for charitable and patriotic objects, from the addresses delivered by Mr. Everett, reached the enormous sum of ninety thousand dollars. Was ever before such a sum of money earned with so much of benefit and pleasure to the public, and delivered to them again in the creation of such lasting and welcome means of instruction and enjoyment? Trees will rise and grass will grow as generations to come will visit the banks of the Potomac, grateful to Mr. Everett for their patriotic satisfaction, and his honeyed eloquence will still whisper in the breezes which blow over the hallowed spot. How many volumes, too, sources of perennial delight, has he summoned by his words to the shelves of public libraries in our large cities; how much suffering has been relieved by his charitable appeals! Few scholars, few statesmen, have the

[1] An enumeration of various interesting facts connected with the delivery of this Washington Discourse, by Mr. Everett, will be found in his remarks on the subject before the Massachusetts' Historical Society, published in the Proceedings of that body for June, 1858.

privilege of pointing to such beneficent employment of their leisure.

The issue of a third volume of his collected orations and speeches (in 1859) has been among the employments of Mr. Everett's later years. Its forty-three somewhat miscellaneous papers show no abatement but rather an increase of the powers of their predecessors. There is the same devotion to American history, to education, the academy, and the public school, to the interests of the mechanic and of the farmer, the same careful and exalted eulogy of departed greatness—exhibiting the orator ever ready to respond to any worthy appeal which comes to him feathered with the claims of patriotism, literature, and benevolence.

The year 1860 opened a new period of Mr. Everett's life, in the political crisis terminating in the ascendancy of the Republican party. In the Presidential election of that year he was put forward as a candidate for Vice-President on the Ticket with Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, as the representative of a certain moderate national conservatism. Success in the struggle with three well-marked political organizations, represented by Lincoln, Breckinridge, and Douglas, was not to be anticipated; nor did Mr. Everett look for any different result.

Having in the course of his political career exerted his endeavors to preserve peace to his country—when war was forced upon it, he accepted the issue with equanimity, and devoted his best powers to support the nation in its day of trial. On more than one occasion, to public assemblies and to gathering of troops for the field, has he spoken to assure the hopes of the citizen and animate the courage of the soldier. His address in particular, delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 4th of July, 1861, presents a masterly picture of the origin and true nature of the war. This was followed at an important crisis of the war by his delivery, at the request of the Governors of nineteen loyal States, of an oration on the occasion of the consecration of the national cemetery on the battle-field of Gettysburgh—an oration which recalls the similar commemoration of the dead by Pericles at Athens in the Peloponnesian war. As the war wore on, Mr. Everett lost no suitable opportunity to confirm the hearts of his countrymen in the great struggle for national existence in which they were engaged. His last appearance in public was to serve the cause of charity and reconciliation in a brief speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, at a meeting called to procure assistance for the needy citizens of Savannah, then recently captured by the army of General Sherman. A few days after this event, on the morning of Sunday, January 15, 1865, Mr. Everett was stricken by apoplexy, which caused his immediate death. The event was announced to the nation in an official order from Washington by the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, at the request of President Lincoln, commemorating the "learning and eloquence and unsurpassed and disinterested labors of patriotism" of the deceased.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN.

Major-General McClellan, of the United States Army, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., December 3, 1826. His father, as the name indicates, of Scottish descent, of a family originally settled in New England, was an eminent physician and surgeon of that city, distinguished, it is said, alike by the boldness and skill of his operations. Having pursued his studies at the University of Pennsylvania, the son, at the age of sixteen, entered the West Point Military Academy, whence he graduated with high honor, second of his class, in 1846, and was appointed second-lieutenant of engineers. It was the period of the war with Mexico, whither he was immediately ordered on duty, as lieutenant of a newly-organized company of sappers, miners, and pontoon constructors, which he had assisted in drilling at West Point. Joining the column of General Taylor on the Rio Grande, the company was presently sent, by way of Tampico, to Vera Cruz, where it bore a prominent part in the siege of that city, the active duties of the command, in consequence of the illness of the captain, falling upon Lieutenant Gustavus W. Smith and his associate, McClellan. The company was equally efficient in the advance toward the capital, as the reports of Colonel Totten General Twiggs, and other officers bear ample testimony. For his gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, McClellan was brevetted first-lieutenant, and captain for like services at Molino del Rey. He declined the latter at the time; but his claim to promotion was renewed by his distinguished services at Chapultepec, which gained for him a special tribute of honor in a despatch of General Scott, in which he was commended with his fellow-engineer officer and future competitor on a very different field, Lieutenant Beauregard. He now received the rank of captain, presently took command of his company, and, the war being ended, returned to West Point, where he was engaged as captain of field labors and instructor of the bayonet exercise. In connection with these duties, he translated from the French a "Manual of Bayonet Exercise," which was adopted for use in the army. In the summer and autumn of 1851, he was employed in superintending the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the spring of the following year accompanied Captain Marcy, whose daughter he subsequently married, in an exploring expedition to the Red River. He was thence ordered as

Geo. B. McClellan

senior engineer on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, to a survey of the rivers and harbors of Texas. He was next engaged, in 1853, under command of Governor Stevens of Washington Territory, in the survey of the North Pacific Railway route, the results of which were pronounced by the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, "highly creditable to his capacity and resources." His report was published in a quarto volume by the Government, the first in the series of the Pacific Railroad Surveys. After further employment as an engineer in preliminary investigations relating to the railway to the Pacific and the performance of a secret Government mission to the West Indies, having now attained the full rank of captain in the first cavalry, he was, in 1855, commissioned by the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, in company with Colonel Delafield and Major Mordecai, "to visit Europe for the purpose of obtaining information in regard to the military service in general, and especially the practical working of the changes which have been introduced of late years into the military systems of the principal nations of Europe."[1] The report of Captain McClellan's survey, including a series of observations in the Crimea, was published by the United States Government on his return, in an elaborate quarto volume on the "Organization of European Armies and the Conduct of the War." The edition of this work issued by Congress being soon exhausted, it was republished by the author in Philadelphia, in 1861, with the title "The Armies of Europe, comprising Descriptions in detail of the Military Systems of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia."

Having resigned his commission in the army, in 1857, Captain McClellan was for three years employed as Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois and Central Railroad, when he became General Superintendent, and shortly after President of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. The outbreak of the Rebellion found him in the discharge of the duties of this office, from which he was called by the Governor of Ohio, to organize the volunteer forces of that State, with the rank of major-general. He was presently, May 14th, 1861, appointed a major-general of the Regular Army, and placed in command of the Department of the Ohio, comprising all of the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and that part of Virginia north of the Great Kenawha River, and west of the Green Brier River and the Maryland line, with part of Pennsylvania. Rapidly organizing his forces at his head-quarters at Cincinnati, General McClellan crossed the Ohio in June, and after a series of preliminary movements, came up with the main army of the enemy in Western Virginia, under Colonel Pegram, at Rich Mountain, a spur of the Alleghanies, in Randolph County. General Rosecrans was sent by a circuitous route to flank the enemy in their position, while General McClellan was ready to attack them in front. The former movement was entirely successful. One portion of the rebel army surrendered at once; the remainder

[1] Order of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, Washington, April 2, 1855.

was utterly routed on its retreat. This engagement, brilliantly closing a short campaign, took place on the 11th of July. Ten days after occurred the disaster to the Union forces at Bull Run, when General McClellan, on the instant, was called to Washington to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

He was now for three months employed in organizing and rendering effective the forces suddenly called into the field, when, on the 1st of November, on the retirement of General Scott, from advanced age and infirmities, he became his successor as General-in-Chief. In this capacity he passed the following winter completing the defences of Washington, accumulating military supplies, especially of artillery, and preparing his force, now swelled to the largest army ever gathered on the continent, for a decisive movement in the spring. The long expected advance of the Army of the Potomac against the enemy before Washington, was made at the beginning of March, 1862, when the Confederates retreated from the line of Bull Run and Manassas, in the direction of Richmond. It had been General McClellan's design, by a sudden transfer of his forces to the Yorktown peninsula, to anticipate this movement for the defence of the Confederate capital, for the capture of which there had been a steady outcry from the beginning of the war. He now, therefore, embarked the main portion of his army at Alexandria, landed in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, and proceeded to the siege of Yorktown, where the enemy were found to be in force, and well fortified. The gathering of his army and the engineering operations before this place occupied a month, when, on the eve of opening his batteries, the enemy, duly impressed by the means at his command, on the night of May 3d, evacuated the elaborate series of works which they had constructed. The town was taken possession of, and the army, after driving the enemy from their fortified lines at Williamsburgh, and meeting them in the neighborhood of West Point, on the York River, advanced from the latter position, whence its supplies were drawn, to the Chicahominy River, in the immediate vicinity of Richmond. There, on the last day of the month, was fought the battle of Seven Pines. The Union forces were overpowered by superior numbers, but repulsed the enemy in the renewal of the engagement the next day, at Fair Oaks. The Union army having suffered severe loss from its unwholesome position, the severity of the climate, and the hardships of the campaign, and its communications being, moreover, in danger, General McClellan resolved upon the withdrawal of his forces to a new base of operations on the James River. On the 24th of June, the evacuation of White House was commenced, and from that day to the 1st of July, were fought a series of desperate battles on both banks of the Chickahominy, and on the line of retreat through the White Oak Swamp, ending with a decided victory for the Union forces at the battle of Malvern Hill, near the James River.

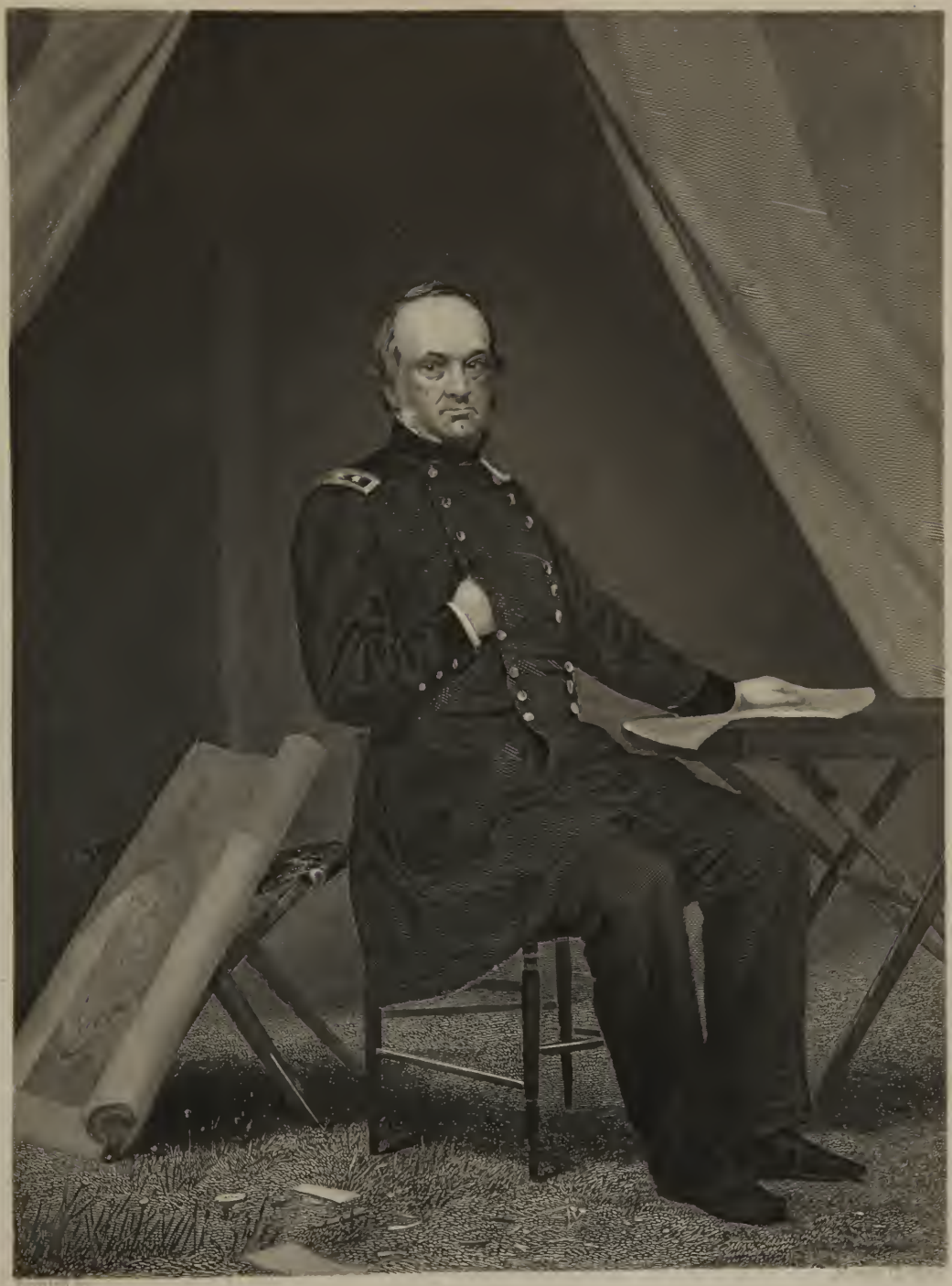
General McClellan now called for reinforcements to continue the campaign

before Richmond, but the safety of the capital, in the judgment of the President and General Halleck, the new General-in-Chief, required the presence of the army in Virginia to swell the forces of General Pope, who was now holding the line of the Rappahannock. The Army of the Potomac was accordingly withdrawn from the Peninsula to Acquia Creek, and a considerable portion of it was engaged in the series of battles covering the retreat of General Pope to the fortifications of Washington, of which General McClellan was placed in command. On the immediate transfer of General Pope to another department, General McClellan was restored to the command of his old army, with which he presently, in September, advanced to meet the Confederate General, Lee, who had now crossed the Potomac in his determined invasion of Maryland. Driving the enemy from Frederick, General McClellan came up with their forces at the South Mountain, on the fourteenth, defeated them in a double attack, and pushing on, brought them to a decisive action, on the sixteenth and seventeenth, on the banks of Antietam Creek. The enemy were defeated with heavy loss, and hastily retreating to the Potomac, crossed the river into Virginia. Thus ended Lee's first invasion of Maryland. General McClellan now remained for a few weeks in Maryland, when, in October, he again took the field in pursuit of the enemy. Advancing from Harper's Ferry along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, he had reached the vicinity of Warrenton with the bulk of his army, when, on the 7th of November, he was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac. Taking leave of his troops in a farewell address, in which he expressed a warm affection for "the army which had grown up under his care, and in which he had never found doubt or coldness," he proceeded to the North, and has since—up to the present time, August, 1863—mainly resided, without being called to active service, at his new home in the city of New York.

HENRY WAGER HALLECK.

Major-General Halleck, of the United States Army, General-in-chief of the national forces in the War for the Union, was born in Westernville, a town on the Mohawk River, near Utica, in Oneida County, New York, in the year 1816. On the paternal side, he is descended from Peter Halleck, of Long Island; and on the maternal, from Henry Wager, an intimate friend of Baron Steuben, and one of the early settlers of central New York. After the usual academy instruction, and pursuing his studies for a while in Union College, Schenectady, at the age of nineteen, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, where he occupied a distinguished position, graduating in 1839, third in a class of thirty-one, and receiving the appointment of second-lieutenant in the engineer corps. He was, for the ensuing year, assistant professor of engineering at the Academy. In 1840–4, he was a member of the Board of Engineers at Washington, and for the two succeeding years was engaged as assistant engineer on the fortifications in New York harbor. His pen was employed meanwhile in the preparation of a treatise on "Bitumen," published in 1841, particularly with reference to its employment in the construction of casemates and the masonry of forts; and in an elaborate report on the means of National Defence, which he submitted to the War Department in 1843, and which was called for and published by the Senate.

In 1844, Lieutenant Halleck visited Europe with the object of adding to his knowledge of his profession by study of the military establishments of the old world, and, with their usual courtesy, was aided in his observations by eminent French engineers. In January, 1845, he was promoted to a first-lieutenancy in the engineer corps, and in the winter of 1845–6 was engaged in the delivery of a series of lectures upon the Science of War, before the Lowell Institute of Boston, the substance of which was embodied in a comprehensive work, which he published the following season, on "The Elements of Military Art and Science; or, a Course of Instruction in Strategy, Fortifications, Tactics of Battles, etc.; embracing the Duties of Staff, Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers. Adapted to the use of Volunteers and Militia." In an introductory chapter, the author, vindicating the claims and necessities of patriotism and the laws for the preservation of States, discusses the question of the "Justifiableness of War," in reference to certain positions



H. W. Halleck

taken by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, in his treatise on "Moral Philosophy," on the side of non-resistance. "No pretension," says the author in his preface to this useful and interesting volume, "is made to originality in any part of the work; the sole object having been to embody, in a small compass, well established military principles, and to illustrate these by reference to the events of past history, and the opinions and practice of the best generals."

On the opening of the Mexican War, Lieutenant Halleck was ordered to California, where he arrived, by the way of Cape Horn, at Monterey, in January, 1847, when he was at once employed in erecting defences for that harbor and other points of the coast. His administrative abilities were not neglected by General Kearney, then in command of the United States forces in the region, and he was by him, in the ensuing August, appointed Secretary of State in the mixed civil and military government which then prevailed. He continued to hold this position under the administrations of Generals Mason and Riley to the close of the year 1849. While discharging this duty, and that of engineer, he was also for a time aide-de-camp to Commodore Shubrick in many of the naval and military operations of that season, at Mazatlan and elsewhere. He took part in the actions of Palos Prietos and Urias, Nov. 19th and 20th, 1847, for his gallantry in which, and other services in California, he was brevetted captain; and was also, in the following spring, engaged in the actions of San Antonio and Todos Santos.

The civil duties which he had performed in connection with the military conquest of California, naturally caused Captain Halleck to be invited, when the war was ended, to a prominent part in the organization of the new State. He became a member, in 1849, of the convention called to form a State Constitution, the draft of which was entrusted to his hands, and the instrument mainly prepared by him. From 1850 to 1854 he was Light-House Inspector and Engineer and member of the Board of Engineers for Fortifications on the Pacific. In August of the latter year, "finding the routine of military duty in time of peace insufficient to employ his active mind, promotion slow, and pay entirely inadequte to his support," he resigned his commission to engage in the pursuits of civil life in California, for which his education and habits of mind peculiarly qualified him. He was, in 1855, President of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad from San Francisco to San Jose, and soon became known as a lawyer, in which profession he was actively employed, his acquaintance with the peculiarities of Spanish and Mexican law causing him to be much consulted. In 1859, he published a "Collection of Mining Laws of Spain and Mexico," and was at the same time engaged in the preparation of an elaborate work on the law of nations, to supply a want suggested by his California experience. He had often, while serving on the staff of Commodore Shubrick, and as Secretary of State under the military commanders of the territory, he says, been required to give opinions on questions of international law

growing out of the operations of the war. "As it was sometimes," he continues, "difficult or impossible to procure books of reference, except in the libraries of ships of war which occasionally touched at the ports of the Northern Pacific, he commenced a series of notes and extracts, which were arranged under different heads, convenient for use." In this way he was led to complete a scientific treatise, which he published in 1861, entitled "International Law; or, Rules Regulating the Intercourse of States in Peace and War." Opening with a review of the previous literature on the subject, it proceeds to a discussion of the nature and sources of the law of nations, the sovereignty of States, their inherent and mutual rights, their treaty and other obligations, and the special questions on land and sea arising out of a state of war.

While finishing this work, affairs arose destined to give its doctrines new importance. The war of the Rebellion was inaugurated by the attack on Sumter, and theories of war and peace became of immediate practical moment. The Government of the United States had need of all her proved defenders, and hastened to recall officers of the old army who had been led into other occupations to the service of the country. McClellan, Burnside, and others were thus summoned on the Atlantic coast, and Captain Halleck, now —August, 1861—commissioned Major-General of the Regular Army, was recalled from the Pacific. Arriving at Washington in the autumn, he was immediately assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri, upon which he entered in November. His head-quarters were established at St. Louis, from which, as a base of operations, he directed the military movements in the State. Everything was in more or less confusion in the unsettled relations of the country. Armies were to be put into the field and disaffection overcome. Before the close of the year, the rebel army of Price, threatening the interior of the State, had been defeated and driven with vast loss to the southern frontier. By a policy of blended firmness and consideration the spirit of insurrection was in a great measure repressed and the preservation of the State to the Union assured.

The beginning of the next year witnessed the active operations of the army in the Western Department, resulting in the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, followed by the conquest of Nashville, the important movements on the Mississippi, and the operations in the South-west, carrying the defence of Missouri to Arkansas, in the battle of Pea Ridge. The doubtful battle of Shiloh succeeded in April, immediately after which General Halleck, having previously been fully occupied in his work of military organization at St. Louis, in his enlarged Department of the Mississippi, joined the army at Pittsburgh Landing. He now in person directed the engineering and other movements which resulted in driving the enemy from Corinth, and preparing the way for the advance of the Union forces into Mississippi. Shortly after this result had been accomplished, he was, in July, called to Washington to oc-

cupy the position previously held in turn by Scott and McClellan, of General-in-Chief.

It was a period of great difficulty and embarrassment, and the new commander was called upon to decide various important questions. The most pressing of these was the disposition of the Army of the Potomac, which had just been compelled to abandon its menaced attack upon Richmond for a position of safety on the James River. Contrary to the remonstrance of General McClellan, General Halleck decided that it should be recalled to the aid of General Pope in the defence of Washington. Soon all its remaining strength was required to repel the army of Lee in his invasion of Maryland. To narrate the subsequent history of General Halleck's administration through various vicissitudes of fortune to the brilliant successful campaign of the summer of 1863, just closed as we write, would be to repeat the record of the war. In its further prosecution and final adjustment there will doubtless remain ample opportunity for the continued display of the legal abilities and experience, no less than the military qualities, which have raised General Halleck to his high position.

AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE.

This officer, who has attained the highest rank in the volunteer service of the United States, and whose high personal character has seconded his efforts in the field in raising him to this distinction, and in securing him several most important commands, was born at Liberty, in Union County, Indiana, May 23, 1824. His family is from Scotland, both his grandparents having emigrated from that country, about the end of the last century, to South Carolina, where his father was born, married, and engaged in the practice of the law. The latter removed, in 1821, to Indiana, where he became a circuit judge. At the age of eighteen, his son Ambrose entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1847, fifteenth in a class of forty-seven, when he was appointed second-lieutenant in the third artillery. The war with Mexico being then in progress, he was ordered to the seat of war with General Patterson's column, but arrived too late to participate in the brilliant action of the campaign. He rendered efficient service, however, in protecting the line of communications. Returning from Mexico, he was stationed for some time at Fort Adams, in Newport, Rhode Island, and in 1849 was ordered to New Mexico as first-lieutenant in Captain Bragg's celebrated battery. The command being reorganized as cavalry, Lieutenant Burnside was frequently employed in conflicts with the Indians—a service which has always proved an effective school in the training of the American officer. While in New Mexico he was engaged (1850–51) as quartermaster in the Mexican Boundary Commission. Returning to the Atlantic seaboard as bearer of despatches, he was promoted to a first-lieutenancy at the close of the year Resigning this rank in 1853, he made his residence in Rhode Island, having married a lady of that State, and set up an establishment at Bristol for the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle, which he had invented, and for the introduction of which into the service he had, it is said, assurances from the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd. Disappointed in not receiving the contract from the Government which he had expected, he was compelled to relinquish his manufacturing enterprise with heavy loss. Removing to the West, he presently found employment as cashier in the land office of the Illinois Central Railroad, and subsequently as treasurer of the company, the duties of which he discharged at New York. General McClellan was at this time at the head

A. E. Burnside

of the company, and a warm friendship existed between the two officers.

The war of the Rebellion now breaking out, Lieutenant Burnside was invited by Governor Sprague to the command of a regiment of Rhode Island volunteers. Promptly accepting the commission, four days after his arrival at Providence he was at the head of his men on his way to answer the first call of the President for the defence of the national capital. Energetically disciplining his regiment, he possessed the confidence of the commander-in-chief, and was assigned an important part in the battle of Bull Run, in which he served in command of the second brigade of General Hunter's division. He brought his troops gallantly into action and sustained the conflict of the day with great heroism, as the severe loss of the Second Rhode Island Regiment in his command particularly testified. His services on this occasion were greatly commended by General McDowell, and gained him the appointment of brigadier-general of volunteers. He was, during the remainder of the summer of 1861, employed with General McClellan in organizing the newly-enlisted Army of the Potomac, and in October was appointed to a separate command at the head of the expedition projected for the occupation of an important portion of North Carolina. The gathering of his forces, chiefly New England regiments, with the necessary preparation and equipment, occupied him at New York for the remainder of the year; and it was not till the middle of January, 1862, that "the Burnside Expedition," composed of about sixteen thousand troops, with a large naval force, under flag-officer Goldsborough, set sail from Fortress Monroe. The object of the expedition was the capture of the enemy's forces on Roanoke Island, and the permanent control of the waters of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. Unexpected difficulties were encountered in the passage of the entrance at Hatteras Inlet, which proved the energy and perseverance of General Burnside, who finally, on the 8th of February, in concert with Commodore Goldsborough, brought his forces into action, in the battle of Roanoke Island, when the enemy was thoroughly routed. General Burnside was much commended for this affair. The Legislature of Rhode Island voted him a sword, and he was the next month promoted major-general of volunteers. His success at Roanoke determined him in an attack upon Newbern, the defences of which were gallantly carried on the 14th of March—a victory which was the following month succeeded by the reduction of Fort Macon.

Having thus triumphed in three important actions in his Department of North Carolina, General Burnside was next summoned to the aid of General McClellan, at the time he was about leaving the peninsula of Virginia after his unsuccessful siege of Richmond. In the new campaign of General Pope he was at first stationed on the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, whence he retreated, with the rest of the army of Virginia, to Washington. In the battles which ensued, consequent upon Lee's invasion of Maryland, he bore a prominent part. He had at the outset the command

of the right wing of the army, composed of the first and ninth army corps, and directed the operations, resulting, on the 14th of September, 1862, in the occupation of Turner's Gap, South Mountain. In the action which ensued on the seventeenth, at Antietam Creek, General Burnside was in command of the left wing, which was engaged in the attack on the lower bridge, where some of the severest fighting of the day took place. After repeated attempts and much slaughter, the bridge was carried and an advance position gained by General Burnside's command. General Lee having been defeated, recrossed the Potomac, and after an interval of more than a month, was followed by the Army of the Potomac.

General Burnside, in the new movement of General McClellan in Virginia, had command of the ninth army corps, and had reached, with the main army, the vicinity of Warrenton, when he was, on the 8th of November, unexpectedly ordered to take the command of the Army of the Potomac in place of General McClellan, who was removed. Reluctantly accepting the new and responsible position, General Burnside rapidly moved the army to the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, which he considered the best mode of approaching Richmond, with the advantage of a secure communication by water at Aquia Creek. Here he remained, opposite the army of General Lee, preparing for an assault upon the enemy, which was finally made on the 12th of December, when the divisions of Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin having crossed the river, possession was gained of the town, and a desperate attack made upon the rebel works in the rear. In this the Union forces, notwithstanding their gallant advance, were repulsed with heavy losses, and compelled to retreat to their old position. A second attempt was about to be made by General Burnside to meet the enemy on the 20th of January, 1863, which was prevented by a heavy rain storm. There was some dissatisfaction also on the part of the officers of his command, and a few days after, at his own request, General Burnside was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and succeeded by General Hooker. General Burnside was shortly after appointed to a new field of operations in the West, in the command of the important Department of the Ohio. Here, at the entrance on a most responsible sphere of military duty, our brief narrative must for the present close.

JOSEPH HOOKER.

General Hooker, of the United States Army, was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1819. He entered the Military Academy at West Point, at the age of fourteen, and graduated in due course in 1837, securing the appointment of second-lieutenant in the first artillery. He was promoted to a first-lieutenancy the following year, and held the rank of adjutant at the Military Academy, and in various duties from 1841 to 1846. The Mexican War, which followed, gave him ample opportunity to prove his valor on many well-fought fields, in the lines of General Taylor and General Scott. For his gallant conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846, he was brevetted captain, and in the ensuing March was appointed assistant adjutant-general. Engaged in the advance upon the capital, he was again, in 1847, brevetted major, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the action, at the National Bridge, and, before the close of the campaign, lieutenant-colonel, for his services in the battle of Chapultepec. His record, thus, in the Mexican War was one of distinguished bravery followed by rapid promotion.

In 1848, he rose to the full rank of captain in his regiment, and relinquishing his rank in the line, was appointed assistant adjutant-general with the rank of captain, a position which he held till 1853, when, while on duty in California, he retired from the service, purchased a tract of land on the Bay of San Francisco, and was there occupied as a farmer, till the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1861 again summoned him to the field. Hastening to the Atlantic seaboard, he was appointed from California on the first list of brigadier-generals of volunteers, dated May 17th, 1861, and was assigned a brigade in the Army of the Potomac, composed of the 1st and 11th Massachusetts, the 2d New Hampshire, and 26th Pennsylvania regiments, which acquired considerable distinction under his command. He afterwards was at the head of a division of General Hentzelman's corps. While General McClellan was perfecting the organization of his great army before Washington, in the winter of 1861–2, General Hooker, up to the time of the movement to the Peninsula, was on duty in the southern part of Maryland, on the left bank of the Potomac.

When the siege of Yorktown was commenced, General Hooker joined the army on the Peninsula, with his command took part in that affair,

and on the evacuation of that important position, in the pursuit of the enemy which ensued, bore the brunt of the hard-fought action in the attack on the entrenched line of the enemy's works, known as the battle of Williamsburg. Hooker, following Stoneman's cavalry, sent to clear the way, was engaged on the left, where the contest was most severe, and gallantly, with the assistance of General Kearney at the close of the day, fought a force of the enemy three or four times larger than his own. "I wish," wrote General McClellan, after the action, to the Secretary of War, "to bear testimony to the splendid conduct of Hooker's and Kearney's divisions, under command of General Heintzelman, in the battle of Williamsburg. Their bearing was worthy of veterans. Hooker's division for hours gallantly withstood the attack of greatly superior numbers, with very heavy loss." In consequence of the condition of the roads during this engagement, General Hooker's troops were inadequately supplied with amunition, but they stood their ground with the bayonet and with such powder as they could collect from the cartridge-boxes of the fallen. "I think," said General Hooker, on reviewing the affair before the Congressional Committee on the War, a year after, "this was the hardest fight that has been made this war."

General Hooker was again in action with a portion of his division on the second day of the battle begun at Fair Oaks, on the 31st of May, 1862, and with the other efficient corps and division commanders bore a distinguished part in the Seven Days Battles which preceded the withdrawal of the army to the James River, and particularly in the battle of Malvern Hills, which turned a virtual defeat into a glorious victory.

The Army of the Potomac was next transported to the Rappahannock, to take part in the campaign of General Pope. In the arduous series of battles which ensued covering the retreat to the vicinity of Washington, culminating in the second battle of Manassas, General Hooker, by the side of the faithful Kearney, who here sealed his devotion to his country with his life, proved his valor, corroborating the title to admiration which his command had gained, as "fighting Joe Hooker's division." In his report of the campaign, says General Pope, "Generals Kearney and Hooker have that place in the public estimation which they have earned by many gallant and heroic actions, and which renders it unnecessary for me to do aught except pay this tribute to the memory of one and to the rising fame of the other."

General McClellan's brief and successful campaign in Maryland followed, meeting the army of invasion of Lee at the passes of the South Mountain, and in the bloody engagement on the banks of the Antietam. In these actions General Hooker, who had now, with the rank of major-general of volunteers, succeeded General McDowell in the command of the first army corps, bore a distinguished part. At the battle of Antietam he commanded the right wing and led the advance in the attack upon the enemy's lines. On the

morning of the 17th of September, the day of the battle when he again commenced the action, after gaining an important advantage in an attack upon an advantageous position, as he was reconnoitering the ground for a further advance, he was wounded in the foot by a bullet and compelled to leave the field. "At that time," as he afterwards remarked, "my troops were in the finest spirits; they had whipped Jackson, and compelled the enemy to fly, throwing away their arms, their banners, and saving themselves as they best could. Some of the commanding officers of the regiments were riding up and down in front of their men with the colors captured from the enemy in their hands; the troops almost rent the skies with their cheers; there was the greatest good feeling that I have ever witnessed on the field of battle."

The veteran General Mansfield fell in this battle, and General Hooker received the brigadiership in the regular army left vacant by his death. This promotion was specially urged by General McClellan "as an act of justice to the merits of a most excellent officer, who was eminently conspicuous for his gallantry and ability as a leader in several hard-fought battles in Virginia, and who, at the battle of Antietam Creek, was wounded at the head of his corps while leading it forward in action. It would be but a fit reward for the service General Hooker rendered his country. I feel sure his appointment would gratify the entire army." Recovering from his wound, General Hooker was restored to the Army of the Potomac, now under General Burnside, who had just succeeded General McClellan. The army now moved to the Rappahannock, and took up a position in front of Fredericksburg. In the great action of December 13, when the Union forces were sent across the river and suffered a disastrous repulse from the enemy's superior position, General Hooker's grand division bore its part gallantly in the sacrifices of the day, though he differed from the commander-in-chief as to the feasibility of the point of attack. At the close of the following month, General Burnside was relieved of his command and General Hooker appointed in his place. He had now an opportunity to try his own method of attack, and accordingly, after various preparations, at the end of April, 1863, crossed the Rappahannock with his army, about twenty-five miles above Fredericksburg, with a view of turning the enemy's position, cutting off Lee's retreat to Richmond, and compelling him to fight on terms favorable to the Union army. General Stoneman, with a considerable cavalry force, was meanwhile sent to cut off the enemy's line of communications. General Hooker, confident of victory, massed his army at Chancellorsville. On the 2d of May the action commenced by a vigorous attack by the enemy under General Jackson on the Union right wing, which gave way before the impetuous assault. This disaster was partially repaired, and the contest was renewed with much severe fighting the next day. On the following, a violent rain storm, by overflowing the river in his rear, threatened to cut off the army

from its supplies, and the order was given to retreat. Thus Chancellorsville was added to the indecisive battles of the war. A month of comparative quiet now ensued on the Rappahannock, when the Confederate general, Lee, suddenly set his army in motion, crossed the river, and hastened to a second grand invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. He was promptly followed by General Hooker, who, by forced marches, transported his army to Washington, and was about to meet his old antagonist in Maryland, when, on the 28th of June, he was relieved of the command, and succeeded by one of the most efficient of his corps commanders, General Meade.

Such, up to the time at which we write (August, 1863), has been General Hooker's record in the field. Though of necessity but briefly indicated in this sketch, his career in the Army of the Potomac, frequently illustrated by daring valor, if not always successful, has at critical moments, on more than one occasion, claimed for him the gratitude of his country.

Benj. F. Butler

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Major-General Butler, of the volunteer service of the United States in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, is a native of the State of New Hampshire. He was born in Deerfield, Rockingham County, November 5, 1818. Self-reliant as a youth, and dependent upon his own exertions, he worked his way to a liberal education. Entering Waterville College, Maine, of which institution he was a graduate in 1838, he then applied himself to the study of the law in Lowell, Massachusetts, where, on his admission to the bar, in 1841, he began the practice of his profession, and soon became known as a successful advocate. Prompt, bold, and sagacious, he was particularly distinguished as a criminal lawyer. As an evidence of his ingenuity, it is said, that at the very commencement of his career, he secured the small claim of a female operative against a wealthy manufacturer by attaching the main wheel of his factory. The anecdote was afterwards called to mind, when, as major-general at New Orleans, he was dealing with the Rebellion, and, ever fertile in expedients, was, by some direct stroke of the kind, constantly arresting the movements of his adversaries.

A lawyer of the turn of mind and professional habits of Mr. Butler is ever likely in America to find his way into political life, and he was no exception to the rule. His early experience, perhaps, or native rugged force of character, attached him to the Democratic party, of which he became an active member, in Massachusetts, being elected to the State House of Representatives in 1853. He was a member of the convention for the formation of a new State Constitution the same year, and in 1859 was chosen a member of the Senate. In the Presidential campaign of the following year he bore a prominent part, serving as a delegate in the Democratic Convention at Charleston, and subsequently at Baltimore. A strict party man, he favored and adhered to the nomination of Breckinridge. He was at this time an unsuccessful candidate for governor of Massachusetts. In addition to his other activities, he held the rank of brigadier-general of militia in the military organization of the State.

Such were the antecedents of General Butler when the attack upon Sumter, in April, 1861, summoned the nation to arms. No one responded more promptly to the call. Party was forgotten, or rather thrown aside, as, placed in command by General Andrews, of the Massachusetts regiments, on the instant

gathered for the defence of Washington, he hastened to the field. He was on his way with the eighth regiment at Philadelphia, when the advance of his command were fired on in the streets of Baltimore. Quickly appreciating the situation, he hastened to Havre de Grace, seized the steam ferry-boat at that place, and sailed with his troops down the Chesapeake to Annapolis, where he arrived in time to occupy the town and rescue the old frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," from the insurgents. An order to his regiment congratulated them on this patriotic service. "It was given," said he of the honored ship, "to Massachusetts and Essex County first to man her; it was reserved to Massachusetts to have the honor to retain her for the service of the Union and the laws. This is a sufficient triumph of right, a sufficient triumph for us." In recognition of his position, General Butler was immediately placed by the Government in command of the Department of Annapolis, including the city of Baltimore. On the 5th of May, advancing, he took possession of the Relay House, and on the 14th entered the city, and established his head-quarters in a fortified camp on Federal Hill. Having in this short time restored order to his department, he was, on the 16th, appointed major-general of volunteers, and assigned to the new Department of Eastern Virginia, with his head-quarters at Fortress Monroe.

General Butler arrived at the fortress on the 22d of May, and the next day set on foot a reconnoissance of the neighboring country to Hampton and the James River, forming a camp on the main-land, and occupying the important position of Newport News. The advance of the soldiery repelled the white population, and brought to the camp numbers of the negro slave population, presenting a new problem to the commander. This he promptly solved in a way of his own. Observing the aid given by the blacks to their masters in their fortifications, when application was made by a rebel officer for the return of several of these fugitives, he refused the request, claiming them as "contraband of war;" while he undertook the support of those who fell into his hands, setting the able-bodied at work, crediting them with their labor, and charging them for their maintenance. This decision gave a new word to the language—"contrabands" from this time being familiarly employed as a designation of the fugitive or released slave.

The chief military incident of General Butler's command at Fortress Monroe was the attack, in June, upon the enemy in position at Great Bethel. Like many of the early efforts of the northern army in the war, it proved unsuccessful, training and experience being necessary for operations in the field. In other affairs General Butler found himself an efficient officer. In the middle of August he was succeeded in the department by General Wool; when, remaining in command of the volunteer forces outside the fortress in this capacity, a few days after he accompanied a detachment of the troops in the joint naval and military expedition to Hatteras Island.

In the operations for the reduction of that place on the twenty-eighth, he landed a portion of his small command, and was about, on the following day, to disembark with the remainder, when the enemy's forts, overcome by the naval attack, surrendered, and the agreeable duty fell to his lot of imposing the terms of capitulation. He required an unconditional surrender, which was conceded. His work being thus early accomplished, he returned in one of the transports to Fortress Monroe, and was the first to bear the news of the victory to the North.

After this, General Butler was placed in command in New England, where, for the remainder of the year, he was diligently engaged in mustering the forces for a new and important expedition, destined for the capture of New Orleans. Several months were passed in the enlistment and equipment of the troops. At length, at the end of February, 1862, General Butler embarked at Boston, in the United States steam transport Mississippi, with fourteen hundred troops, to join the other land forces of the expedition, which had been sent forward to Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico. On the voyage the steamer ran aground on a shoal on the coast of North Carolina, and was compelled to stop at Port Royal to refit, finally reaching her destination on the 23d of March. A month from that date, the joint fleets of Farragut and Porter commenced their attack upon Forts Jackson and Saint Philip, in the Mississippi, General Butler coöperating with eight thousand troops in transport vessels. In the plan of the attack it was arranged that if the forts were not immediately reduced by the bombardment, General Butler should carry his force out of the southwest pass into the Gulf and effect a landing in the rear of the works, to cut them off from supplies, or take them by assault. The contingency arose, and the appointed work was performed. General Butler, under circumstances of unusual difficulty, landed three thousand of his men on the morass, and invested Fort Jackson, the most important of the defences. The garrison mutinied against their officers, turned their guns against them, and the majority of them surrendered to the pickets preparatory to the formal delivery of the forts to Commander Porter on the 28th of August. Captain Farragut meanwhile had ascended the river to New Orleans, whither General Butler immediately proceeded to take command of the city.

At this period commences the most characteristic period of his career. The peculiar state of society in New Orleans, largely composed of a violent and disaffected population, ill disposed to accept the return to the Union suddenly enforced upon them, required the constant exercise of vigilance on the part of the new rulers. It was an authority in which discretion was as necessary as firmness. General Butler in a remarkable degree possessed both, united with a sagacity or mother wit which anticipated evil and kept off disaster. His first requirement, in face of the early exhibitions of treason and violence, was that the flag should be respected. "I find the city under the

dominion of the mob," he wrote, on his arrival, to the Secretary of War. "They have insulted our flag—torn it down with indignity. This outrage will be punished in such a manner as, in my judgment, will caution both the perpetrators and abettors of the act, so that they shall fear the *stripes* if they do not reverence the *stars* of our banner." For this offence, Mumford, the perpetrator, was afterwards tried by a military commission, under General Butler's rule, and executed. The example was thought necessary, and it was said had a wholesome effect upon the future order of the city. In other memorable instances, respect for the laws was enforced by temporary imprisonment of influential personages who showed hostility to the Government.

One of his numerous "orders" excited much unfriendly criticism, being greatly misrepresented, of which, indeed, from its nature, it was readily susceptible. It was intended to remedy an evil which had been felt wherever the Northern armies had come in contact with the population of the Southern cities, among which numerous women were found who systematically, and sometimes grosely insulted, the Union officers and men. This was frequently carried to a length to be insupportable. General Butler accordingly issued his order: "As officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from women calling themselves ladies of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered hereafter, when any female shall, by mere gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officers or soldiers of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman-about-town plying her vocation." Disaffected persons chose to consider the order ambiguous, and vented their indignation upon what they denounced as its impropriety accordingly. It was simply intended to make the act thoroughly disreputable, saying, in effect, if a woman is so lost to modesty as to insult a stranger conducting himself with decorum, and that stranger entitled to particular honor, as an officer of the United States, let her be associated with the infamy of which her conduct is a suggestion. It was, undoubtedly, putting the thing in a strong light, but it was a necessary warning, and it cured the evil.

Repressing disturbances and counteracting disloyalty were but parts of General Butler's duty in New Orleans. He had the military safety of his department to provide for, which, with a moderate force, he made amply secure; and, most pressing of all, he had a starving population to support. No less than ten thousand families, numbering about thirty-four thousand persons, were fed each day by the bounty of a relief commission which he instituted. To provide the necessary outlay he imposed fines upon wealthy citizens who had given their aid to the Rebellion. The intelligent and influential were thus made responsible for the suffering of the poor and ignorant. A thousand of the needy were kept constantly employed in improving the condition of the city; and so beneficial was this labor, that a season which was ex-

pected to be one of unusual sickness, proved to be one of extraordinary health.

In the discharge of these and other duties of equal utility, with a jealous regard for the national authority, General Butler continued in command of the department through the year, closing his administration with an important and successful military movement, bringing under his rule the lower district of Louisiana, on the western bank of the Mississippi. In December, 1862, he was succeeded by General Banks, when he took leave of his Army of the Gulf in a general order, in which he recapitulated the prominent incidents of the service. "At your occupation," said he, "order, law, quiet, and peace sprang to this city, filled with the bravos of all nations, where, for a score of years, during the profoundest peace, human life was scarcely safe at noonday. By your discipline you illustrated the best traits of the American soldier, and enchained the admiration of those that came to scoff. Landing with a military chest containing but seventy-five dollars, from the hoards of a rebel government you have given to your country's treasury nearly a half million of dollars, and so supplied yourselves with the needs of your service that your expedition has cost your Government less by four-fifths than any other. You have fed the starving poor, the wives and children of your enemies, so converting enemies into friends that they have sent their representatives to your Congress by a vote greater than your entire numbers, from districts in which, when you entered, you were tauntingly told there was 'no one to raise your flag.' By your practical philanthropy you have won the confidence of the 'oppressed race' and the slave. Hailing you as deliverers, they are ready to aid you as willing servants, faithful laborers, or, using the tactics taught them by your enemies, to fight with *you* in the field. By steady attention to the laws of health, you have stayed the pestilence; and, humble instruments in the hand of God, you have demonstrated the necessity that His creatures should obey His laws, and, reaping His blessing, in this most unhealthy climate, you have preserved your ranks fuller than those of any other battalions of the same length of service. You have met double numbers of the enemy and defeated him in the open field; but I need not further enlarge upon this topic. You were sent here to do that. I commend you to your commander. You are worthy of his love. Farewell, my comrades; again, farewell!"

JAMES SHIELDS

Brigadier-General James Shields, of the United States Volunteers in the War for the Union, is a native of Ireland. He was born in the county of Tyrone, in the year 1810; he emigrated to the United States at the age of sixteen, pursued a course of liberal studies, and in 1832 settled at Kaskaskia, Illinois, becoming a citizen of the State, and engaging in the practice of the law. Early entering on political life, he became a prominent member of the Democratic party, and his promotion was rapid. He was elected in 1836 a member of the State legislature, and in 1839 Auditor of the State. In 1843 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and in 1845, in the administration of President Polk, removed to Washington, having received the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office. The Mexican War now breaking out, he offered his services for the field, and was appointed by the President, brigadier-general of volunteers, 1st of July, 1846. In this capacity he was with the army of General Scott on his march to the capital by way of Vera Cruz, and on several occasions in the campaign distinguished himself in action. For his gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo, where he was dangerously wounded, he was brevetted major-general of volunteers. In the further advance toward the capital he was again severely wounded at the battle of Chapultepec. His brigade in the Valley of Mexico consisted of a battalion of marines and New York and South Carolina regiments of volunteers.

The war being ended, General Shields retired into private life, resuming his residence in Illinois, whence, in 1849, he was sent by the legislature to the United States Senate. On the completion of his term, in 1855, identified with the interests of the West, he removed to Minnesota, and settled on lands which had been bestowed upon him by the Government for his army services. On the adoption of a constitution by that territory, he was again sent to the United States Senate, in 1858, as a representative of the new State, and served through the short term, at the conclusion of which he removed to California.

When the great Rebellion, in the spring of 1861, called most of the officers of the old Mexican army again into the field, General Shields was naturally looked to by his countrymen, who formed so large a portion of the new army, for active service. He responded to the call, presented himself at Wash-

ington, and received the appointment, from California, of brigadier-general of volunteers, his commission bearing date August 19, 1861. He was called into active service on the death of General Lander, in March, 1862, when he succeeded that officer in his command in Virginia on the upper Potomac. In the campaign which immediately ensued in the valley of the Shenandoah he bore an important part, being in command at the battle of Winchester. This action, fought on the 23d of March, followed on the memorable advance of General Banks, in command of the department, into the valley from Harper's Ferry, a movement which led to the enemy's evacuation of their cherished position at Manassas, and was the precursor of the long series of active operations of the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula. The advance of General Banks with his forces at the beginning of the month caused the retreat of the Confederates. Charlestown, Leesburgh, Martinsburgh, and presently Winchester, on the 12th, were occupied by the Union forces. General Shields, with his division, was then sent forward on a reconnoissance beyond Strasburg, when he discovered the rebel general, Jackson, reinforced, in a strong position near Newmarket, within supporting distance of the main body of the enemy under Johnston. "It was necessary"—we cite the account of General Shields himself, in a characteristic letter to a friend, written shortly after the event—"to decoy him from that position. Therefore I fell back rapidly to Winchester on the 20th, as if in retreat, marching my whole command nearly thirty miles in one day. My force was placed at night in a secluded position, two miles from Winchester, on the Martinsburgh road. On the 21st the rebel cavalry, under Ashby, showed themselves to our pickets, within sight of Winchester. On the 22d, all of General Banks' command, with the exception of my division, evacuated Winchester, *en route* for Centreville. This movement, and the masked position of my division, made an impression upon the inhabitants, some of whom were in secret communication with the enemy, that our army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison this place. Jackson was signalized to this effect. I saw their signals and divined their meaning. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d, Ashby, believing that the town was almost evacuated, attacked our pickets and drove them in. This success increased his delusion. It became necessary, however, to repulse them for the time being. I, therefore, ordered forward a brigade, and placed it in front, between Winchester and the enemy. I only let them see, however, two regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a small force of cavalry, which he mistook as the whole force left to garrison and protect the place. In a little skirmish that evening, while placing the artillery in position, I was struck by a fragment of a shell, which broke my arm above the elbow, injured my shoulder, and damaged me otherwise to such an extent that I have lain prostrate ever since.

"I commenced making preparations for any emergency that might occur

that night or the next morning. Under cover of the night I ordered an entire brigade (Kimball's) to take up a strong position in advance. I pushed forward four batteries, having them placed in a strong position to support the infantry. I placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks to prevent surprise and to keep my flank from being turned, and I held Tyler's brigade in reserve, to operate against any point that might be assailed in front. In this position I awaited and expected the enemy's attack next morning. My advance brigade was two miles from the town, its pickets extending perhaps a mile further along the turnpike leading to Strasburg. About eight o'clock in the morning, I sent forward two officers to reconnoitre the front and report indications of the enemy. They returned in an hour, reporting no enemy in sight except Ashby's force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which by this time had become familiar and contemptible to us. General Banks, who was yet there in person, upon hearing the report, concluded that Jackson could not be in front possibly, or be decoyed so far away from the main body of the rebel army. In this opinion I, too, began to concur, concluding that Jackson was too sagacious to be caught in such a trap. General Banks therefore left for Washington. His staff officers were directed to follow the same day, by way of Centreville. Knowing the crafty enemy, however, I had to deal with, I omitted no precaution. My whole force was concentrated, and prepared to support Kimball's brigade, which was in advance. About half-past ten o'clock it became evident we had a considerable force before us; but the enemy still concealed himself so adroitly in the woods that it was impossible to estimate his numbers. I ordered a portion of the artillery forward to open fire and unmask them. By degrees they began to show themselves. They planted battery after battery in strong position, on the centre and on both flanks. Our artillery responded, and this continued until about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, when I directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left flank and to assail that flank, which was done promptly and splendidly by Tyler's brigade, aided by some regiments from the other brigades. The fire of our infantry was so close and destructive that it made havoc in their ranks. The result was the capture of their guns on the left and the forcing back of their wing on the centre, thus placing them in a position to be routed by a general attack, which was made about five o'clock by all the infantry, and succeeded in driving them in flight from the field. Night fell upon us at this stage, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns and four caissons, three hundred prisoners, and about one thousand stand of small arms." The loss of the enemy in killed was estimated at five hundred, and twice that number wounded; the Union loss one hundred and fifty killed, and three hundred wounded.

Such, in the narrative of General Shields, was the battle of Winchester. The victory was gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary of War, who pronounced it a "brilliant achievement;"

while General McClellan, then General-in-Chief, congratulated General Shields and his troops upon their "energy, activity, and bravery."

General Shields in a short time recovered from the injury which he had received, and resumed his active duties in the field. In May, his division was detached from the command of General Banks and placed under that of General McDowell on the Rappahannock, when it was presently sent to the upper portion of the valley of the Shenandoah to cut off the retreat of the Confederate general, Jackson, who had driven General Banks to the Potomac, and was now in his turn again pursued. General Shields in this movement coöperated with General Fremont, the one pursuing the enemy to the east of the Shenandoah River, the other on the left, and the efforts of both to resist the march of Jackson were unsuccessful. A portion of General Shields' division was defeated in the action at Port Republic, on the 9th of June. This ended the campaign. Other dispositions of the forces were now required, in the arrangement of which General Shields was relieved from active service.

THOMAS FRANCIS DUPONT.

This eminent officer of the United States Navy, who has been employed in its most responsible service and attained its highest honors, was born at Bergen Point, in the State of New Jersey, September 27, 1803. As the name indicates, the family is of French descent; his grandfather and father having emigrated to the United States at the end of the last century. Young Dupont, the subject of this notice, entered the navy in his boyhood, being commissioned a midshipman at the age of twelve. He was appointed from the State of Delaware, December 19, 1815. Of the forty-eight years which have been passed by him since that time in the public service, about one half the time has been spent in active duty at sea. His first cruise was in 1817, with Commodore Stuart, in the old frigate Franklin. In 1836, being then a lieutenant, he commanded the Warren, attached to the squadron of Commodore Dallas in the West Indies. Having been promoted to the rank of commander, in 1845 he was assigned the command of the frigate Congress, the flag-ship of Commodore Stockton, in a cruise in the Pacific. The following year he commanded the sloop-of-war Cyane, then employed in the squadron of Commodores Shubrick and Jones on the California coast. It was the period of the Mexican War, and the navy was frequently called upon, then and for some time after, to assist the military power in that quarter. On one occasion, in 1848, Commander Dupont landed at San José with a body of marines and sailors, and defeated a largely superior force of Mexicans, rescuing a small party under Lieutenant Heywood, who had been beleaguered in the Mission House. In 1856, he was promoted to a captaincy, and the following year sailed in command of the steam frigate Minnesota, on a two years' cruise in the China Seas. On his return to the United States, he was, in January, 1861, appointed to the command of the navy-yard at Philadelphia.

This long-continued employment at sea and the regard in which he was held in his profession, as well for his high personal character as his executive ability, pointed Captain Dupont out as one well qualified for a high command in the arduous services now required from the navy. Accordingly, when the department, early in the administration of President Lincoln, was summoning its resources for operations on the Atlantic coast, Captain Dupont was placed at the head of a board of inquiry, specially summoned at Wash-

S. F. DuPont

ington for deliberation on the course to be taken. The occupation of Hatteras Island was among the first results of this movement, and when a larger and more important expedition was prepared for a descent upon the coast of South Carolina, Captain Dupont was placed at the head of the imposing fleet destined for the work. The choice of the locality at which the demonstration should be made, was, in a great measure, left to his discretion. It was in accordance with his advice, supported by that of the able Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Fox, that possession of the excellent harbor of Port Royal was determined upon as the grand object of the expedition. During the summer and autumn of 1861, preparations for the work were made on the most ample scale. After various delays, the land and naval force, the former commanded by General T. W. Sherman, comprising a fleet of fifty vessels, including transports, set sail on the 29th of October, from Hampton Roads, Commodore Dupont in the flag-ship Wabash, leading the way. The weather, fair at starting, after the ships had slowly passed Hatteras, changed into a storm of great severity, in which the fleet was widely scattered, several transport steamers foundered, many lives were lost, and others preserved only by the greatest devotion and heroism. A week was passed in suffering and repairing the disasters, and in making the preliminary surveys off Hilton Head. On the 6th of November, the flag-ship crossed the bar, and on the forenoon of the following day the fleet went forward to encounter the formidable defences on either side of the river, of Fort Walker and Fort Beauregard, and the unknown strength of the enemy's flotilla, under Commodore Tatnall. The order of battle was admirably arranged by Commodore Dupont. As described by him in his official report, it comprised "a main squadron ranged in a line ahead, and a flanking squadron, which was to be thrown off on the northern section of the harbor to engage the enemy's flotilla, and preventing them taking the rear ships of the main line when it turned to the southward, or cutting off a disabled vessel. The plan of attack was to pass up midway between Forts Walker and Beauregard, receiving and returning the fire of both, to a certain distance, about two and a half miles north of the latter. At that point the line was to turn to the south, round by the west, and close in with Fort Walker, encountering it on its weakest flank, and at the same time enfilading in nearly a direct line, its two water faces. While standing to the southward, the vessels of the line were head to tide, which kept them under command, whilst the rate of going was diminished. When abreast of the fort, the engines were to be slowed, and the movement reduced to only as much as would be just sufficient to overcome the tide, to preserve the order of battle by passing the batteries in slow succession, and to avoid becoming a fixed mark for the enemy's fire. On reaching the extremity of Hilton Head and the shoal ground making off from it, the line was to turn to the north by the east, and, passing to the northward,

to engage Fort Walker, with the port battery nearer than when first on the same course. These evolutions were to be repeated."

The plan thus adroitly arranged was systematically carried out. The flag-ship in advance, commenced the movement, followed by her comrades. Three times passing the formidable Fort Walker—at distances of eight hundred and six hundred yards, the Wabash poured her destructive fire into the work. Her immediate consort, the Susquehanna, gave her powerful assistance, while the smaller vessels at the enfilading point swept the fort with their guns. "The enemy," wrote Commodore Dupont in a private letter to Secretary Fox, "fought bravely, and their rifle guns never missed. An eighty-pound rifle ball went through our main-mast in the very centre, making an awful hole. They aimed at our bridge, where they knew they could make a hole if they were lucky. A shot in the centre let water into the after magazine, but I saved a hundred lives by keeping under way and bearing in close. We found their sights graduated at six hundred yards. When they once broke, the stampede was intense, and not a gun was spiked. In truth, I never conceived of such a fire as that of this ship on her second turn, and I am told that its effect upon the spectators outside of her was intense. I learn that when they saw our flag flying on shore, the troops were powerless to cheer, but wept. General Sherman was deeply affected, and the soldiers were loud and unstinting in their expressions of admiration and gratitude."

This brilliant victory called forth from the country the highest congratulations. The sentiment of Commodore Dupont in his order to the officers and men of his squadron, in which he expressed his "full sympathy in the satisfaction they must feel at seeing the ensign of the Union flying once more in the State of South Carolina, which has been the chief promoter of the wicked and unprovoked rebellion they have been called upon to suppress," was everywhere echoed. Secretary Welles, in the name of the nation, tendered his heartfelt congratulations to the commander for "the brilliant success," and Congress, at the especial request of President Lincoln, by a joint vote of thanks, added its tribute in acknowledgment of "the services and gallantry" of officers and men.

Flag-officer Dupont continued in command of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and in the following spring conducted an expedition from Hilton Head along the coast of Georgia and Florida, compelling the surrender or abandonment of the forts at St. Simon's Sound, the St. Mary's, and St. John's, and establishing Union garrisons at Fernandina, St. Augustine, and other important points. These events occupied the month of March; in April, Captain Dupont had the satisfaction of taking part in the final proceedings, so satisfactorily terminated by the brilliant engineering operations of General Gilmore, of the siege of Fort Pulaski. As a reward for the services in his department, Flag-officer Dupont was, in August, promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, the highest grade in the ser-

vice, created by an act of the recent Congress.

The remainder of the year was employed by Admiral Dupont in various duties in his department at Port Royal and among the islands, in which the fleet bore a prominent part. In the spring of 1863, a squadron of powerful iron clads having been gathered at Hilton Head, an anxiously expected assault was made upon the forts in Charleston harbor. Admiral Dupont commanded the fleet, upon which the whole movement depended. The attack was made on the 7th of April. The monitors and other iron-clad vessels were led gallantly into action; but chiefly owing to unexpected difficulties in the obstruction of the channel, the fleet being kept under the concentrated fire of the forts, the movement which was expected to result in the capture of Charleston failed of success. Comparatively little injury was suffered by the monitors, while considerable damage was inflicted on Fort Sumter; but nothing was gained by the fleet beyond a better knowledge of the situation and a practical test of the power of the new naval batteries.

In June, Admiral Dupont had the satisfaction of reporting to the department the capture of the famous rebel iron clad, the Atlanta, in Warsaw Sound. This vessel, formerly an English merchant steamer, the Fingal, had been fitted up at a great cost at Savannah, and much was expected from her prowess in attacking the blockading fleet. A few shots, however, from the monitor Weehawken, Captain John Rodgers, on her first coming out, effectually disposed of her pretensions.

Shortly after this, Admiral Dupont was relieved of the command of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, which he had for nearly two years held with distinguished honor, and returned to his home at the North.

Admiral Dupont, after witnessing the termination of the war, in which he had borne so gallant and patriotic a part, died suddenly at the La Pierre House, in Philadelphia, on the morning of the twenty-third of June, 1865.

DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT.

This energetic and intrepid naval officer, whose career on the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to Vicksburg, has identified him with some of the most substantial services rendered to his country in the War for the Union, was born in East Tennessee, near Knoxville, about the year 1801. His father, an intimate friend of General Jackson, at that time held the rank of major in a cavalry regiment in the service of the United States—military talents being in request in what was then a frontier region infested by hostile Indians. On one occasion, in the childhood of David, his mother, in the absence of her husband, was required to defend her house against a party of those savage marauders, which she did with spirit, removing the children to a place of safety and parleying with the assailants through a partially barricaded door till Major Farragut with his squadron of horse opportunely came to the rescue. Scenes like this were well calculated to give strength and hardihood to a youth of spirit. We accordingly find young David, when his father was called to New Orleans to take command of a gun-boat at the opening of the war of 1812, anxious also to enter the service. Falling in with Commodore Porter, his wishes were gratified in a midshipman's appointment on board that commander's ship, the Essex. In this famous vessel he made the passage of Cape Horn, and in his boyhood participated in that novel and remarkable career of naval conquest and adventure, which was terminated by the heroic action with two English ships, the Phœbe and Cherub —one of the bloodiest on record—in the harbor of Valparaiso. Young Farragut, boy as he was, seems to have particularly distinguished himself in this engagement. His name is mentioned with honor in the official report of Commodore Porter as one of several midshipmen who "exerted themselves in the performance of their respective duties, and gave an earnest of their value to the service," adding that he was prevented by his youth from recommending him for promotion. He was then but thirteen, and previously to the action had been engaged in conducting one of the English prizes taken by the Essex from Guayaquil to Valparaiso, against the strong remonstrance of the British captain, who objected to being under the orders of a boy; but the boy insisted upon performing his duty, and was sustained in its performance.

Returning with the rest of the officers of the Essex on parole to the Uni-

D. G. Farragut

ted States, young Farragut was placed by Commodore Porter at Chester, Pennsylvania, under the tuition of one of Bonaparte's Swiss Guards, who taught his pupils military tactics. Being exchanged, the youth resumed his naval career as midshipman till 1825, when, being on the West India station, he was commissioned a lieutenant. For the next sixteen years we find him engaged in various service on board the Brandywine, Vandalia, and other vessels, on the coast of Brazil, and on the receiving-ship at the Norfolk Navy Yard. He was commissioned Commander in 1841, and ordered to the sloop-of-war Decatur, in which he joined the Brazil squadron. Three years' leave of absence succeeded, when he was again on duty at Norfolk, and in 1847 was placed in command of the sloop-of-war Saratoga, of the Home Squadron. He was then for several years second in command at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and in 1851 was appointed Assistant-Inspector of Ordnance. He held this appointment for three years, when he was ordered, in 1854, to the command of the new Navy Yard established at Mare Island, near San Francisco, California. In 1855, he was commissioned captain, remaining in charge of the Navy Yard on the Pacific till 1858, when he was ordered to the command of the sloop-of-war Brooklyn, of the Home Squadron, from which he was relieved in 1860. The opening of the Rebellion thus found him at home awaiting orders.

His residence was at Norfolk, where he was in rather a critical position when, on the fall of Sumter, the leaders of the revolt in Virginia hurried the State out of the Union. His loyalty was well known, and of course exposed him to suspicion and hatred. It was evident to him that he could no longer live in Virginia in safety, without compromising his opinions, and at the last moment, the day before the Navy Yard was burned, narrowly escaping imprisonment, he left with his family for the North, his journey being interrupted by the destruction of the railroad track from Baltimore. Arrived at New York, he placed his family in a cottage at Hastings, on the Hudson, in the vicinity of New York, in readiness, at the first opportunity, to enter on active service. When the navy was reinforced by the building of ships, and established on its new footing, in the first year of President Lincoln's administration of the department, when the capture of Hatteras, and Port Royal had given an impulse to naval operations for the suppression of the Rebellion, this occasion was found in the organization of the expedition against New Orleans. By an order of Secretary Welles, dated January 20, 1862, Captain Farragut was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico to the command of the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, with such portion of which as could be spared, supported by a fleet of bomb vessels under Commander D. D. Porter, he was further directed to "proceed up the Mississippi River and reduce the defences which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron and hoist the American flag

therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you."

Never was a programme of such magnitude more faithfully and directly carried out. The necessary preparations, which involved many delays, having been completed, at the earliest possible moment in March, Captain Farragut entered the Mississippi in his flag-ship, the steamer Hartford, accompanied by the vessels of his squadron. He was presently followed by the mortar fleet of Porter, and everything was pushed forward to secure the object of the expedition. The bombardment of Fort Jackson was commenced on the 16th of April by the mortar fleet, and kept up vigorously for several days, preparatory to the advance of the fleet. Before dawn on the morning of the twenty-fourth, the way having been thus cleared and a channel through the river obstructions opened, Captain Farragut, having made every provision which ingenuity could suggest, set his little squadron in motion for an attack upon and passage of the forts. The fleet advanced in two columns, the right to attack Fort St. Philip and the left Fort Jackson. The action which ensued was one of the most exciting and, we may add, confused, in the annals of naval warfare. Passing chain barriers, encountering rafts, fire-ships, portentous rams and gun-boats, fires from the forts and batteries on shore, the officers of the fleet pushed on with an energy and presence of mind which nothing could thwart. In the perils of the day, the flag-ship was not the least exposed and endangered. "I discovered," says Captain Farragut in his report, "a fire-raft coming down upon us, and in attempting to avoid it ran the ship on shore, and the ram Manassas, which I had not seen, lay on the opposite of it and pushed it down upon us. Our ship was soon on fire half-way up to her tops, but we backed off, and through the good organization of our fire department and the great exertions of Captain Wainwright and his first-lieutenant, officers and crew, the fire was extinguished. In the meantime our battery was never silent, but poured in its missiles of death into Fort St. Philip, opposite to which we had got by this time, and it was silenced with the exception of a gun now and then. By this time the enemy's gun-boats, some thirteen in number, besides two iron-clad rams, the Manassas and Louisiana, had become more visible. We took them in hand, and, in the course of a short time, destroyed eleven of them. We were now fairly past the forts, and the victory was ours; but still here and there a gun-boat making resistance.... It was a kind of guerilla; they were fighting in all directions."

Leaving Commander Porter to receive the surrender of the forts, and directing General Butler with his troops of the land forces to follow, Captain Farragut, with a portion of his fleet, proceeded up to New Orleans, witnessing as he approached the city the enormous destruction of property in cotton-loaded ships on fire, and other signs of devastation on the river. The forts in the immediate vicinity of the city were silenced, and on the morning of the twenty-fifth, as the fleet came up, the levee, in the words of Captain Farragut, "was one scene of desolation; ships, steamers

cotton, coal, etc., all in one common blaze, and our ingenuity being much taxed to avoid the floating conflagration." In the midst of this wild scene of destruction, the surrender of New Orleans was demanded, and after some parley the American flag was, on the twenty-sixth, hoisted on the Custom-house, and the Louisiana State flag hauled down from the City Hall. General Butler next entered with his forces, and the mission of Flag-Officer Farragut was fulfilled to the letter. It was one of the most brilliant triumphs of the war, and justly was it celebrated by a general thanksgiving under direction of Flag-Officer Farragut, who, while before the city, appointed an hour on the morning of the twenty-sixth, "for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood."

The country hailed this decisive victory with joy—the more that it was a success which, if not unexpected, was such as the wishes of the most sanguine could hardly have exceeded. Reviewing the incidents just recounted of this splendid achievement, Secretary Welles wrote to Flag-Officer Farragut, "in obtaining possession and control of the lower Mississippi, yourself, your officers, and our brave sailors and marines, whose courage and daring bear historic renown, have won a nation's gratitude and applause. I congratulate you and your command on your great success in having contributed so largely towards destroying the unity of the Rebellion, and in restoring again to the protection of the national government and the national flag the important city of the Mississippi valley, and so large a portion of its immediate dependencies." At the especial request of President Lincoln, also, a vote of thanks was passed by both Houses of Congress to Captain Farragut, his officers and men, for their gallantry on the Mississippi and in the capture of New Orleans.

More than a year of arduous labor for the land and naval forces of the upper and lower Mississippi remained before the possession of that river was secured to the Union. In these active operations Flag-Officer Farragut—he was appointed Rear-Admiral on the creation by Congress of this highest rank in the navy in the summer of 1862—with his flag-ship, the Hartford, was conspicuous. In the campaigns of two seasons on the river from New Orleans to Vicksburg, ending with the surrender in July, 1863, of the latter long-defended stronghold and Port Hudson, the Hartford was constantly in active service. In these various encounters she was struck, it was said when the good ship returned to New York for repairs in the ensuing month, in the hull, masts, spars and rigging two hundred and forty times by round shot and shell, and innumerable times by Minie and rifle balls. The reception of Admiral Farragut at New York, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and at his new home at Hastings, was earnest and heartfelt, becoming the occasion and the man.

DAVID D. PORTER

Among the coincidences of naval and military command in the War for the Union, the association of the names of Farragut and Porter, in the important series of operations on the Mississippi, has not escaped attention. The former, as the reader has seen in the previous sketch, was introduced to the service in his childhood, under the care and protection of Commodore David Porter, and boy as he was, fully shared the adventures and perils of his famous cruise in the Pacific. Nearly fifty years after that event, Captain Farragut, in command of the Department of the Gulf, entered the Mississippi in concert with the son of his old commander of the Essex, to vindicate the national honor by the restoration of New Orleans to the Union—a service which was to prove the ability of both officers, and lead them to the highest rank known to the naval service of the United States. Looking into the future, Commodore Porter, the hero of the War of 1812, would hardly have dreamt that the "boy midshipman," who had been introduced to him at New Orleans, would, with two of his own sons, at the end of half a century, receive the highest honors of their country, the reward of the most arduous and perilous services against a domestic foe on the Mississippi.

Of these sons of Commodore Porter thus distinguished in this field of duty, William D. Porter, the elder, on more than one occasion, in command of the gun-boat Essex, recalled not merely the name of his father's vessel, but the courage and patriotism, the spirit and success which had given the old ship her reputation. The younger, David D. Porter, the subject of this notice, born in Philadelphia, entered the navy as midshipman in the year 1829. His first cruise was in the Mediterranean, under Commodore Biddle, till 1831. After a year's leave of absence, he returned to that station, which has ever proved, in its liberal intercourse with the men of other nations, and its undying associations of nature and art, a most important school in the education of the young naval officers of the United States. Having passed his examination in 1835, young Porter was attached to the coast survey service from 1836 to 1841, when he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and was ordered to the frigate Congress, in which he sailed for four years on the Mediterranean and South American stations. In 1845 we find him attached to the National Observatory at Washington in special service. During the Mexican War which succeeded he was in charge of the

David D Porter

naval rendezvous at New Orleans, was subsequently again employed on the coast survey, and from 1849 to 1853 was, by permission of the department, in command of the California mail steamers Panama and Georgia, running from New York to Aspinwall, a rising commercial service of national importance, to which his experience and personal character were of great value. After this he was in various home service, till 1861, when he was promoted to the rank of commander, and placed in command of the steam sloop Powhatan, in which he joined the Gulf Blockading Squadron off Pensacola. He had thus, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, been thirty-two years in the service, over nineteen of which had been spent at sea and nine on shore duty.

A special service of great importance was presently entrusted to him. When, in the beginning of 1862, an expedition was set on foot to open the Mississippi River to New Orleans, he was assigned to the command of a fleet of bomb vessels to coöperate with the squadron of Captain Farragut in that enterprise—a service which he carried out with distinguished ability. In the movement on Forts Jackson and Saint Philip his mortar flotilla led the way in the attack on the 18th of April. His dispositions were most skillfully made, his vessels, ranged in three divisions, being placed under the lee of a thick wood closely interwoven with vines, almost impervious to shot, while their masts, dressed off with bushes, seemed part of the forest, and thus escaped being a mark from the forts. The fire of the mortars was well directed, and by evening the citadel of Fort Jackson was in flames. The second day the fire was resumed with destructive effect, and was continued, in the face of the most serious opposition, with various resources, till the twenty fourth, when the final passage of the forts was made by the fleet of Captain Farragut. The details of these six days of mortar practice, as related in the report of Commander Porter, are of the highest interest. From the wet and soft nature of the soil at the fort the bombs descended into the ground to the depth of twenty feet before exploding, which in a measure destroyed their effect. The firing was performed with great regularity, the divisions being arranged in three watches of four hours each, firing during the twenty-four hours fifteen hundred shells. "This, I found," says Commander Porter, "rested the crews and produced more accurate firing. Overcome with fatigue, I had seen the commanders and crews lying fast asleep on deck with a mortar on board the vessel next to them thundering away, and shaking everything around them like an earthquake. The windows were broken at the Balise, thirty miles distant."

During the advance of the fleet through the terrible scene of carnage, when, as the ships were seen, in the words of Commander Porter, "passing through the flames, which seemed to be literally eating them up," the mortar fleet kept up a destructive enfilading fire. To this division of the expedition was left the final disposition of the forts, which, though seriously injured, were not without the means of

continuing the struggle, having, besides their own resources, several steamers and a powerful steam battery at hand. Commander Porter, immediately on the passage of the ships, demanded the surrender of the forts, which was refused. He consequently prepared to renew the bombardment, and fired a few shots, which were unanswered. "The fight," says he, "had all been taken out of them." He then proceeded to blockade the bayous, and cut off the garrison from escape. A second demand for surrender was better received, and on the twenty-eighth the capitulation was signed by Captain Porter and the Confederate commanders, General Duncan and Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, on board the Harriet Lane. While this was being arranged in the cabin, the steam battery Louisiana, and the rebel steamers alongside of her, were treacherously set on fire, and it became necessary to protect the Harriet Lane from the burning battery, a vessel of four thousand tons, mounting sixteen heavy guns, which was drifting down, threatening, besides the conflagration, a fearful explosion. The conference still went on in the midst of this terrific scene. Commander Porter inquired of the commanders of the forts who were negotiating with him, and who threw the responsibility of the burning upon the rebel naval officer, "if they knew if the guns of the battery were loaded, or if she had much powder on board. The answer was, 'I presume so, but we know nothing about the naval matters here.' At this moment," continues Porter, in his report, "the guns, being heated, commenced going off, with a probability of throwing shot and shell amidst friend and foe. I did not deign to notice it, further than to say to the military officers: 'If you don't mind the effects of the explosion which is soon to come, we can stand it.' The conference was carried on calmly to its end, the burning mass meanwhile floating on in the direction of Fort Saint Philip, abreast of which it blew up with a fearful explosion, scattering its fragments in all directions, and killing one of the garrison in the fort. When the smoke cleared off, the battery was nowhere to be seen, having sunk immediately in the deep water of the Mississippi."

After the capture of New Orleans, Commander Porter continued to coöperate with Captain Farragut on the Mississippi, being engaged in the movement upon Vicksburg in May. He was afterwards ordered, in July, when operations in this quarter had been suspended for the season, with a portion of his flotilla, to the James River. In the following October he was placed in command of the Mississippi squadron, with the rank of acting rear-admiral. He was now actively employed in coöperation with Admiral Farragut, and when, in the ensuing year, operations were actively resumed for the capture of Vicksburg, his squadron, in concert with the victorious army of General Grant, was constantly employed in the most hazardous and honorable service. His daring and successful attack, on the 29th of April, upon the Confederate batteries at Grand Gulf prepared the way for Grant's deci

sive movement from below upon Vicksburg. "We had a hard fight for these forts," wrote Porter to the Secretary of the Navy, "and it is with great pleasure that I report that the navy holds the door to Vicksburg. Grand Gulf is the strongest place on the Mississippi." The door being opened, Grant's forces advanced, from victory to victory, to the final conquest, steadily assisted by Admiral Porter. For forty-two days preceding the surrender of Vicksburg the mortar boats were at work throwing shells into the city; a powerful battery, placed on scows, at the same time bombarded the water works. Other guns were mounted to assist the army operations in the rear of the town, while the smaller gun-boats were employed in guarding the transportation of supplies by the river. In these operations eleven thousand five hundred shells were fired by the mortar vessels and gun-boats, and four thousand five hundred shots from the naval guns on shore.

When the final hour of deliverance came, on the Anniversary of the National Independence, it fell to the lot of Admiral Porter, in a dispatch dated on board his flag-ship Blackhawk to forward to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington, this brief and authoritative announcement: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg surrendered to the United States forces on the 4th of July." This was the first bulletin to the country and to the world of this memorable event. Simultaneous with the victory of General Meade over Lee at Gettysburg, it was hailed as the crowning disaster to the Rebellion. When the tidings were received in Washington, and read to the President, flags were displayed from the departments, and a salute of a hundred guns ordered by the Secretary of War. In the evening the people thronged to the White House and to the office of the War Department, and congratulatory speeches were delivered by President Lincoln, Secretaries Stanton, Seward, and others. As a reward for his services on the Mississippi, Porter was promoted to the full rank of rear-admiral.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The biography of a poet is in general little more than an inventory of his writings. He is a man whose world is within, who must have quiet to write, and whose genius tempts him to perpetuate the quiet which he finds. Seldom a man of action, his migrations are of little more importance to the world at large, save through his writings, than those of the Vicar of Wakefield from the blue bed to the brown. Mr. Longfellow, the popular poet of England and America at this time, is no exception to the rule. The incidents of his life are mainly to be found in the record of his mental emotions in his books. There is matter abundant and voluble enough, but the narrative belongs rather to the critic than the biographer.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was a lawyer of distinction, a man of influence, highly esteemed by his contemporaries. The son was sent to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, where, in due time, he graduated in the class with Nathaniel Hawthorne, in 1825. Seldom has any college in one year sent forth to the world two such ornaments of literature. At that early period Mr. Longfellow was addicted to verse making, and some of these juvenile poems, written before the age of eighteen, are preserved in the standard collection of his writings. They are mostly descriptive of nature. There is one among them, a "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, at the Consecration of Pulaski's banner," which was something of a favorite when it appeared, and still has a flavor akin to that of the many spirited, picturesque little poems of its class which the author has since written.

Most college students who are led on to pursue literature as a profession, make their entrance to it after a preliminary turn at the law. The transition is easier from that profession than from the others. The pulpit and the scalpel are apt to hold on to their apprentices, but the profitless tedium of the early years at the bar supplies a vacuum into which anything may rush. Besides to some, especially those of a poetical inclination, the study is positively distasteful. The dereliction is embalmed as an adage in one of Pope's couplets—

> The clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
> Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

We are not aware that our poet had any difficulty in choosing his vocation. Probably not, for he fell so readily and

Henry W. Longfellow

happily into the habits of the scholar that all must have acquiesced in his selection of the calling. He was only nineteen in fact when he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at his college at Brunswick, and, according to a judicious custom in these New England seats of learning, was granted the privilege of a preliminary tour in Europe to qualify himself handsomely for the post. In 1826, and the two following years, accordingly, he made the tour of Europe, plunging at once into the study of the various languages where they are best learned, among the natives of the country. He visited France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. On his return he lectured at Bowdoin on the modern languages he had acquired, wrote articles for the "North American Review," translated with great felicity the exquisite stanzas of the Spanish soldier poet Manrique on the death of his father, and penned the sketches of his travels which, with a little romance intermingled, make up his pleasant volume, the first of his collected prose works, entitled "Outre Mer." In all that he did there was a nice hand visible, the touch of a dainty lover of good books, and appreciator of literary delicacies. The quaint, the marvellous, the remote, the picturesque, were his idols. He had been to the old curiosity shop of Europe, and brought home a stock of antiquated fancies of curious workmanship, which, with a little modern burnishing, would well bear revival. They were henceforth the decorations of his verse, the ornaments of his prose. Everywhere you will find in his writings, in his own phrase, "something to tickle the imagination" either of his own contrivance, or credited to the wit and wisdom, the marrowy conceits, of an antique worthy. From Hans Sachs to Jean Paul; from Dante to Filicaia; from Rabelais to Beranger; from old Fuller to Charles Lamb, the rare moralists and humorists were at his disposal. He was never at a loss for a happy quotation, and he who quotes well is half an original. His genius and benevolent nature, its kindly fellow worker, supplied the other half. Such was the promise of "Outre Mer," a bright, fresh, inviting book, which a man, taking up at a happy moment—and every book requires its own happy moment—would bear in mind, and look out for the next appearance of its author in print.

Then came, in 1835, one of the migrations from the blue bed to the brown—the Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard, in the honorable place of Mr. George Ticknor, resigned. The new appointment generated another tour in Europe, and this time the professor elect chose new ground for his travels. He visited a region then rarely traversed by Americans. He went to the north of Europe, presenting himself in Denmark and Sweden, beside a protracted stay in Holland, and a second visit to Germany, France and England —a profitable tour for his studies, but a sad one to the poet's heart, for at Rotterdam, on this tour, he lost his young wife, the companion of his journey.

Returning to America with his intimacy with his beloved German authors refreshed by participation in their home scenes, and a newly acquired fondness for the northern sagas, destined to bear vigorous and healthy fruit in his writings, he commenced his duties at Harvard. He removed his household gods, his "midnight folios," to Cambridge, and one summer afternoon, in 1837, as it has been prettily set forth by his friend Curtis—"the Howadji," in his sketches of the Homes of American Authors—established himself as a lodger in the old Cragie house, whilom the celebrated head-quarters of General Washington in the Revolution. The house had a history; it was the very place for the brain-haunted scholar to live and dream in. A stately mansion with royalist memories before the rebel days of Washington, with flavors of good cheer lingering about its cellars, and shadowy trains of stately damsels flitting along its halls and up its wide stairway. The place was rich with traditions of wealthy merchants and costly hospitalities, nor had it degenerated, according to the habit of most honored old mansions, as it approached the present day. Venerable and learned men of Harvard, still alive, had consecrated it by their studies. No wonder that the poet professor found there his "coigne of vantage," and made there "the pendent bed and procreant cradle" of his quick-coming fancies. Many a poem of his goodly volumes has been generated by the whispers of those old walls, and thence came forth "from his still, southeastern upper chamber, in which Washington had also slept," the most delectable of his prose writings, the romance of "Hyperion."

We well remember the impression this work made on its appearance, about 1839, with its wide-spread type and ample margin, and the pleasant kindling thoughts of love, and the beauty of nature, and old romantic glories, and quaint Jean Paul, "the only one"—its criticism of taste and the heart. It was the first specimen given to America, we believe, of the art novel, and a fit audience of youths and maidens welcomed its sweet utterances. Everything in it was choice and fragrant; the old thoughts from the cloistered books were scented anew with living fragrance from the mountains and the fields. It was a scholar's book with no odor of the musty parchment or smell of the midnight lamp. All was cheerful with the gaiety of travel; the sorrow and the pathos were tempered by the romance—and over all was the purple light of youth.

Then came, in a little volume of verse, the first collection, we believe, of the author's original poems, "The Voices of the Night," published at Cambridge in 1839. It was the greatest hit, we think, take it all together, ever made by an American poet, for it created a distinguished poetical reputation at a single blow. Its "Hymn to the Night," drawing repose

> From the cool cisterns of the midnight air;

its "Psalm of Life"—what the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist:

> Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream!
> For the soul is dead that slumbers,
> And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul!

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

"The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Light of Stars," "The Footsteps of Angels:"

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more

and, with others, the "Midnight Mass of the Dying Year:"—these all at once became popular favorites, and the echoes of their praises have not yet died away from the lips of their first fair admirers. The success, doubtless, gave the poet confidence—for, to sing from the heart, the hearts of others must respond. It is a game at which there are two parties, the poet and the public, and one can do nothing without the other. The public plighted its faith to the new poet, and no meddling critics have since been able to break the alliance.

Since that first volume appeared, many others have followed in cream-colored paper and the brown cloth of Fields—sacred to poets—all of kindred excellence, Ballads with Excelsior, and the lay of Nuremberg, and the "Belfry of Bruges," Tegner's pastoral, "Children of the Lord's Supper," Poems of the "Seaside and Fireside," "Waifs and Estrays," "The Spanish Student," a drama, in rapid sequence. Encouraged by the reception of these generally brief and occasional efforts, the poet, in 1847, essayed a longer flight in his elaborate poem "Evangeline, A Tale of Acadie." It was written in hexameters, a bold attempt upon the public in the adaptation of a classic measure, but greatly differing from the severe crabbed verses of this kind which Sir Philip Sidney sought to engraft upon English literature, and failed in attempting. The lines of Mr. Longfellow are not rugged, nor the pauses difficult to manage. On the contrary, the verse is harmonious, and, if there be any defect, cloys from its recurring cadence and

uniformity Goethe had adopted the measure in his narrative, semi-pastoral poem, "Herman and Dorothea," the treatment of which doubtless suggested "Evangeline." Beyond this sanction of a great example, the American poem was little indebted to its German predecessor. The theme was new and striking, singularly adapted to the poet's powers. All readers know the story, and few have not admired the beauty of the descriptions, the picturesque manners and customs, the exquisite tenderness of the poem—a tale of wonderful beauty and pathos, of a rare setting in the American landscape. It is by many accounted Mr. Longfellow's happiest work, and is certainly one of the most inviting and best sustained of his compositions, felicitous alike in subject and execution.

To "Evangeline," in 1849, succeeded "Kavanagh," a tale in prose, a New England idyll. The hero is a poetical clergyman, who attracts all the beauty and refinement of the village, unless the interest which he creates is divided with the schoolmaster Churchill. There is much that is pleasant in the manner of the piece, which has a gentle humor everywhere lighted up by a poetical fancy.

The "Golden Legend," a bundle of poems tied by a silken string, carrying us into the very heart of the middle ages, was the next production of Mr. Longfellow's muse. It appeared in 1851, was well received, perhaps not as closely taken to the popular heart as "Evangeline"—but that could not be expected with a more remote scholastic subject. It displays a great deal of reading with much learned ingenuity. The invention, curious and felicitous, admits of and receives very wide illustration throughout the mediæval world of Europe, its religion, its arts, its schools, its government.

The "Golden Legend"—we thus chronicled it on its first appearance—is a volume of three hundred pages of poetical thoughts and fancies strung upon the thread of a simple ballad incident of a knight who grew very unhappy in the world on account of wickedness and melancholy, with no better prospect for recovery, after a pretty vigorous course of church discipline, than the luck of some maiden's offering up her life for him—a prescription of the learned Italian doctors of Salern. Such a maiden does present herself, one of his forest peasantry, and, as the prince belongs to the Rhine, and the event is to come off in Italy, a journey throughout Europe is the consequence. With constant variety, as one topic is delicately touched upon after another, we are most agreeably entertained with forest scenes, town scenes, priestly ceremonies, learned arts, the sanctities of the cloister, its profanities, quaintly narrated in a species of rhyme which is neither heroic nor commonplace, but singularly in consonance with the half-earnest, half-ludicrous associations of the subject. Lucifer, *à la Mephistopheles*, is employed as a mocking spirit, inspiring evil suggestions, a delighted showman of evil scenes. Walter de Vogelweide, the Minnesinger, enters with a melodious rustling of his garments. A Mystery of the Nativity, a fine bit of scholarship of that olden

time, is celebrated at Strasburg. The grim legend of Macaber is painted on the walls as the monks revel in the refectories. The School of Salern thickens with strange forms of living and dying. These are the outward circumstances and decorations of a tale of passion, the object of which is the evolution of immortal affection. The catastrophe is of course the marriage of the prince and the peasant girl, and a happy return to the hereditary castle on the Rhine.

Four years later, in 1855, the poet made another venture in a novel walk of composition. The "Song of Hiawatha," a collection of legends of the North American Indians, in trochaic octosyllabic measure, fell strangely upon American ears. The book was hardly launched, when, from every quarter of the heavens, the winds of criticism blew over the agitated literary sea upon the apparently devoted bark. Eurus and Notus, and squally Africus, rushed together and rolled their vast billows of hostile denunciation upon the publisher's counter. But propitious Venus held her guardian course aloft and Neptune reared his placid head above the tempestuous waters. In a fortnight the loud blast of the critics was reduced to a piping treble; indignation subsided to laughter, and laughter gave place to an old knack of affection, which the public has always shown for its favorite. The only crime of Hiawatha was its novelty, its originality. The olive was liked after it was tasted. The legends once read, were read again, and the trochaics were echoed in a thousand parodies. The story of the reception of the book is one of the curiosities of American literature.

The materials of the volume were rescued from the Dryasdusts and antiquarians, like Tennyson's legends of King Arthur's Court, to be preserved in a gallery of enduring beauty. The task of the American writer was the more difficult of the two, in the apparent intractability of the subject. The fancies of the American savage, painted on the mists of their meadows, and in the shadows of their forests, have a vagueness and unreality, too slight and vanishing even for verse. These wild, airy nothings were hardly food substantial enough for a poet's dream. To catch and cage them in verse was a master's triumph.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," published in 1858, followed. It is a return to the measure, the tilting hexameters, of "Evangeline," celebrating an anecdote of love and beauty with the moral of a grim old suitor employing youth in his service as an agent to entrap for him the gentle heart of womanhood. The warrior achieved many triumphs in his day over rebels and Indians, but, stern Achilles as he was, he had to yield his lovely Briseis.

> Fair Priscilla, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
> Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
> Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being,
> Was not for him, but for John Alden, the fair-haired taciturn stripling.

That is the whole moral, and quaintly and picturesquely is it set forth in the historic costume of the period of the Pilgrim Fathers.

These, with the addition of a collection of translations by others of "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and a few "Poems on Slavery," dated 1842, embrace, we believe, the whole of Mr. Longfellow's acknowledged writings to the present time. The same general characteristics run through them: a learned, exuberant fancy, prodigal of imagery; a taste for all that is delicate and refined, pure and elevated in nature and art; a skillful adaptation of old world sentiment to new world incidents and impressions; a heightened religious fervor as his muse transcends things temporal, and reaches forward to the things which are eternal. The gentle ministry of poetry, fertile in consolation, has seldom soothed human sorrow in more winning, pathetic tones than have fallen from the lips of this amiable bard, ever delighting and instructing his race.

It is now some years since Mr. Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, to be succeeded by another disciple of the muses, the accomplished poet, Lowell; but he still continues to breathe the old atmosphere in the house of Washington, cheered amid the trials of life by the affections of his countrymen, and of those who read the English language throughout the world. There are few men whom America has so delighted to honor; there are none who have better deserved the happy privilege.

W. S. Rosecrans

WILLIAM STARK ROSECRANS.

Major-General Rosecrans, of the United States Army, was born in Kingston, Delaware County, Ohio, September 6, 1819. Of Prussian descent, the family were among the early emigrants, by way of Holland, to the Dutch settlement of New Netherlands, on the Hudson, out of which grew the prosperous colony of New York. The parents of the subject of this sketch, natives of Pennsylvania, after their marriage removed to Ohio, where the father, an enterprising farmer and man of business, renowned for his integrity, acquired a high character for his influence in the region. He served in the War of 1812, as adjutant to a company of horse, under General Harrison. His son William was introduced in his boyhood to the precocious activity of the frontier. "At thirteen," we are told, "he had become quite a man upon the farm, and at fourteen was sent to the store of one David Messenger, seven miles from his home, to close up the business, which he did successfully. At times he acted as book-keeper in the store, collected debts, and for some months, in 1837, was clerk in a clothing store."[1] It was in this year, at the age of eighteen, that he received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, from which institution he graduated, with good standing as a student, in 1842, when he began his military career as second-lieutenant of engineers. After serving for a time in this capacity at Fortress Monroe, he was employed for several years at West Point as Assistant Professor of Philosophy and of Engineering. From 1847 to 1852 he had charge of the construction of the harbor fortifications at Newport, Rhode Island, after which he was assigned to special duty as constructing engineer at the Washington Navy Yard. In this capacity his ingenuity and scientific resources proved of eminent usefulness; his health failing, however, he was obliged to ask for leave of absence, and presently to retire from the service. The Government reluctantly accepted his resignation, when, in the spring of 1854, he established himself in Cincinnati as an architect and consulting engineer. The next year he was induced to take charge of the interests of an English and American coal company in Kanawha County, Virginia, an undertaking which he conducted with his accustomed scientific ability, surveying the region, and reporting various plans of improvement. It was from his prac-

[1] An interesting memoir, in "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland," by an officer. Philadelphia, 1863.

tical knowledge, gained in these pursuits, that he was led to engage in business at Cincinnati as a manufacturer of coal oil, for which he set up an extensive establishment. "His first partner failing to make a marketable article, General Rosecrans," as we are informed in the narrative already cited, "determined to try it himself, and, accordingly, entered the laboratory and began a series of experiments with a view to the manufacture of a pure and odorless oil. After sixteen days' labor, he had about succeeded in his efforts, when he was terribly burned by the combustion of benzole gas, caused by using what was then supposed to be a patent safety-lamp. Although his clothes and flesh were badly burned, he had the presence of mind to make such dispositions that the fire was extinguished without injury to the works. He then walked home—a mile and a half—and took to his bed, where he lay nearly eighteen months, and for a time it was doubtful whether he could recover." At the end of this period of suffering he was enabled to resume his business, which had necessarily suffered from his absence, and was engaged in this pursuit when the Rebellion summoned all persons of military experience to the field.

Rosecrans was not the man to avoid such an appeal. Accordingly we find him early engaged in the service of Ohio, under Governor Dennison, making arrangements for the organization and equipment of the State troops. He had just been commissioned colonel of the twenty-third Ohio regiment, when he received from Washington the appointment which he had solicited, of brigadier-general of volunteers in the national service. Reporting himself, according to orders, to General McClellan, he entered at once with that officer upon the campaign in Western Virginia, which led, on the 9th of July, 1861, to the Battle of Rich Mountain. In this engagement General Rosecrans bore the prominent part. The enemy, it will be remembered, with about two thousand men, commanded by Colonel Pegram, were holding the Beverley Road, at the foot of the mountain, a pass of the main channel of communication between Eastern and Western Virginia. To secure this position and get in the rear of the main rebel force in this region, under General Garnett, was now the object of General McClellan. On approaching the enemy's camp it was ascertained that a path led over the mountain on their left to the summit commanding their position. General Rosecrans was ordered forward to make the attack from this point, when General McClellan would advance in front and secure the victory. Setting out at dawn, marching his forces through the woods in a driving rain, General Rosecrans came upon the entrenched outpost of the enemy in the afternoon, when a sharp contest occurred, ending in driving them from their position with the loss of two guns. That night he held the battle-field, overlooking the rebel camp, while General McClellan was preparing for an attack by the road. The enemy thus invested did not wait the next day's assault, but before morning began a retreat, in which they were

interrupted by General Rosecrans, who captured their camp equipage and a large number of prisoners.

Their remaining force after this was rapidly dispersed, General McClellan was immediately called to the command of the Army of the Potomac and General Rosecrans left to conduct operations in Western Virginia. In September his command was again in action in an advance upon General Floyd's force on the Gauley River, at Carnifex Ferry. On reaching the enemy, after a rapid march, on the tenth, the engagement began in the afternoon in a reconnoissance of their position, which would have been succeeded by an assault had not darkness prevented. That night General Floyd escaped across the river, destroying the bridge, and thus securing his retreat. The month of November, after various military evolutions, found both parties in array in the region at the head of the Kanawha Valley, bounded by the New and Gauley Rivers. General Rosecrans held the right bank of the New River, General Floyd the left. Dispositions were skillfully made by the former for the passage of the river and the capture of the foe, who again fled at the near approach of the Union forces. The year's campaign, in the words of General Rosecrans' address to his troops, closed with "the substantial fruits of victory. Western Virginia belongs to herself, and the invader is expelled from her soil."

General Rosecrans remained in command in Western Virginia, actively employing the limited resources at his disposal, anxiously seeking to coöperate with the main Army of the Potomac, till, in the spring of 1862, he was superseded, by the creation of the Mountain Department, assigned to General Fremont. In May he was ordered to report to General Halleck, then before Corinth, Mississippi, and arrived at this new theatre of operations, in which he was destined to be so conspicuous, in time to participate in the capture of that stronghold of the enemy. When, in the following month, General Pope was called to Virginia, General Rosecrans succeeded to the command of his army corps in the department. The division was known as the Army of the Mississippi. In September it was called upon to resist the advance of a large Confederate force, under General Price, who was operating to assist the movement of General Bragg upon Kentucky. General Rosecrans, from his head-quarters near Corinth, went forward and victoriously met the enemy at Iuka.

General Rosecrans now strengthened his position at Corinth, diligently fortifying and preparing for the enemy, who were gathering their forces for a renewed attack. Price was joined by Van Dorn, and the positions of Grant in Tennessee and Rosecrans in Mississippi were alike threatened. It was the expectation of the latter, that the enemy, masking his strong position, would advance to the north, when he could give battle and cut off their retreat. Their intention, however, was to attack Corinth, which, taking advantage of the favorable condition of the country in the dry season, they approached by way of Chewalla. They came up, were met by the Union army

on the 3d and 4th of October, and were signally defeated.

Immediately after this second battle of Corinth, General Rosecrans was assigned to the command of the new Department of the Cumberland, with its field of operations in Central Tennessee. Carefully restoring the lines of communication which had been broken in the recent invasion of Kentucky, he advanced from the latter State and established his head-quarters, in November, at Nashville. There, in his camp before the city, he devoted himself, with his usual assiduity, to the organization and equipment of the recent levies, of which his force was largely composed—in fact, to the creation of an army. When his communications were fully established, sufficient supplies secured, and his army in condition, at the end of December he resolved upon a forward movement against the enemy, who, under the command of General Bragg, were encamped in various positions in front of Murfreesboro, about thirty miles southeast of Nashville. The Union army, numbering in all about forty-seven thousand, of which, only about three thousand were cavalry, began its advance on the morning of the 26th of December, by different roads, in three divisions, under Generals McCook, Thomas, and Crittenden. On the thirtieth, after heavy skirmishing by the way, the several divisions had succeeded in occupying positions immediately in front of the enemy, whose forces were now drawn up in a line about three miles in length, extending from the Stono River, irregularly, to the southwest, and being about two miles distant from Murfreesboro, the river winding between. The hostile fronts were, for the most part, within half a mile apart. General McCook held the Union right, Thomas the centre, and Crittenden the left. It was the plan of General Rosecrans to hold the force engaged which was opposed to his right and centre, while Crittenden, on his left, was to cross the river by a ford, attack the division of Breckinridge in that quarter, and open a way to Murfreesboro. The rear of the Confederate army would thus be gained, when a vigorous movement, on both sides, might be expected to rout it utterly. This calculation was defeated in the action of the following day, by the enemy massing his troops on his left, attacking McCook's forces on the Union right, one division of which after another was compelled to retire before the resistless shock. The main effort of General Rosecrans was thus turned to repair this disaster and meet the foe, by bringing up and strengthening his centre. The left of the right wing was thus relieved of pressure. The artillery was advantageously placed, inflicting heavy losses upon the foe, who quailed before it. The enemy was repulsed from the new line, the original position on the left being undisturbed. Thus closed the 31st of December. "We had lost heavily," says General Rosecrans in his report, "in killed and wounded, and a considerable number in stragglers and prisoners; also twenty-eight pieces of artillery, the horses having been slain, and our troops being unable to withdraw them by hand over

the rough ground; but the enemy had been roughly handled and badly damaged at all points. . . . Orders were given for the issue of all the spare ammunition, and we found that we had enough for another battle, the only question being where that battle was to be fought."

Armed with this resolution, General Rosecrans still retaining his hold on the river, retired a portion of his left to more advantageous ground, and so skillfully were his dispositions made that two demonstrations made by the enemy the next day, the 1st of January, were readily repulsed. On the second there was another attack by the foe upon a portion of Crittenden's division, which had crossed the river, which was compelled to retire when that general brought his batteries to bear from the west side of the river, with fearful effect. "The firing," says General Rosecrans, "was terrific, and the havoc terrible. The enemy retreated more rapidly than they had advanced; in forty minutes they lost two thousand men." Some important advantage was also gained on the enemy's left flank. Night and a storm of rain prevented their being pursued into Murfreesboro. The next day a heavy rain impeded army movements, but there was some sharp skirmishing, showing the unabated spirit of the Union troops. Sunday morning, the 4th of January, says General Rosecrans, "it was not deemed advisable to commence offensive movements, and news soon reached us that the enemy had fled from Murfreesboro. Burial parties were sent out to bury the dead, and the cavalry was sent to reconnoitre." The severely contested battle was ended. In these engagements fully one-fifth of the entire Union force in action was killed or wounded. The enemy, according to a calculation made by General Rosecrans, numbered about a third more than his own forces, and suffered in a still greater proportion. Well might the Union commander-in-chief, with a piety characterizing his disposition, exclaim: "With all the facts of this battle fully before me, the relative numbers and positions of our troops and those of the rebels, the gallantry and obstinacy of the contest, and the final result, I say, from conviction, and as a public acknowledgment due to Almighty God, in closing this report, 'non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomine tuo da gloriam.'"

ULYSSES S. GRANT

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, of the United States Army, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27th, 1822. Entering the Military Academy at West Point, from his native State, at the age of seventeen, he graduated at that institution with distinction in 1843, when he received the brevet appointment of second-lieutenant in the fourth infantry. The Mexican War breaking out not long after, he was with General Taylor at its commencement, in Texas, being promoted second-lieutenant at Corpus Christi, in September, 1845. As the army advanced he served with his regiment in the campaign on the Rio Grande, in the summer of 1846, through the successive engagements at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey. Shortly after the arrival of General Scott at Vera Cruz, at the beginning of the following year he joined that commander, his regiment, with others, having been withdrawn from the forces of General Taylor to take part in the expedition against the capital. He was with the army of General Scott in the successive battles which marked his victorious progress to the city of Mexico, and was brevetted first-lieutenant and captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec. After the war he was promoted to a captaincy while on duty with his regiment in Oregon, in 1852. In the summer of 1854, he resigned his commission and settled in St. Louis County, Missouri, whence, in 1860, he removed to Galena, Illinois, where he was engaged in commercial pursuits when the outbreak of the Great Rebellion again summoned him to the field. He immediately offered his services to Governor Yates, was appointed colonel of the twenty-first regiment of Illinois volunteers, and was at once employed in active service in Missouri.

In August, 1861, he was created a brigadier-general of volunteers, his commission dating from the 19th of May. He was now placed in command of the district of south-eastern Missouri, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, with his head-quarters at Cairo. On the 6th of November he led an expedition against the position of the enemy at Belmont, opposite Columbus, on the Mississippi. Their camp was attacked the following day, and a severe engagement ensued, with heavy losses on both sides, the enemy remaining masters of the field. He had previously, in September, on the advance of the rebels to Columbus,

U. S. Grant

taken military possession of Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, in Kentucky—a timely proceeding of the utmost importance. The command of the river was thus gained, the enemy cut off from their valuable river communications by the Tennessee and the Cumberland, and the means secured of carrying on the brilliant operations of the winter campaign of 1862, in the interior on the southern border of the State. The reduction of Fort Henry, a Confederate stronghold on the Tennessee River, was one of the first fruits of the occupation of Paducah. The joint military and naval expedition which successfully accomplished this work on the 6th of February, was led by General Grant and Commodore Foote. The gun-boats attacked the fort in front while the troops landed and made a detour, coming up in the rear.

Fort Henry was taken by the navy. In the attack on Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, which immediately followed, the victory was gained by the army. The well-entrenched, advantageous position of the enemy presented many difficulties; but they were overcome by the energy of General Grant and the officers under his command, numbering many who were afterwards highly distinguished in the service. The land operations, which commenced on the 12th of February, were continued with frequent conflicts—the gun-boats being beaten off in the river on one of the days—till the morning of the sixteenth, when the enemy, having been repulsed in their attack of the previous day, and a decisive advantage gained by the Union forces, it was determined by the rebel officers in command to surrender the fort. Generals Pillow and Floyd, with a portion of the garrison, had already abandoned the works, leaving General Buckner to arrange the terms of capitulation. He asked for terms and an armistice, to which General Grant replied, "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." The situation was such that General Buckner was compelled to accept the terms. Ten thousand prisoners consequently laid down their arms, and the fort, with its forty cannon and vast quantities of stores and equipments, passed into the hands of General Grant. "The victory," said he, in an address to his troops, "is not only great in the effect it will have in breaking down rebellion, but has secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in any battle on this continent." For this achievement, General Grant was created a major-general of volunteers.

Two months later, occurred the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee River, in the immediate approach to the enemy's position at Corinth, Mississippi. It was brought on by the enemy on the 6th of April, while General Grant, who was in command, was mustering his forces and awaiting the arrival of General Buell with reinforcements. The first day of the action the field was swept by the enemy, and the Union forces driven to the river, where they were partially protected by the gun-boats. The next day, General Buell's army and other reinforcements having arrived, the con-

test was resumed, and after a series of severe contests, the enemy, commanded by Generals A. S. Johnston and Beauregard, was routed and compelled to retreat. At the beginning of the battle, General Grant was at his head-quarters at Savannah, but hearing of the action, immediately reached the ground, and was engaged on the field in the afternoon rallying his broken divisions, while he bore a conspicuous part in the decisive repulse of the following day. General Halleck, the head of the department, presently taking the field, General Grant became second in command.

Subsequently, after the evacuation of Corinth by the enemy, when General Halleck was called to Washington as General-in-Chief, General Grant was, in September, assigned to the command of the Army of West Tennessee. The battles of Iuka and the second battle at Corinth, in September and October, proved the successful management of his department. His command having been greatly increased, he established his head-quarters, in December, at Holly Springs, in Mississippi, and thenceforth was engaged in the arduous operations in that State, which for many months employed the forces on the Mississippi, till final victory crowned their efforts in the capture of Vicksburg, with its garrison—a triumph doubly memorable by its association with the day of Independence—the full surrender being made and the flag raised on the vaunted rebel stronghold on the 4th of July, 1863 The campaign of General Grant immediately preceding the close investment of the city gained him the highest reputation as a commander, at home and abroad. After the Union forces had been disappointed in repeated efforts to take the city with its formidable works by direct assault or rear approach, General Grant, at the end of April, landed a force on the Mississippi shore, about sixty miles below, defeated the enemy at Port Gibson, thus turning Grand Gulf, which consequently was abandoned to the naval force on the river; advanced into the interior, again defeated the enemy at Raymond, on the 12th of May; moved on and took possession of Jackson, the capital of the State; then marched westwardly towards Vicksburg, defeating the forces of General Pemberton, the commander of that post, sent out to meet him, at Baker's Creek, and again at Black River Bridge. All this was the work of a few days, the eighteenth of the month bringing the army in the immediate vicinity of Vicksburg, in command of all its communications with the interior. The siege followed; it was conducted with eminent steadfastness and ability, and terminated, as we have stated, in an unconditional triumph. For this eminent service, General Grant was promoted major-general in the regular army.

General Grant remained in his department of the Mississippi, till, in October, after the battle of Chickamauga, he was called to a still larger command, being placed at the head of the united armies of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Kentucky.

Nath P. Banks

NATHANIEL PRENTISS BANKS.

Nathaniel Prentiss Banks was born at the manufacturing town of Waltham, Mass., January 30th, 1816. His father was overseer of a cotton mill, and early introduced his son to an industrial employment in the establishment, from which he derived his familiar appellation—"the bobbin boy." With this practical species of education he received some instruction at the village school in the elementary branches of knowledge. The training was slight, but the seed sown fell in no reluctant soil. The youth exhibited a fondness for intellectual pursuits, and profited by the means everywhere inviting him in a New England atmosphere. Joining a dramatic company composed of his associates, we are told by one of his biographers, he soon displayed such ability in that direction as to be offered inducements to become a professional actor. He was of too solid a disposition, however, to listen to such allurements, and preferred a less attractive calling. He learned the trade of a machinest, and worked at it as a journeyman, in Boston He also, we are told, taught an evening school some time, and conducted a newspaper at Waltham—thus practising the two professions of schoolmaster and editor, which have been at the basis of the advancement, in political life, of many men in America. In addition to these multifarious employments, he occasionally lectured before lyceums, temperance meetings, and political gatherings.

From this varied discipline the young man emerged into political life. His first entrance upon a career in which he was to become so distinguished, was not without its difficulties. Six times he was a candidate of the Democratic party for representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and was as often defeated. On a seventh trial, in 1849, he was elected. He held, about this time, under the administration of President Polk, an office in the Boston Custom House. Applying himself, meanwhile, to the study of the law, he was admitted to the bar in 1850. The following year he was chosen Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature, and in 1852, was, by a coalition of the Democratic with the Free-Soil party, elected a member of the national House of Representatives. In 1853 he presided over the Convention held in Massachusetts for the revision of the State Constitution. His course in Congress marked him out as a man of ability, and gave indications of the future poli-

tical leader of the Republican party, then in its infancy. A second time he had the good fortune to secure his election to the House of Representatives, in this instance by a union of the Know Nothings and Republicans. Then, in the new Congress of 1855, came the protracted struggle for Speaker, which, battled for more than two months and in more than a hundred ballotings, resulted in his election to that office. The courtesy and fairness with which he performed the duty, secured the respect of all parties. A third time chosen to Congress, he resigned to accept the office of Governor of Massachusetts, to which he was elected by the American and Republican party in 1857, and again in 1858; refusing to become again a candidate, with the desire of making some better provision for his family, he removed to the West, accepting the lucrative position of General Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad.

The election of President Lincoln had now given the sanction of the public to the principles which Governor Banks had advocated, and the Rebellion of the South was bringing them to a sharper controversy than the old political agitations of Congress. Mr. Banks saw clearly the nature of the coming contest, and was ready to take the field in defence of his faith. He offered his services in the war, and was appointed, on the 30th May, 1861, major-general of volunteers. His first duty was, as the successor of General Butler, in command of the Department of Annapolis. In the unsettled condition of Maryland, and especially of its capital, where he established his head-quarters, it was a delicate office which he had to maintain in holding the State steady to its allegiance. He brought to the task, however, an integrity and love of justice—a courtesy blended with firmness, which carried him through all difficulties. His reform of the Police Department was conducted with military energy, and when, after the battle of Bull Run, he was called to active service, to take command at Harper's Ferry, he left his department—so far as his efforts to establish order were concerned—in a satisfactory condition.

General Banks was in command on the Upper Potomac during the protracted interval of military preparation which succeeded, and in the following spring of 1862, on the reorganization of the army, he was assigned to the command of the fifth corps. In the general advance of the Army of the Potomac, he led the way in the occupation of Harper's Ferry and the lower portion of the Valley of Virginia, in concert with the movement of General McClellan upon Manassas. The battle of Winchester was fought on the 23d of March, by a portion of his command, under General Shields. General Banks immediately followed the enemy, pursuing them in their rapid retreat up the valley to the vicinity of Staunton. This was accomplished by the middle of April; but the advantages of the movement proved less than had been expected. The Union troops were presently withdrawn nearer their base of supplies, to Strasburgh, and, toward the end of May were attacked at Front Royal by the advance of Jackson's and

Ewell's force, which was sent down the valley to effect a diversion to prevent the meditated reinforcement of General McClellan's army, now before Richmond. The movement was made with spirit and in overwhelming force, compelling General Banks to seek safety from utter destruction in a prudent retreat. This he accomplished with great skill, anticipating the enemy in a rapid movement of the main column to Winchester, whence, after a sharp engagement with a portion of their forces in the vicinity of that place—the most formidable of several encounters on the way—he, without delay, hastened onward, by way of Martinsburg, to the Potomac. The column arrived at the river at sundown, on the evening of the 25th of May, forty-eight hours after the first news of the attack on Front Royal. It was a march of fifty-three miles, thirty-five of which were performed in one day.

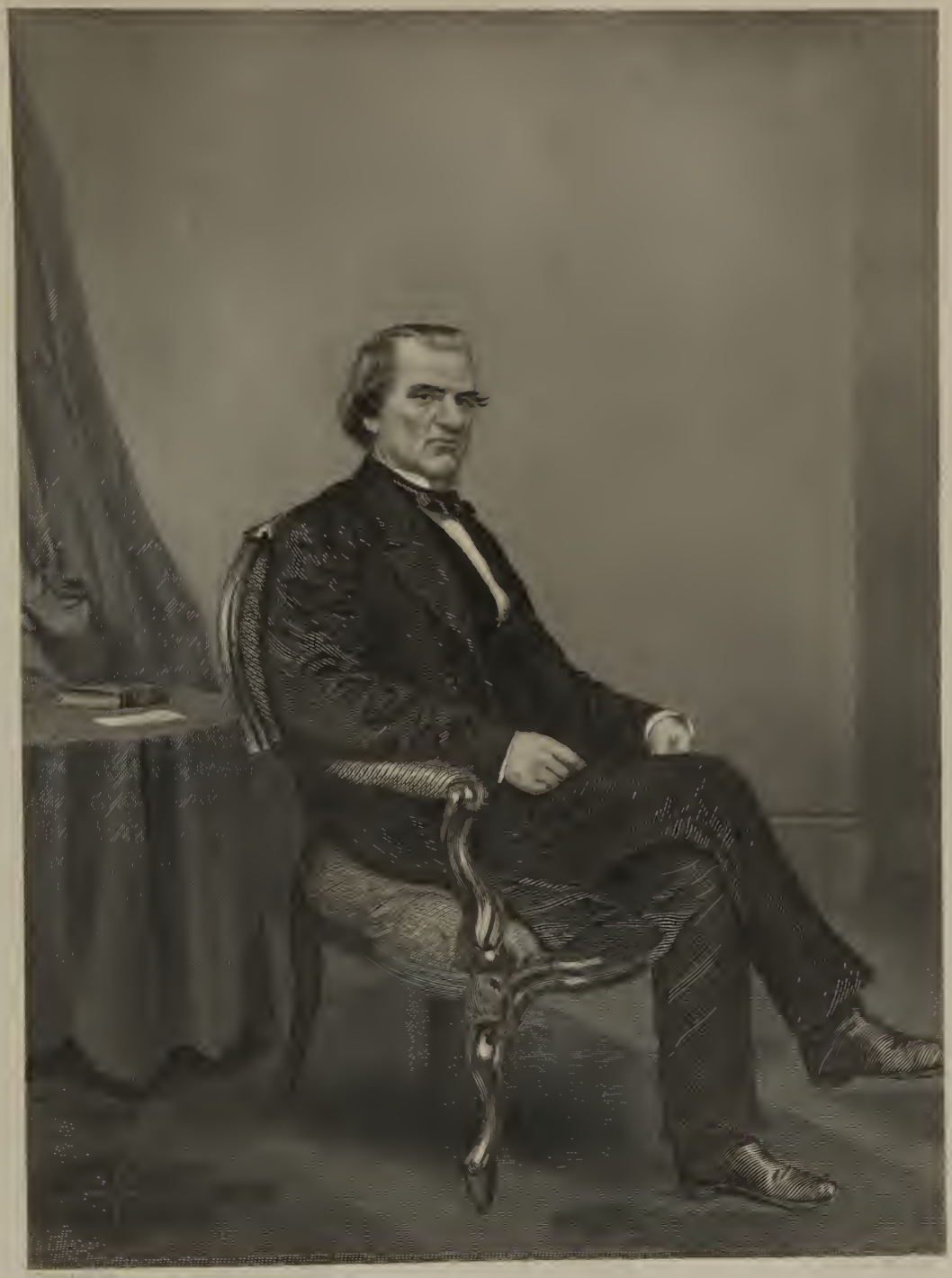
In August, General Banks was again in action, in the campaign of General Pope, in the battle of Cedar Mountain, on the line of the railway, beyond Culpepper, when the Union troops were again confronted by the forces of Ewell and Jackson. General Banks held an important position a few miles south of Culpepper, when the enemy, on the tenth, advanced to Cedar Mountain. The engagement took place in the evening between six and seven, General Banks advancing to the attack, and was continued by the artillery during the night. It was a closely-contested battle, both sides suffering severely. Throughout the campaign, General Banks rendered most efficient and faithful service.

In the ensuing autumn, General Banks was employed in collecting and organizing an expedition, with which he set sail from New York at the beginning of December. Its destination, which at the time was carefully concealed, proved to be New Orleans, whither General Banks was sent with a considerable force, to succeed General Butler in command of the Department of the Gulf, with a view of carrying on a new series of military operations in Mississippi, Western Louisiana, and Texas. Having thoroughly organized his forces, he took the field in the spring of 1863, in an expedition into the Teche region, in Louisiana, west of the Mississippi. The enemy were routed in several engagements in April, and important conquests effected, cutting off the rebel supplies sent to Port Hudson, to which General Banks next turned his attention. This advantageous position had been fortified with skill, and now rivalled Vicksburg, as a stronghold of the enemy on the river. It was closely invested by General Banks, and after more than two months' siege, marked by severe fighting, the garrison surrendered on the 8th of July, a few days after the fall of Vicksburg. Thus was effectually accomplished one of the prime objects of General Banks' Southern expedition, the long-desired reopening of the navigation of the Mississippi.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Among the many public men in the United States who have risen to distinction from humble circumstances by industry and natural force of character, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, by fortune and position, is certainly not the least noticeable. Born of poor parents, in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29th, 1808, he was apprenticed in his boyhood to a tailor, and was engaged in this occupation in South Carolina till the age of seventeen. He subsequently crossed the mountains bordering his State on the west, travelling, it is said, on foot with his wife, and established himself at Greenville, Tennessee. Pursuing there a life of industry, working out, meanwhile, by his own exertions the problem of education—for he had never attended school—he prospered in the world, and having a disposition to public life, with a talent for speaking, he soon became known as a politician. He was elected Mayor of Greenville in 1830, was chosen a member of the State Legislature in 1835, and of the State Senate in 1841. For ten years, from 1843 to 1853, he represented his district in the national House of Representatives; in the last-mentioned year being elected Governor of the State of Tennessee, and again in 1855. In 1857, crowning this rapid series of honorable political promotions, he took his seat as United States Senator for the full term ending in 1863.

A man of the people, he represented in the Senate the strongly-nurtured democratic energy and instincts of the West, identifying himself with its welfare, distinguishing himself particularly by his advocacy of the Homestead Bill, which opened the unsettled territory virtually to free occupancy by the settler. It was not to be supposed that such a man, the representative of the free mountain region of East Tennessee, where his home lay, would have much sympathy with the great Southern Rebellion. On the contrary, he was, in his seat in the Senate, one of the foremost to oppose its first manifestations. In that memorable session, in the closing months of President Buchanan's administration, when the Southern members were abandoning their posts, preparatory to their work of treason, he stood unmoved, strenuously opposing every exhibition of disloyalty, and calling resolutely on all to maintain the Constitution and the integrity of the Union as the secure and only basis of popular rights. His course was known and marked by the disloyal in his own State and else-



Andrew Johnson

where. The mob of Memphis, during this period, in proof of their hostility, burnt his effigy, and at the close of the session he was directly insulted and threatened with violence at the railway station, at Lynchburg, Virginia, while on his way homeward from Washington. Arrived in East Tennessee, he took part in the Union Convention at Greenville, at the end of May, supporting the declaration of grievances which, in an emphatic manner, bore witness to the loyalty of that portion of the State. On the 19th of June he made a memorable speech at Cincinnati, denouncing, in unmeasured terms, the iniquity of the Tennessee Legislature, in procuring, contrary to the expressed will of the people, an alliance with the Southern Confederacy. In glowing language he summoned all, without regard to old party considerations, to come to the support of their common country, and "crush, destroy, and totally annihilate" the spirit of secession, as an influence utterly hostile to all religious, moral, or social organization. "It is," said he, "disintegration, universal dissolvement, making war upon everything that has a tendency to promote and ameliorate the condition of the mass of mankind."

In the extra session of Congress in July, he reiterated these sentiments in an eloquent speech in the Senate, characterizing the war upon which the country had entered as a struggle for the very existence of the Government against internal foes and traitors. "It is a contest," said he, "whether a people are capable of governing themselves or not. We have reached that crisis in our country's history, and the time has arrived when, if the Government has the power, if the people are capable of self-government, and can establish this great truth, that it should be done." Nothing discouraged by the recent disaster to the national army at Bull Run, he exclaimed on this occasion, at the close of a masterly review of the political situation of the country, after calling on the Government to redouble its energies in the field, "We must succeed. This Government must not, cannot fall. Though your flag may have trailed in the dust let it still be borne onward; and if for the prosecution of this war in behalf of the Government and the Constitution, it is necessary to cleanse and purify the banner, let it be baptized in fire from the sun and bathed in a nation's blood. The nation must be redeemed; it must be triumphant."

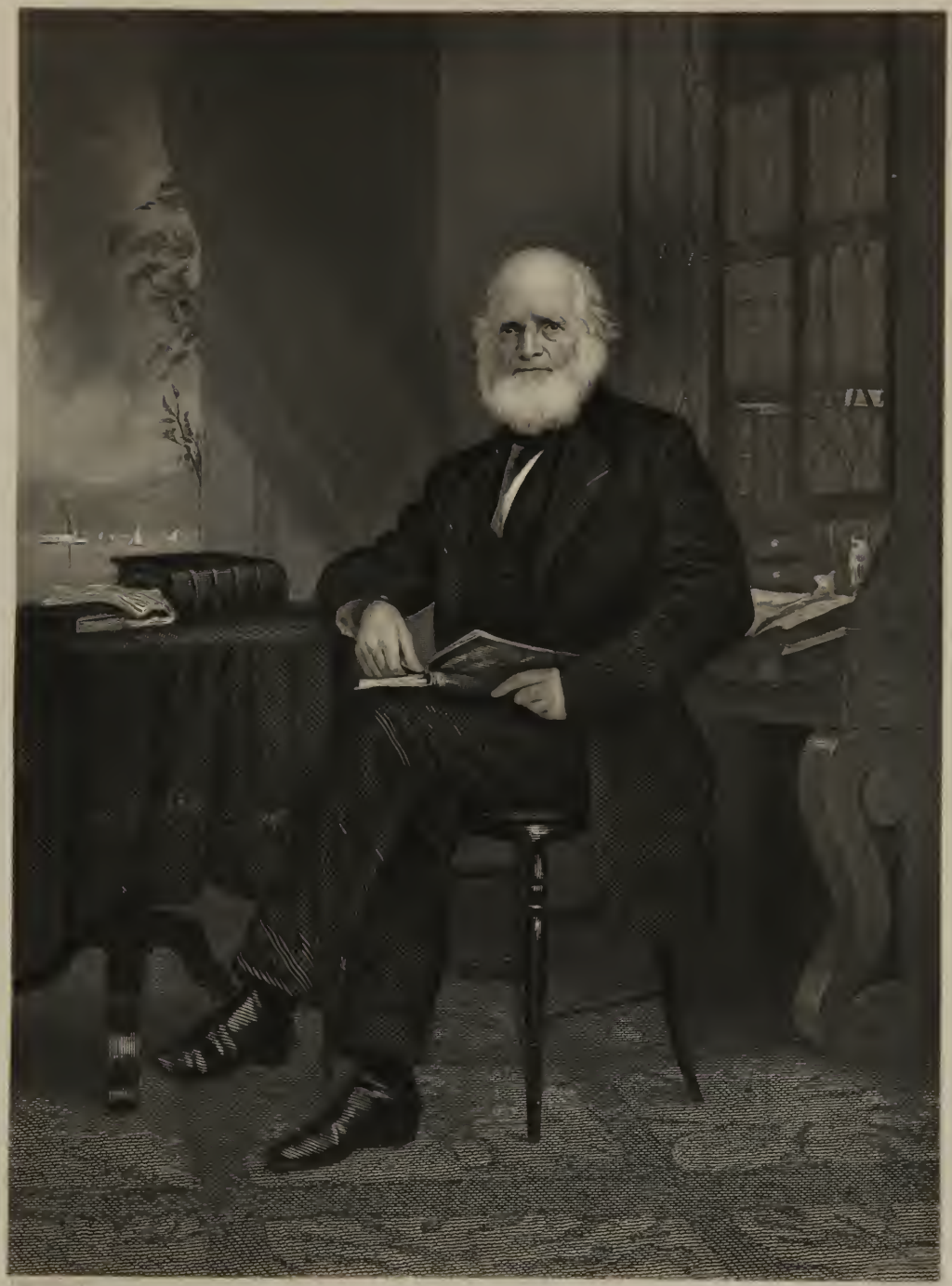
In the months which followed, Senator Johnson rendered eminent service by his speeches and influence to the national cause. At length, in the spring of 1862, the Union victories in Tennessee having resulted in the military occupation of Nashville, his patriotism was rewarded by the appointment, with the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, of military Governor of Tennessee. He immediately, in March, 1862, entered upon the duties of this office, which he discharged through many vicissitudes of public affairs, with firmness and discretion.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a physician whose character and attainments are spoken of with high respect. He was married to a lady "of excellent understanding and high character, remarkable for judgment and decision, as for faithfulness to her domestic duties." Of an active mind, Dr. Bryant was versed in literature and science, and took an honest pride in the culture of his son, who exhibited an early mental development. In one of the poems of the mature man, the "Hymn to Death," written in 1825, after celebrating in a lofty strain, the moral uses of the King of Terrors, the poet turns to a tribute to the memory of his father:

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the Earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not think
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead.

In the poem "To the Past," there is another allusion of similar tenor. From these it appears that the son traces much of his taste for literature to the example and encouragement of his parent. His very childhood, indeed, was marked by great precocity. At ten, we are told, he was a contributor of verses to the neighboring "Hampshire Gazette," at Northampton, and judging from those which he published a very few years after, they were, doubtless, quite respectable. Besides this home culture, the youth received the instructions at school, of the Rev. Mr. Snell, of Brookfield, and of the Rev. Mr. Hallock, of Plainfield, Mass. He was prepared by their care for William's College, which he entered as a sophomore, in his sixteenth year, in 1810. The year previously to this, appeared a thin little pamphlet of poems from his pen, at Boston, entitled "The Embargo; or Sketches of the Times. A Satire. The second Edition, corrected and enlarged, together with the



William Cullen Bryant

Spanish Revolution and other poems." The preface to the leading poem bears date, Cummington, October 25th, 1808, and the rest are dated still earlier. The poems, therefore, were written before the author had completed his fourteenth year, a remarkable instance of early poetical cultivation, when we consider both the subject matter of the poems and their execution. The "Embargo, a Satire," as its title suggests was written from the New England Federal point of view, and levelled at that monster, in the eyes of all devout persons in that region—Thomas Jefferson. The young bard mourns the decline of commerce, and deprecates the fate of the country thrown into the arms of France. The picture of the President himself is sufficiently personal, but it is by no means more severe than what older rhymsters, and even grave divines from their pulpits were saying. That a mere boy should put all this feeling of the times into three or four hundred good set verses is something extraordinary. The critics of the excellent "Monthly Anthology" a critical journal of the savans at Boston, would not believe the fact of the extreme youth of the writer, and an advertisement or certificate was, in consequence, appended to the second edition vouching for the fact.

At college Mr. Bryant was distinguished, as might have been anticipated, by his fondness for the classics. He did not, however, pursue his studies to the close of the course at Williamsburg, but left with an honorable dismissal, with the intention of completing this portion of his education at Yale. From this he was diverted to the immediate study of the law, at first with Judge Howe, of Washington, in his native State, and afterwards with Mr. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. He was, at the age of twenty-one, admitted to the bar, at Plymouth, when he engaged in the practice of the profession for a year, at Plainfield, near his birth-place, and then removed to Great Barrington, in Berkshire. There, in 1821, he was married to Miss Frances Fairchild, a most happy union, worthy a poet's home.

From this brief allusion to Mr. Bryant's law pursuits, we must turn to narrate his history as a poet. In 1816 appeared in the "North American Review," perhaps to this day the most popularly known of his productions, the lines entitled "Thanatopsis." They were written four years before, when the poet was but eighteen. Their lofty declamation on the solemn theme still finds an echo in the hearts of all readers, and will while life continues to be devoured by death. They are recited by schoolboys, they are found in popular collections, both English and American; they are heard often from the pulpit, with their wealth of imagination, their noble topics of consolation, and incentive to manly endeavor:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

We may well believe the story of the fond father, though "a somewhat stern and silent man," melting into tears at the recital of these verses. Nor does the poem stand alone at this early period, the dawn of the poet's career. The "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood" was written the year after, in 1813. It is in the same easy, sonorous, well-modulated, blank verse, and stands as a prelude to many of the author's subsequent poems, which have drawn a genuine inspiration from that woodland—a real American forest, with all its peculiarities of light and foliage, of rock and rivulet, its rustling leaves, its busy animal life and the minstrelsy of its winds. The "Lines to a Waterfowl," an exquisite carving against the clear sky, worthy companionship with the finely-wrought lyrics of ancient Greece, is dated 1816. The author's longest poem, "The Ages," was delivered the year of his marriage as a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard. It is written in the Spenserian measure, the recurring rhyme and lengthened line at the close falling on the ear with an added burden of thought and sentiment, as the poet, in historic review, celebrates the progress of the world in liberty and virtue, and dissipates the doubt so feelingly expressed at the onset, as he contemplates the departure of the virtuous.

Lest goodness die with them and leave the coming
years.

The poem is varied by a succession of the most pleasing imagery:—pictures of man and nature; of Greece, of Rome, of mediæval Europe, of our own forest land and rising civilization:

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven;
They fade, they fly—but truth survives their
flight;
Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven:
Each ray that shone, in early time, to light
The faltering footsteps in the path of right,
Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to aid
In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot
fade.

It is still the burden of the poet's song, the cause that cannot die, "the blaze that cannot fade." We may trace the unyielding sentiment in many of his after poems—in that noble strain of eloquence, "The Antiquity of Freedom:"

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy
brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has
launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from
heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee
bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

in the sublime consolation of the "Battle Field:"

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—in many of the author's prose writings; in his daily survey, in the journal which he edits, of all that in the providence of Heaven throughout the world ministers to human freedom, virtue, and happiness.

After ten years spent in the practice of the law, having achieved no little distinction by the publication of the first volume of his poems, and become familiar with literary employments, by his contributions to the "Boston Literary Gazette," Mr. Bryant, by the advice of his friend Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, removed to the city of New York, with the intention of pursuing the career of a man of letters. He at once became associated with Mr. Henry James Anderson, an accomplished scholar, in editing the "New York Review," a monthly publication of much literary merit of those days, which the following year was merged in a similar work entitled "The United States Review and Literary Gazette," which in turn was brought to an end in a brace of volumes in the autumn of 1827. Mr. Bryant wrote many just and forcible reviews for these publications, in maintaining which, he had the assistance, as contributors, of his early friend Mr. Richard H. Dana, Robert C. Sands, and the poet Halleck. There also appeared many of his poems, as "The Death of the Flowers," "The Disinterred Warrior," "The African Chief," "The Indian Girl's Lament."

At the end of 1826, Mr. Bryant first became connected with the "Evening Post" as a contributor. The following year he was made one of the proprietors, and fairly entered on that career of journalism which, with the exception of an occasional vacation, he has never since intermitted. The "Evening Post," with which he thus became associated, is one of the oldest and most influential newspapers in the city of New York, being founded by the eminent Federalist, William Coleman, in 1801. On his death, which occurred some two or three years after Mr. Bryant's introduction to its columns, William Leggett was employed as assistant editor. His labors on it ceased in 1836, when it was, for a number of years, conducted solely by Mr. Bryant, assisted a portion of the time by his son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, till Mr. John Bigelow became a fellow-proprietor in 1850, so that it is seen to have been under the guidance of men of distinguished ability from the start.

About the time of his introduction to the "Evening Post," Mr. Bryant engaged with his friends Sands, already mentioned, and Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck in the composition of an annual entitled "The Talisman," which was published for three years by a very worthy bookseller of New York, a gentleman of taste and refinement, Mr

Elam Bliss. For this Mr. Bryant wrote poems, sketches, and several stories. He also contributed two prose narratives, "The Skeleton's Cave," and "Medfield," to the "Tales of the Glauber Spa," published by the Harpers, two years after the conclusion of the "Talisman," in 1832.

His remaining literary works consist of various poems written from time to time, and collected at different periods in several editions, two volumes of travelling letters, the fruits of journeys at intervals, from 1834 to 1858, in the Southern States of the Union, the island of Cuba, and in various parts of Europe—Scotland, England, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Spain; and three Eulogies, delivered in memory of the artist Thomas Cole, the novelist Fenimore Cooper, and Washington Irving. The last was delivered at an anniversary commemoration, April 3d, 1860.

All these productions, whether in prose or verse, whether an editorial in his newspaper or a staid academical discourse, are distinguished by the same unvarying purity of expression and faithful adjustment of the words to the subject. In this respect, Mr. Bryant stands distinguished among the authors of the day, in thorough mental discipline, strength of perception and truthfulness in all that he utters. His verse never oversteps the modesty of nature. Whether it paints a bird, a flower, a prairie, or an ocean, it is fidelity itself. There is, perhaps, less surplusage in his writings than in those of any author who has written so much. Of his published compositions in verse, since his manhood, we know of nothing which could be spared from his collected works. This is a very rare merit, and argues not merely self-knowledge, for that a man may have and fall very far short of perfection, but a concentrated power of mind which is proof of a very high order of genius. Whenever a poem appears from his pen it is sure to possess some peculiar merit—some grace of nature, heightened by art, yet with no taint of affectation; something plain, yet refined, like the beauty of the Roman poet's mistress, *simplex munditiis*.

The topics of the poems are of permanent interest, the great emotions of life, its joys, oftener its sorrows, and not seldom its visions of death; the four seasons of the year, with their varieties of association, the voices of birds and rills, and sweet faces of the flowers; the elements of nature—the heavens, with the winds and tides; the struggles of man for freedom and happiness; the love of country, the love of all. They are sentimental, yet the sentiment is so blended with truth and reason, and the outward types of nature, that it never becomes sentimentality. They are sometimes personal, yet the personality is so veiled and associated with universal objects and emotions that it may be as true to your experience as to the writer's. There is one poem in particular of the latter character which reveals a world of heartfelt emotion. It is entitled "The Future Life."

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
  The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
  And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

The part borne by Mr. Bryant in political life is well known. Long attached to the Democratic party, a supporter of its great measures in free trade and finance as they were illustrated by such leaders as Andrew Jackson, Silas Wright, and others, he took the initiative in the formation of the new Republican party, which he has seen grow to strength by his advocacy, as much as that of any man, and which now, in its maturity, recognizes him as its honored guide.

Mr. Bryant's residence, for the greater part of the year, is in the country, at Roslyn, Long Island, on the Sound, a few hours' distant from the city. His house is a plain, rural dwelling of the better class, built by a Quaker settler, toward the close of the last century, with an eye to substantial comfort. It stands—we quote from the description in the "Homes of American Authors," "at the foot of a woody hill, which shelters it on the east, facing Hempstead harbor, to which the flood tide gives the appearance of a lake, bordered to its very edge with trees, through which, at intervals, are seen farm-houses and cottages, and all that brings to mind that beautiful image, 'a smiling land.' The position is well chosen, and it is enhanced in beauty by a small, artificial pond, collected from the springs with which the hill abounds, and lying between the house and the edge of the harbor, from which it is divided by an irregular embankment, affording room for a plantation of shade-trees and fine shrubbery." Roslyn, the name of the village, was suggested by Mr. Bryant, from an incident recorded in the town annals, that the British troops marched out of Hempstead to the tune of Roslyn Castle.

In person, Mr. Bryant is tall and rather slender, but vigorous and capable of endurance. In early life he had, we have heard, a tendency to ill health, which has been overcome by care and exercise. He is an early riser, a stout pedestrian, and spite of his editorial

labors, lives much in the open air. He is fond of rural pursuits, and is frequently called upon to address horticultural and other agricultural societies. He has also a sincere fondness for art, and may be seen at the annual openings of the exhibitions of the Academy of Design, in New York, one of the most honored and delighted guests. He was one of the Presidents of the American Art Union. In fine, there is no literary or artistical excellence which has sprung up in the city in his time, which has not benefited by his genial presence, as there are no great questions which have agitated the country, in which he has not taken an influential part.

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT AMERICANS